

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Hongkong Housing

THE Civic Association's analysis of some of the principal features of the annual report of the Hongkong Housing Authority deserves close attention—officially and by the general public.

Concern is expressed by the Civic Association that the Housing Authority, by virtue of its uncertain financial resources, cannot hope to meet the increasing demand for proper accommodation; that the natural increase in population is itself sufficient to deny the Housing Authority realisation of a building programme that will satisfy the Colony's needs. This is a challenging conclusion, but is not easily rebutted.

The Association advances several recommendations which it believes could go a long way towards resolving the problem. They include: the earmarking by Government of \$300 million over five years, to be used by the Housing Authority at the rate of \$60 million a year; the \$300 million to be raised by appropriation from the Colony's reserves, and by borrowing from local companies and from the United Kingdom government; the Authority to encourage and participate in co-operative housing schemes.

These are not unrealistic suggestions, and each possesses merit. Manifestly finance is the prime stumbling block to quicker and bigger building programmes, and even the raising of \$300 million in the course of five years would not produce all the houses required. But the money would enable the Housing Authority to raise its target and permit a more rapid implementation of its programme.

Co-operative housing schemes would also help, but the chief difficulty in a place like Hongkong is to stimulate enough public interest in them. It would certainly require the combined efforts of social and civic organisations as well as Government to develop public enthusiasm for that type of enterprise.

To what extent private enterprise is prepared to contribute towards solving the housing problem for lower and middle bracket wage earners defies forecast. Yet it is not unreasonable to suggest that it should shoulder some responsibility. The aim must remain—adequate housing accommodation for everyone at economic rentals.

MARSHALL'S VISION FOR SINGAPORE Indissolubly Linked With Commonwealth

London, Dec. 16.

Mr David Marshall, Singapore's Chief Minister, said here today that his "concept for the foreseeable future is that our welfare is indissolubly linked with the Commonwealth."

Mr Marshall, who was answering questions at his first full-scale press conference here, said: "I seek a status of freedom in close relationship with the Commonwealth countries."

"I do hope that they will recognise that though Singapore is a small point on the map, and has only a population of 1,200,000, we are worth having as a junior partner in an institution of genius that we know as the Commonwealth."

The Chief Minister was addressing the press conference a few hours after the end of his week-long exploratory talks at the Colonial Office on the question of internal self-government for the Crown Colony.

Answering questions Mr Marshall said that he considered the agreement arrived at during his talks here "honourable and friendly."

He was happy about the outcome of the present talks.

Mr Marshall and Mr Alan Lennox-Boyd, Colonial Secretary, have agreed that a conference be held in London in April next of all Singapore's political parties to discuss the Crown Colony's constitutional progress.

Mr Marshall said that at the April conference he would press for a date to be fixed for internal self-government for Singapore.

He said that the question of an all-elected Council of Ministers would also come up at the April discussions.

(At present some of the ministers are appointed by the Governor of the Island.)

FRIENDLY APPROACH

Mr Marshall added that there was a "very friendly spirit of approach" by the Colonial Office during his talks here and its officials did not fight an "inch by inch rear-guard action."

In a further reply the Chief Minister said that all the political parties in Singapore were agreed that defence and foreign affairs should continue to remain vested in Britain after internal self-government was achieved.

Mr Marshall declared that his final aim was for dominion status for the island colony, preferably dominion status with the Federation of Malaya.

He said that he had found "cordiality and reasonableness in the methods of approach of the Colonial Office to our present mission."

That was a happy augury for the future. But I seek (dominion status) we may find more than a little difficult to achieve, and I have not the slightest doubt that we shall find 9,999 reasons given to us why we cannot attain that status."

Mr Marshall went on to add: "But we shall ask for dominion status because we believe that is the desirable solution."

THE FOUNDATION

Singapore wanted "some basis now" for a permanent political relationship for the future. To him dominion status could be the foundation for Singapore's future.

Mr Marshall said that it would be a "happy day" for him if Singapore and the Federation of Malaya could seek jointly a single constitution of dominion status, because both countries would be mutually strengthened.

He emphasised that Singapore and Malaya were geographically, ethnically and economically a single unit and the present separation of their administrations was artificial.

"Unfortunately the Federation does not consider the time right for a joint approach to dominion status," he declared.

Mr Marshall who sat in the glare of arc lights trained on him for a television camera, came very heated when he was questioned about seeking the co-operation of the Malayan Communist Party by a reporter from the Communist London Daily Worker.

"The Malayan Communist Party has for seven and a half years used brutality, murder and arson as a weapon of intimidation," Mr Marshall shouted. He added: "My answer to the Communists is 'no thank you.' A snake in my bosom is no help to me."

The Daily Worker reporter asked Mr Marshall if he had raised at the conference the fact that the time was now due for him to fulfil his election pledges to the people of Singapore to end the emergency regulations.

WRONG PREMISE

"Your premise is wrong," replied Mr Marshall. "The Labour Front of which I am privileged to be leader has in fact fulfilled its pledges to the country and has repealed the emergency regulations. It is true that we have passed public security ordinances which, in the light of the riots and strikes and the knowledge we gained from our few months in office,

we considered essential for the security of the territory. But our public security ordinances are better than those in any other of the surrounding territories—not excluding India, Pakistan, Burma, Indonesia and China."

Mr Marshall said that the idea of external self-government which he desired was the status of free men within the Commonwealth, in control of all the machinery of government but prepared to accept the realities of the position and vital interests of the Commonwealth in the defence situation, which affected not only Singapore but the very survival of the Commonwealth itself.

A JUST SOLUTION

"For the foreseeable future," he added "we concede to Britain defence and foreign affairs. We believe that is an honourable solution—just to the United Kingdom and the dominions and to the aspirations of the people of Singapore—which would have a permanent value."

Asked if he had expected to get "such a degree of satisfaction out of his London mission," Mr Marshall smilingly replied: "Although I am an Asian, I do not know how to haggle. Before I put a question forward, I ask in judgment on my own desires and ask myself what is reasonable."

"I get the lowest common denominator of fairness to all sides and put it forward."

Mr Lennox-Boyd had been fair on the subject of citizenship.

The talks with the Treasury had been very successful. Officials had told him that they quite realised that by giving Indonesia the hard currency she sought it would give impetus to trade, resulting in an increase in Singapore's own prosperity and dollar earnings.

LOADED QUESTIONS

The Daily Worker reporter rose to ask Mr Marshall how he could hope to make progress with the Communists in the Colony if he went into negotiations with them while imposing them.

"You do load your questions, don't you?" Mr Marshall retorted. "It is like asking 'why don't you stop beating your wife?' There is no question of our negotiating with the Communists. The Chief Minister of the Federation has arranged a meeting with the Communists in which he is prepared to listen to everything they have to say. I shall be present at his request."—Reuter.

Christmas Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights of today's Christmas edition of the China Mail:

P. 5: What was the star of Bethlehem? Make sure of a happy Christmas, by Sylvia Ward.

P. 6: Do Ghosts prefer Christmas, by Janet Cottrell; Spare a thought for Mother, by Janet Grey; A Christmas quiz.

P. 7: The Christmas truce of 1914, by Crawford Snowden.

P. 8: How Christmas cards started, by Ronald Boxall; Glee.

P. 9: Space Christmas—a diary left by an explorer to Mars in 1993.

P. 10: How to choose your Christmas wines, by J. B. White.

P. 12: Phone Call for Bulgarshechev, by John McKenna.

P. 17: The Seasonable gift, by John Pudney.

P. 18: Best stories of the year—how to make things for Christmas.

Serious Disturbances In Jordan Many People Slain

Damascus, Dec. 16.

Nearly 40 people were killed and injured in widespread demonstrations throughout Jordan today against Jordan's proposed membership of the Baghdad pact.

According to reports reaching here tonight, police and Arab Legion soldiers clashed with demonstrators and more than 300 people were arrested, including the deputies.

A curfew was proclaimed throughout Jordan.

10,000 Demonstrators
In Amman, the capital, 10,000 demonstrators clashed with police and the Arab Legionnaires. One Arab Legion major, a cousin of Hazzam Mahall, the new Prime Minister, was reported seriously injured.

Hazzam Mahall has just been sworn in as Prime Minister following the resignation on Wednesday of Said el Mufli who opposed defence proposals brought here by General Sir Gerald Templer, chief of the British Imperial General Staff.

These proposals were aimed at linking Jordan with the Baghdad pact which links Britain, Turkey, Pakistan, Iraq and Persia in an anti-Communist defence alliance. Some Arab states headed by Egypt, oppose the pact.—Reuter.

Another Honour For Churchill

London, Dec. 16.

Sir Winston Churchill today received the Freedom of Northern Ireland's capital, Belfast, and the Port of Londonderry at a ceremony in the Mansion House here today.

Three hundred guests attended the luncheon at the city residence of London's Lord Mayors, on the first occasion on which Northern Ireland representatives have bestowed freedoms at a ceremony outside their own country.—China Mail Special.

SANCTIONS DEMAND AGAINST ISRAEL

New York, Dec. 16.

Syria today demanded economic sanctions against Israel by the United Nations and also suggested possible expulsion of the Jewish state from the world organisation.

The Syrian Delegate, Mr Ahmed Shukairy, told the Security Council that a "verdict of condemnation" was no remedy against Israel.

He was putting his country's case to the 11-member council meeting at its request to consider the Israel raid on Monday, in which at least 41 Syrians were killed.

He warned the United Nations Security Council that "war or no war" was the issue now in the Middle East.

"This whole attack committed by Israel is an act of war, possessing all the attributes of war except the courage and bravery of war," Mr Shukairy declared.

He said the Arab governments were "now under great effort and labour to face the wave of anger and indignation which the Israeli attack has aroused."

NOT A SPOKE

Mr Shukairy spoke a day after Egypt's Prime Minister Gamal Abdel Nasser served notice on the UN that he considered aggression against Syria to be aggression against Egypt too, and that such Israeli acts in the future would be met with all Egypt's armed might.

The Syrian delegate told the Security Council that a "verdict of condemnation" was no remedy against Israel. "It may be a remedy against a party with a sense of international responsibility," he said. "But Israel has by now a record before the Security Council."

Mr Shukairy charged that Israel has persistently violated the principles of the UN Charter and added that persistent violation could mean the expulsion of a member from the organisation on the Security Council's recommendation to the General Assembly.

"Israel's membership in the United Nations is thus in question," he said. "The best I can do is to remind the Security Council of its competence to apply its authority in this matter."—Reuter.

Initiative And Courage

Manchester, Dec. 16.

Eleven-year-old Gordon Jones returned home after watching television to find the ground floor filled with smoke.

Upstairs, his baby niece Marilyn was asleep. So Gordon shinned 15 feet up a drainpipe, collected six-month-old Marilyn and passed her safely to a neighbour below.

Before alighting down the drainpipe, Gordon rescued his football boots.

The ground floor of the house, in Rochdale, outside Manchester, was badly damaged. Nobody was hurt.—China Mail Special.

Want More Wages

London, Dec. 16.

British dockers today decided to ask for a "substantial" wage increase. The wages of British dockers had already been increased in the spring but the cost of living has risen this year, in Britain, more sharply than in any other year since 1945.—France-Press.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Calamity Ben Lawers Queenpots
Outsider:—Congratulation.

RACE 2

Blondie Kerrera Scrabo
Outsider:—Thanksgiving Day.

RACE 3

Winsome Stag Apple Pie Diamond Dahlia
Outsider:—Sportsmanship.

RACE 4

Snow-Damsel Silver Wing Helicon
Outsider:—Golden Branch.

RACE 5

Flying Dutchman Rebel II Moonrush
Outsider:—Ironside.

RACE 6

Bonita Fire-glo New Jersey
Outsider:—Gold Crown.

RACE 7

Tip Top Souvenir Orange Beauty
Outsider:—Tell-me-more.

RACE 8

Mascot Corvette Sealro
Outsider:—Beautiful Lie.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Calamity Congratulation Quiltette
Outsider:—Evergreen.

RACE 2

Blondie Kerrera Many Returns
Outsider:—Rider's Wish.

RACE 3

Winsome Stag Solar Knight Diamond Dahlia
Outsider:—Icebald.

RACE 4

Snow-Damsel Golden Branch Helicon
Outsider:—Silver Wing.

RACE 5

Thousand Miles Flying Dutchman Matador
Outsider:—Moonrush.

RACE 6

Fire-Glo Bonita Ben Lomond
Outsider:—New Jersey.

RACE 7

Tip Top Tell-me-More Hawaiian Moon
Outsider:—Souvenir.

RACE 8

Mascot Beautiful Lie Full Ahead
Outsider:—Kentucky Lady.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for the 1st race

Nothing could be more distressing

The teaser tip for the last meeting was C'est Si Bon which won and paid a dividend of \$14.00.

VICTORY CONCEDED TO DR EVATT

Sydney, Dec. 16.

Labour Party chief Dr Herbert V. Evatt, leader of the Parliamentary opposition, was conceded his House of Representative seat today although returns from last Saturday's national elections are still incomplete.

The veteran politician was defeated by the Liberal Party, which won 1,004 votes in front when his opponents, Liberal Willard T. Arthur and Independent Im Trembath, conceded victory.

NOVEL SOLUTION TO DEADLOCK

New York, Dec. 16.

A novel solution to the deadlock contest between the Philippines and Yugoslavia for a seat on the United Nations Security Council was understood to have been reached tonight.

Under it each country would serve one year of the normal two-year term.—Reuter.

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KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY

FIRST STARTLING STORY OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RIDE!



Free sample of "DANA" perfume to-day at Princess
Paramount Movie-Star Calendar for 1956
obtainable from theatre lobbies at \$3

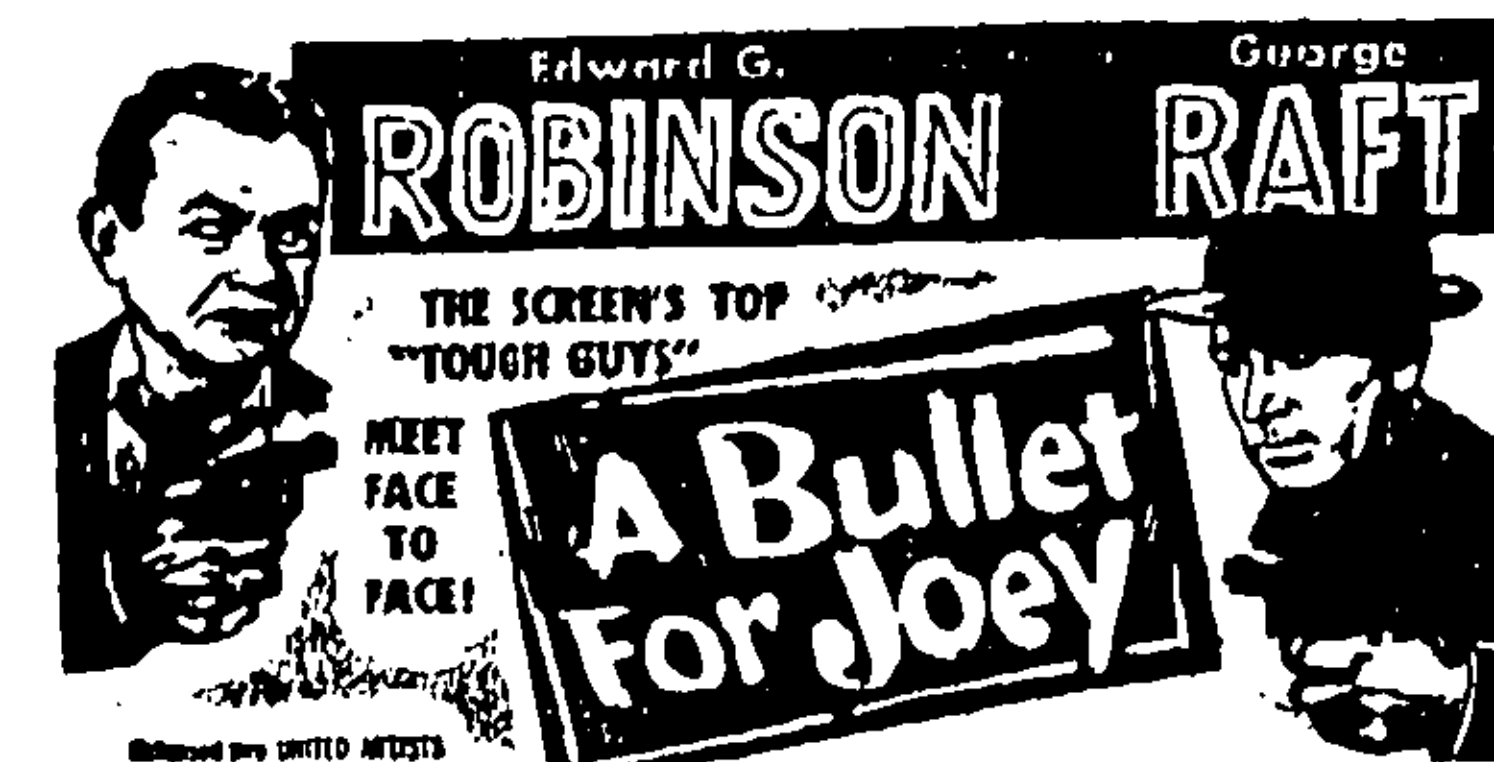
EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
King's at 11.30 a.m. Princess at 11.00 a.m.
A Variety Programme of
**WALT DISNEY-RKO
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS**
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

Free "CLOETTA" Chocolate Wafer to patrons of this show

PRINCESS 5 SHOWS
TO-MORROW
"LADY GODIVA"
EXTRA SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

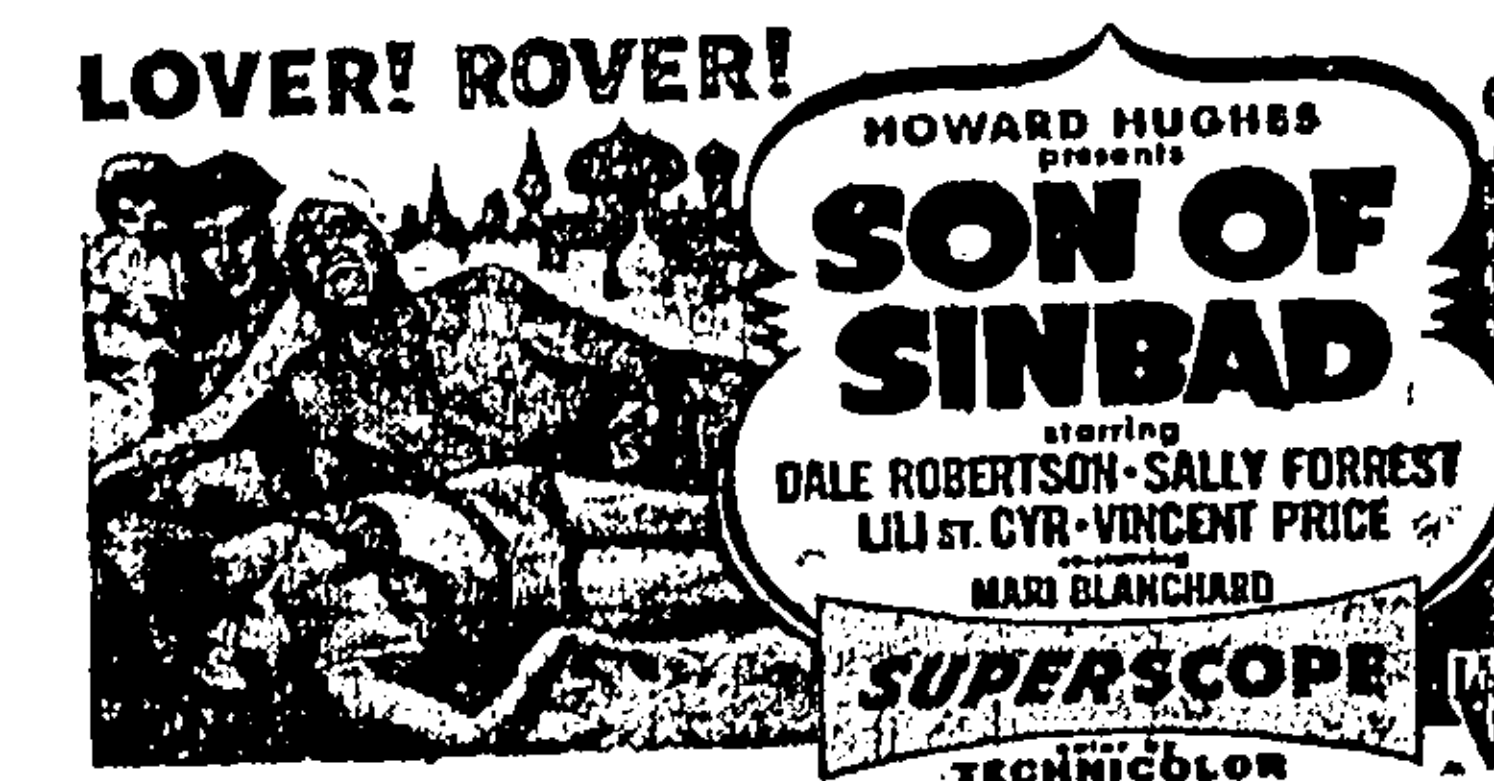
NEW YORK - GREAT WORLD
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— SHOWING TO-DAY —
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: "PINOCCHIO"
GREAT WORLD: FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

COMMENCING TUESDAY 20TH DEC.



EMPIRE

TO-DAY: 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
A CHINESE MANDARIN PICTURE
"BLOOD WILL TELL"
In Eastman Color
Starring: LI LI-HWA • WONG YIN

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.00 A.M.
"WHITE WITCH DOCTOR"
In Technicolor
Starring: Susan HAYWARD • Robert MITCHUM

Parisian Grill
FESTIVE FARE
X'MAS EVE NEW YEAR'S EVE
NORBERT MATTISON — Violin/Vocal
MICHAEL BODER — Grand Piano
LIMITED BOOKINGS TEL. 27880

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER: "The Flame and the Flesh". Romance against an European background. Lana Turner and Carlos Thompson.
LIBERTY: "The Last Time I Saw Paris". Sentimental sob story involving Elizabeth Taylor and Van Johnson.
KING'S AND PRINCESS: "Lady Godiva". A romp through 11th century England that's fun enough if you don't expect too much historical fact. Maureen O'Hara, George Nader and Victor McLaglen.
NEW YORK AND GREAT WORLD: "A Bullet for Joey". Edward G. Robinson is on the side of law and George Raft provides the graft in this tale. Audrey Totter is the bait.
QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA: "Mission Over Korea". Romance plus action in a tribute to the role of the reconnaissance aircraft used in the Korean war. John Hodiak, John Derek, Audrey Totter and Maureen O'Sullivan.
ROXY AND BROADWAY: "The Queen Bee". With a smile she stings everyone who comes in contact with her. Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, John Ireland, Betsy Palmer and Lucy Marlow.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The King's Thief". Another tilt at history, moving up to Charles II's reign this time. A high grade swashbuckler. Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom, David Niven and George Sanders.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Cult of the Cobra". A temple dedicated to snake worship is invaded by G.I.s. Vengeance follows them from India to New York. Faith Domergue and Kathleen Hughes.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "You're Never Too Young". Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in another of their crazy comedies.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Son of Sinbad". Scantly clad girls, a dashing hero and an Arabian Nights atmosphere is the essence of this picture. Vincent Price makes a convincing Omar the Tentmaker. Dale Robertson tries hard to be the hero and Lilli St. Cyr and Mari Blanchard war hot weather clothing.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Living Swamp". The former is a documentary about the swamps of southern Georgia, with production and narration in the hands of two of 20th Century Fox's stars, Jeffrey Hunter and Dale Robertson; and the latter is a Laurel and Hardy comedy.

and dusting off her hands like a prize fighter.
She gets her man by these tactics, but George Nader does not benefit, screenwise, by them. He appears, beside her energy, as a rather understuffed dummy, not quite sure what all this English history is about, a little overawed by it, and determined, at all costs, to keep a stiff upper lip. I prefer him as an American detective — it's more his line of country.
As for Victor McLaglen and his two merry chums — as a sort of buckskin version of the three musketeers, always at hand in an emergency (even if a little tipsy) — I don't think they were even meant to be taken seriously.
However, Maureen O'Hara is a picture to look at, even though she is no longer among the ranks of the very young, and the whole film has a vigour and bounce that excuse the licence taken with history and the banality of the dialogue.

No Longer One Way Traffic

I have just read through the first issue of a Review of British Film Affairs, published by the British Film Producers Association and one article seemed to me to sum up very well the trend of picture making today.
It said that once upon a time all roads led to Hollywood, the movie stars' Mecca.
The European discovery could hardly wait for the cable containing the Hollywood offer. Especially the English-speaking player, "Good", the cynic would say when he or she had made a first hit, "Too good. They'll be off to Hollywood before you can say 'Action' again." A reputation was only considered half made until it had received the seal of Hollywood approval.
The actor's attitude was understandable, but for British producers it was no joke. Competition for talent was all very well, but in this instance the dice were loaded. Leading-role casting was a perpetual headache.
Today this is changing. The one-way star traffic is passing. British stars still go to Hollywood sometimes — but they go for a visit, for a specific picture. And they return, not just to visit the old folks at home, but eagerly, to work. And the other-way traffic is substantial — Hollywood stars go to England now.
It's quite a triumph to realise that British films are no longer the poor relations of the film industry.

important job there can be seen.

But if you're not interested in the modesty of the rescue side of the American Army, there's still a romantic angle. Audrey Totter — who radiates personality in spite of her lack of looks — and John Derek — who has shown that he can act, even though he doesn't force the point home in "Mission Over Korea" — indulge in a sort of running battle with romance during the course of the picture, and as the stera-faced star of the whole thing (John Hodiak) gets his just reward before the end, leaving a rather aging Maureen O'Sullivan to mourn for him, their extremely unsuitable union provides the love interest.

Variations On The Godiva Theme

The Earl of Mercia and Lord of Coventry in the early 11th century, Leofric, was obviously a man who liked a dare. His excessive taxation having brought about a great deal of bad feeling against him, his public-spirited wife became most anxious about the situation. In fact, she began to be such a bore on the subject that her husband thought that only strong measures would keep the family peace.

He is supposed to have offered to "ease the burden of taxation," to use a popular phrase of the present day, if his importunate spouse would ride naked through the streets of Coventry. Lady Godiva must have possessed spirit as well as long hair, because she took Leofric up on his offer and started the famous story. History says that he kept his side of the bargain and the citizens of Coventry were duly grateful.

A Domineering Woman

That the latter does not happen is due to Joan Crawford's superlative self-confidence. How much longer she will be able to play these domineering, misunderstood, emotionally unbalanced women is debatable, but in spite of the contrived, theatrical plot of "The Queen Bee", it still possesses enough neat to satisfy the appetite.

Barry Sullivan, as her disillusioned husband who drinks to forget his mistake in marrying her, is too wooden and John Ireland, as the lover to her Lady Chatterly, is too raw even to have attracted a woman of her undoubted taste. The acting of her sister-in-law, Betsy Palmer, and her cousin, Lucy Marlow, is stiffed — yet this film still has the ring of quality about it. Joan Crawford and the others may make as many head-in-air exits as they like, the dialogue can be as mannered as a nineteenth century melodrama, but the odd little grain of common sense and observation slips through in spite of it all and when Joan Crawford declaims, with the customary Crawford drama that "there's something of me in every woman," she never said a truer word.

As for the plot, it's a country house setting with the beautiful wife radiating sweetness, competence and inner intelligence, and the rest of the cast dancing to her tune.

New War Film On Korea

"Mission Over Korea" is a modest little war film that is more restful than most of the others that have modern warfare as a background, in that instead of screaming jets taking the centre of the stage, the hero is that slow moving little reconnaissance aircraft, the L-5.

It handles as simply as a car, and in spite of a tendency to seek out every pocket on the course, is surprisingly comfortable to ride in.

Now that some of the pictures made during the Korean war are being released, the L-5's

CAPITOL RITZ
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



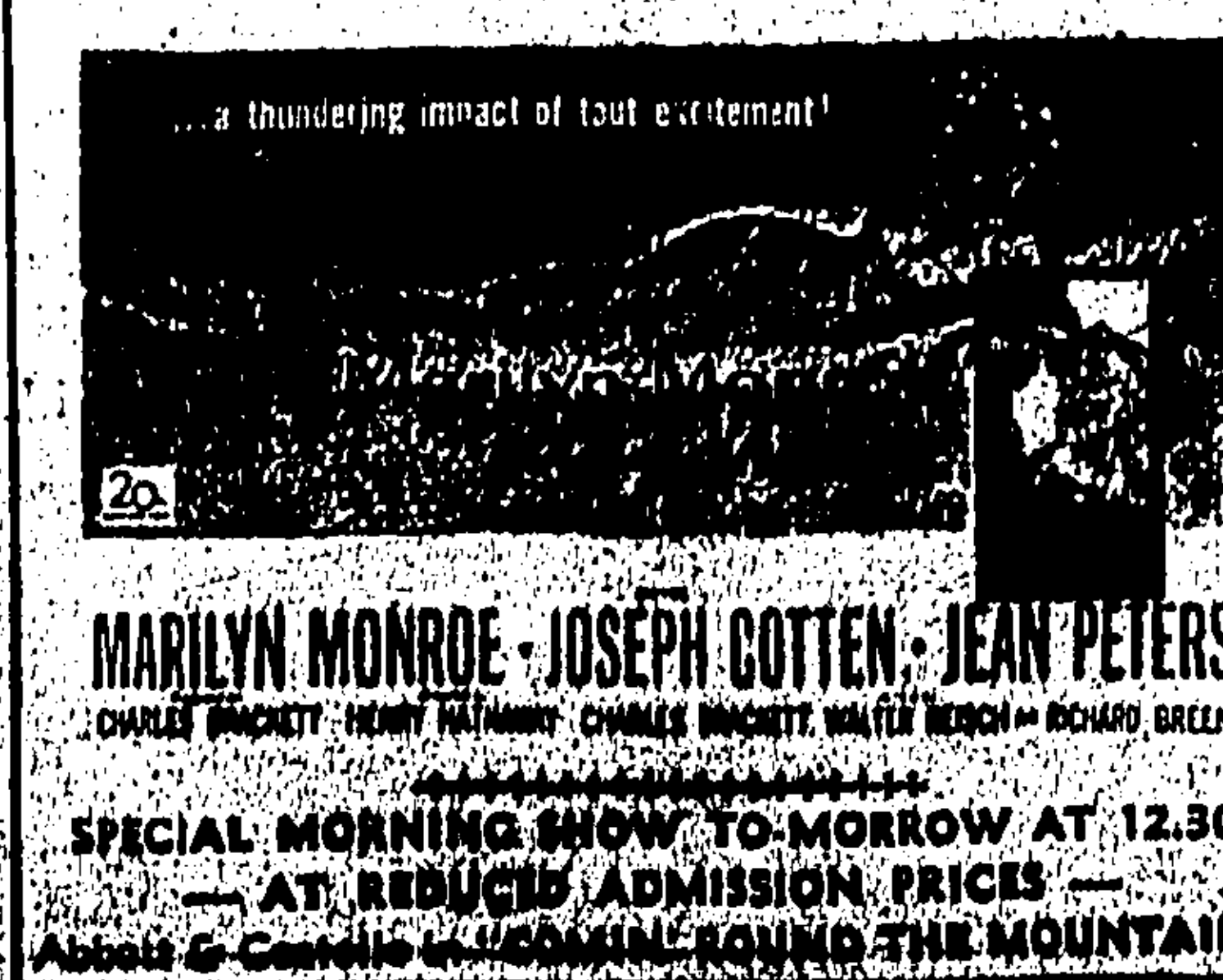
Sunday Morning Show At 12.30 P.M.
"WAR OF THE WORLDS"
In Technicolor



To-morrow Evening Show At 12.30 P.M.
"THE ETERNAL 22A"

ORIENTAL
SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE BEST PICTURE MARILYN MONROE EVER MADE!



Also G. C. and "CANNON ROUND THE MOUNTAIN"

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY



• TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS •
QUEEN'S 5 SHOWS
"MISSION OVER KOREA"
AT 11.30 A.M.
ALHAMBRA AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
Columbia's VARIETY PROGRAM
3 Stooges — Color Cartoons
AT REDUCED PRICES!

ROXY & BROADWAY

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON
ROXY: A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Presented by Paramount Films
BROADWAY: Cary Grant • Ann Sheridan
in "I WAS A MALE WAR BRIDE"
A 20th Century-Fox Comedy
— Reduced Admission —

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

GRAND OPENING TO-MORROW
WILD EXCITING! FASCINATING!
The Most Dangerous Labyrinth
Intimately Photographed in



ADDED ATTRACTION! Your favourite bustle-bound buffoons in a non-stop marathon of FUN!
Stan LAUREL and Oliver HARDY
in "THE DANCING MASTERS"
A 20th Century-Fox Pictures

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REPERTOIRE of MGM FAVOURITES
At Hoover **TODAY** At Liberty
2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.40
"FLAME AND THE FLESH" "LAST TIME I SAW PARIS"
Lana Turner Elizabeth Taylor
Carlos Thompson Van Johnson

TO-MORROW SUNDAY
2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.40 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30
"LAST TIME I SAW PARIS" "VALLEY OF THE KINGS"
Elizabeth Taylor Eleanor Parker
Van Johnson Robert Taylor

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION
Hoover at 12.00 Liberty at 12.30
MGM COLOR CARTOONS
MONDAY 19th DECEMBER
"EXECUTIVE SUITE" "FLAME AND THE FLESH"

HOTEL MIRAMAR

• GOLD ROOM •
DINNER DANCE
every night

Music by
TONY AREVALO & HIS "MIRAMAR" CAVALLEROS
& presenting Tonight
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

HOW FIRES
MAKE NEWS

Boston.
You don't have to rub two boy scouts together to start a fire.

But you can achieve the same effect with a pair of woolen socks and a pair of plastic bedroom slippers.

In fact, friction between socks and slippers actually started a fire in a suitcase in a trunk of a car at Clinton, Kentucky.

That's just one of many fire curiosities of the past year reported recently by the National Fire Protection Association.

There was the man from Alabama who did not realize his trousers were afire. He had a wooden leg.

With no water available firemen at Comstock, Minnesota, stopped a grocery fire from spreading to an adjacent tavern by smashing beer bottles and dashing the contents on the walls of the saloon.

A New Jersey woman baked a \$700 pizza pie the value of cash and bonds she had hidden in the oven and forgotten to remove.

Fire Siren Fire!

The New Holland, Pennsylvania, Fire Company was called to put out a fire that started in the fire alarm of the nearby Churchtown Fire Company. The Churchtown firemen were out fighting a chimney fire.

A Fort Erie, Ontario, newspaper reporter phoned home and casually asked his wife if there was anything doing. "Our house is on fire!" she cried. The reporter went home and covered the story.

A fire hydrant was the scene of a fire at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Flames from an underground gas line seeped up around the hydrant base and burst into flame.

A Slasher
Tells
His Story

London.
Notorious gang leader Billy Hill turned his back on villainy and crime recently to join the world of literary teas and high society.

Hill, who has spent 17 of his 44 years in prison, entered the literary whirl with a splashy party attended by literary figures, society leaders in mink coats and hoodlums with razor-shaven faces.

Hill, who has two razor scars himself, held the party to celebrate publication of his book "The Boss of Britain's Underworld," in which he describes how he masterminded crime syndicates.

He explains in the book that he was always "careful to draw my knife down on the face . . . so that if the knife slips you don't cut an artery."

A Distinction

Hill distinguished between criminals, who never use fire-arms or kill, and mugs who do.

"Cutting an artery," he said, "is usually murder and only mugs do murder."

Hill enchanted the society figures present.

Among them were Sir Bernard Dicker, a prominent industrialist, and Lady Dicker, who owns a gold-plated car and is an acknowledged marble-shooting champion.

The gangsters present made fun of the police by wearing cardboard police helmets. The end of the party was signalled by two blasts from a police whistle.

British newspapers expressed shock and outrage over the party.—United Press.

St Clement Relies
For Melbourne

Melbourne.
The Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, unveiled a cross and two pieces of stone from the ancient bombed church of St Clement, Fleet Street, in a ceremony at St Clement's Church, in the Melbourne suburb of Fitzroyville. The Danish consul in Melbourne, Mr E. Christensen, read one of the lessons because of the connection between St Clement and the Danish community in London.—China Mail Press.

AMERICAN CHURCH LEADERS SAY: LET'S PUT MORE EMPHASIS ON
The Real Meaning Of Christmas

Washington.
The campaign to "put Christ back into Christmas" is making headway, a church leader said this week.

Dr Frederick E. Reissig, Executive Secretary of the Washington Federation of Churches, predicted there will be more emphasis on the religious significance of Christmas this year than there has been for a long time.

CARDS, TOO

From greeting cards to department store windows, he said, there is gratifying evidence that Americans are responding to church appeals to rescue Christmas from "Paganism."

Church leaders woke up several years ago to the realization that Santa Claus was rapidly supplanting the infant of

Bethlehem as the central figure of America's Christmas celebration.

They have been making vigorous efforts to reverse the trend and to restore a measure of worship and reverence to the observation of Christ's birthday.

The Rt. Rev. Angus Dun, Episcopal Bishop of Washington, said the churches are not trying to take the joy out of Christmas, but simply to remind Christians of the real reason for joy which the herald angels proclaimed nearly 2,000 years ago—"for unto us is born this day a saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

A RECIPE

Jesus was "not a Puritan," the Bishop said, and would not have his followers shun the gaiety of the season named for him, so

long as it is kept in proper perspective.

The Bishop's recipe for a Christian Christmas: "Do not despise the tinsel and coloured lights; do not despise the wrappings, though try not to get wrapped up in them; do not despise the expectancy and joy of children. But do not let the tinsel hide the kindly person."

ADVENT

In their effort to focus attention on the true meaning of Christmas, many Protestant churches have recently been re-discovering the Advent season, long observed by Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Lutherans and other denominations.

Advent, which means "coming," is the four-week period preceding Christmas. It is set aside on the church liturgical calendar for prayer and thanksgiving for Christ's coming into the world at Christmas. The 1955 advent season began on November 27.

MIDNIGHT SERVICES

The National Council of Churches has been quietly encouraging Protestant denominations to develop more fully the possibilities for worship during such traditional seasons of the church calendar as advent and lent.

This year a number of Protestant churches are holding special week-day services during Advent, while others are reviving in their Sunday schools the Medieval custom of teaching children the

Christmas story through the symbolism of Advent wreaths and Advent calendars.

The practice of holding midnight services on Christmas Eve also is becoming widespread, even among the so-called "non-liturgical" Protestant denominations which do not observe Advent.

The campaign has not been confined to church activities, however.

For several years, Dr Jesse Bader of the National Council of Churches' Department of Evangelism has waged a personal crusade to get greeting card manufacturers to put more "appropriate" pictures and sentiments on Christmas cards. The results can be seen in the 1955 lines now on sale.

SANTA GOES

Local federations of churches in several cities have also successfully urged leading stores to feature religious tableaux—such as the manger scene—in Christmas windows formerly given over to Santa Claus and Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer.

In Dayton, Ohio, the Chamber of Commerce sponsors a number of "Christ in Christmas" projects including radio and television programmes, restaurant prayer cards, and posters.

Many communities also are planning outdoor Christmas pageants which will reverently depict the ancient story of the Nativity.—United Press.

Will Satellites Bring
World-wide TV?

Chicago.

Man-made satellites could usher in trans-oceanic television, a scientist said recently.

Mr R. P. Haviland, of General Electric Co., discussed the possibility in a paper presented at the 25th anniversary meeting of the American Rocket Society.

Mr Haviland said satellites should prove valuable in communications, weather charting and cartographic work involving relatively unexplored areas of the earth.

He and other scientists have suggested the possibility of using satellites as microwave relay stations for intercontinental telecasts.

Scientists estimated that 10 satellites, circling the earth on different orbits and various altitudes, could provide a world-wide TV coverage.

Limiting Factor

Mr Haviland pointed out in his paper on "application of the satellite vehicle" that present techniques are inadequate for providing trans-oceanic television. But he warned that costs would be a limiting factor in the use of satellites.—United Press.

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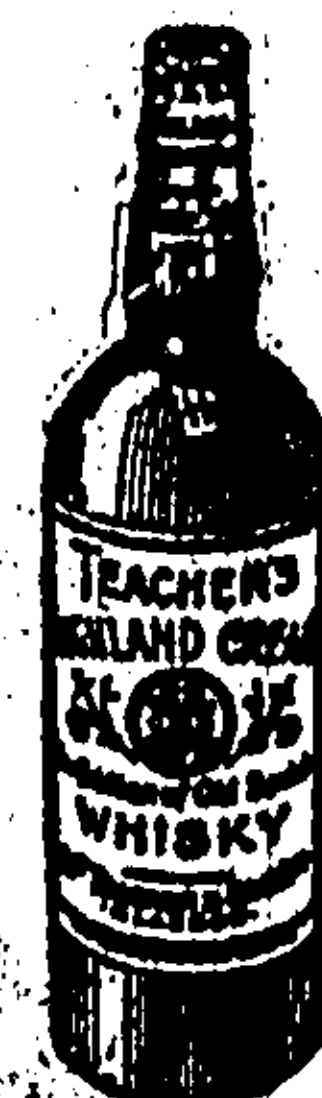
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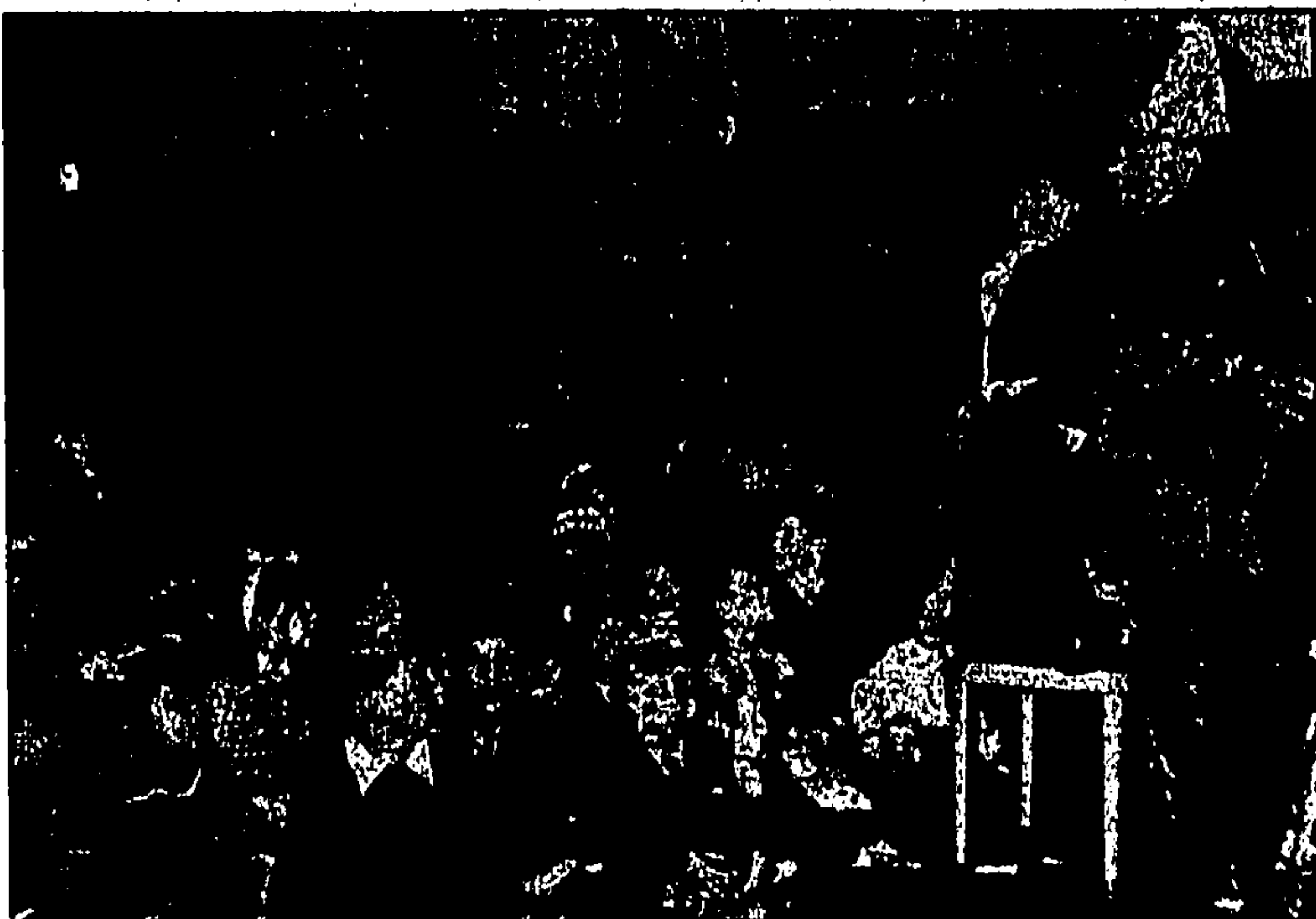


HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



LEFT: With someone like film lovely Audrey Hepburn to distract you, it's difficult to concentrate on the age-old "What do you want for Christmas?" This little girl, however, got her wish. Picture was taken at an Associated British-Pathe studio party.

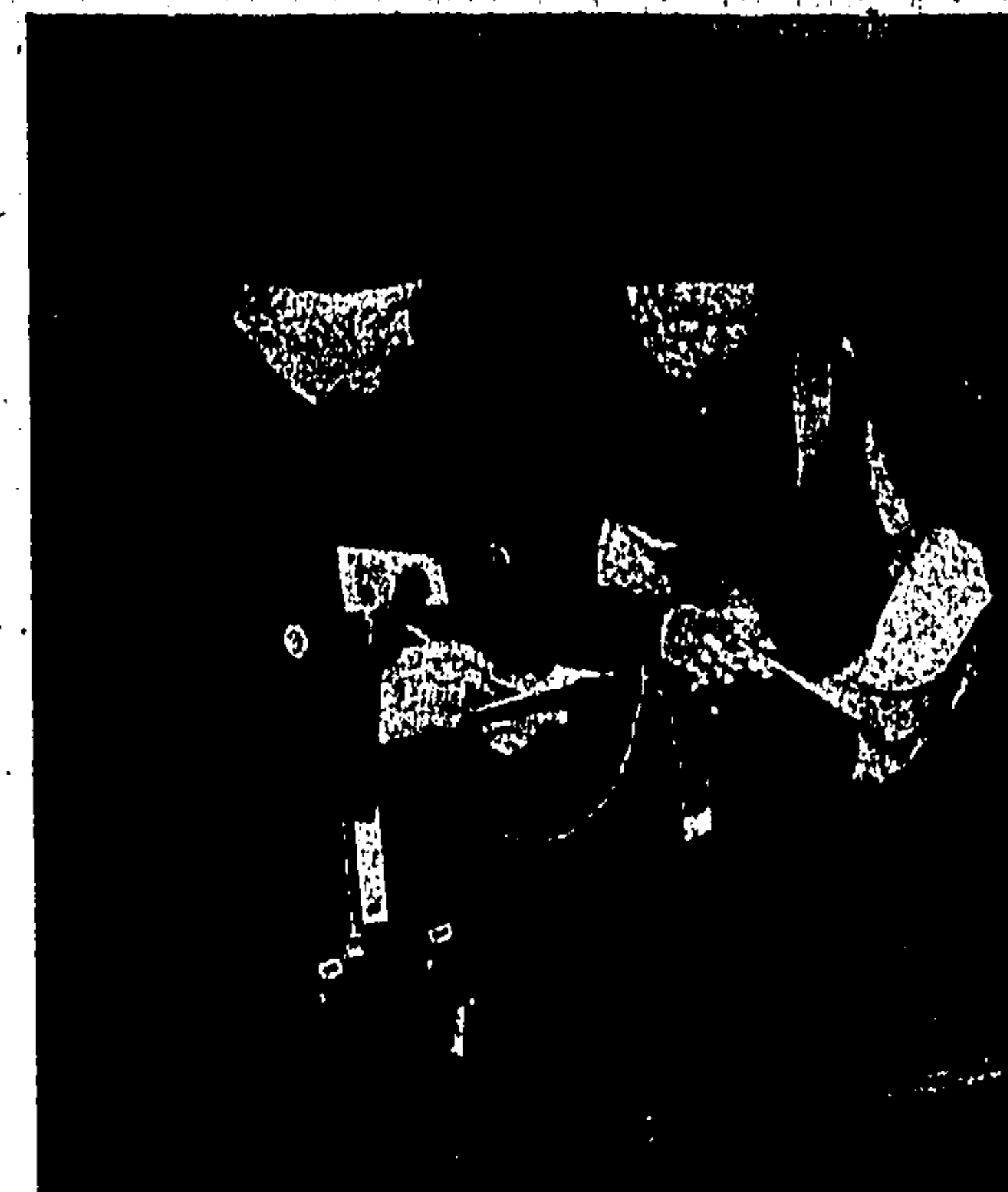
BELOW: Russian dancers of the Moscow Dance Company, currently performing in London, clap out a rhythm as British comedian Norman Wisdom tries out an impromptu number. The dancers met the comedian when they went to a private cinema to see one of his films. (Express)



CHRISTMAS put in an early appearance this year for Servicemen's children in Colchester. The kiddies, who included children of men in the Royal Norfolk Regiment and HQ 3 Infantry Division Provost Company now serving in Cyprus, met Santa at a merry party in the NAAFI Club. One of the star turns was Sunshine, the clown, here seen entertaining the children with Charlie, his famous dummy. (Army News)



SIR Winston Churchill delivering his first major speech since his retirement at a rally of young Conservatives in his constituency of Woodford. A familiar mannerism — hands tucked under lapels. (Express)

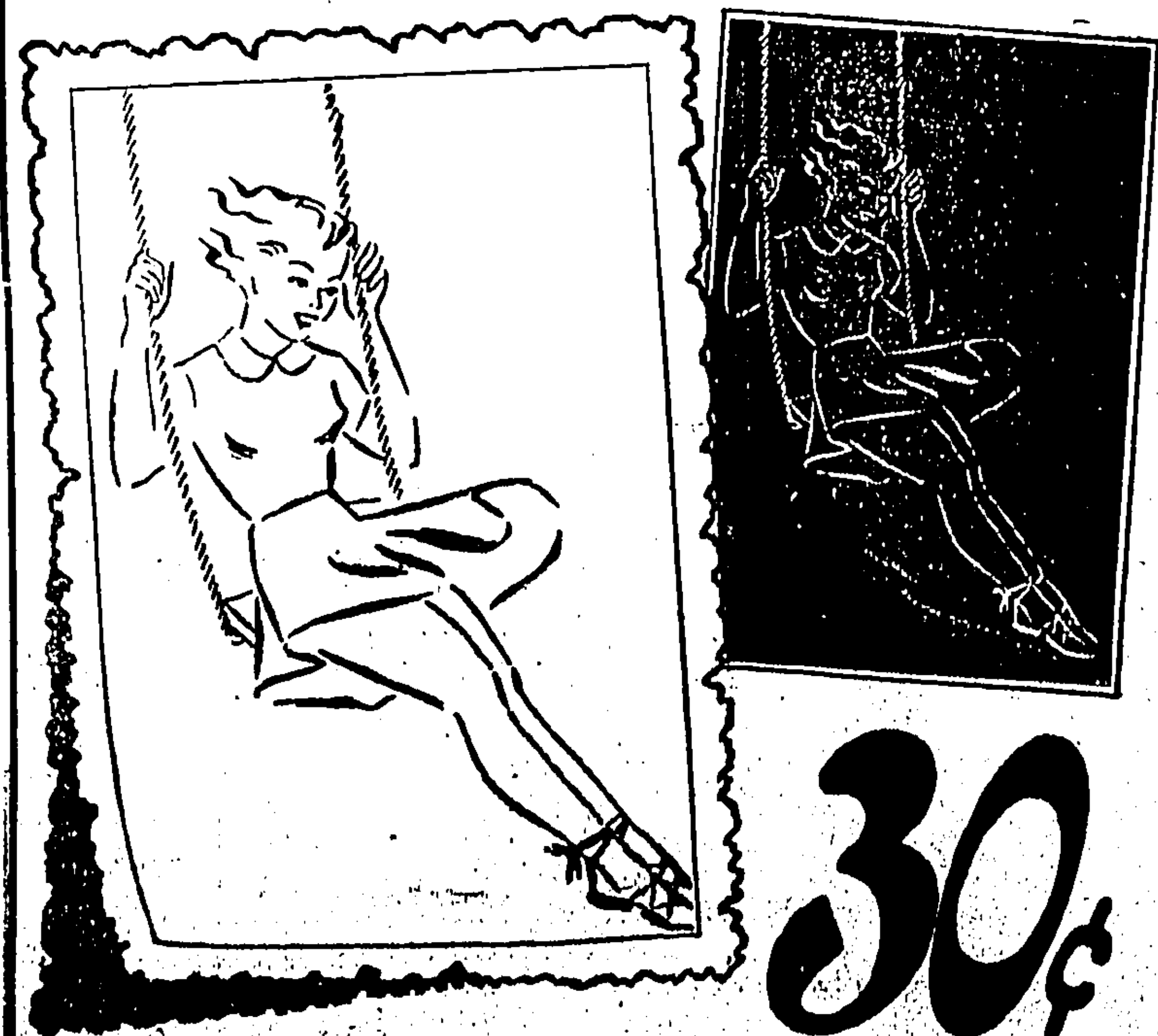


CIVIL Defence "smog men" had a field day in London last week. Teams of two men each worked through the day in various parts of the city taking periodic samples of smog by pumping standard quantities into bottles supplied by the Fuel Research Station at Greenwich. The contents were later analysed for the killer gases — sulphur dioxide, carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide. (Express)

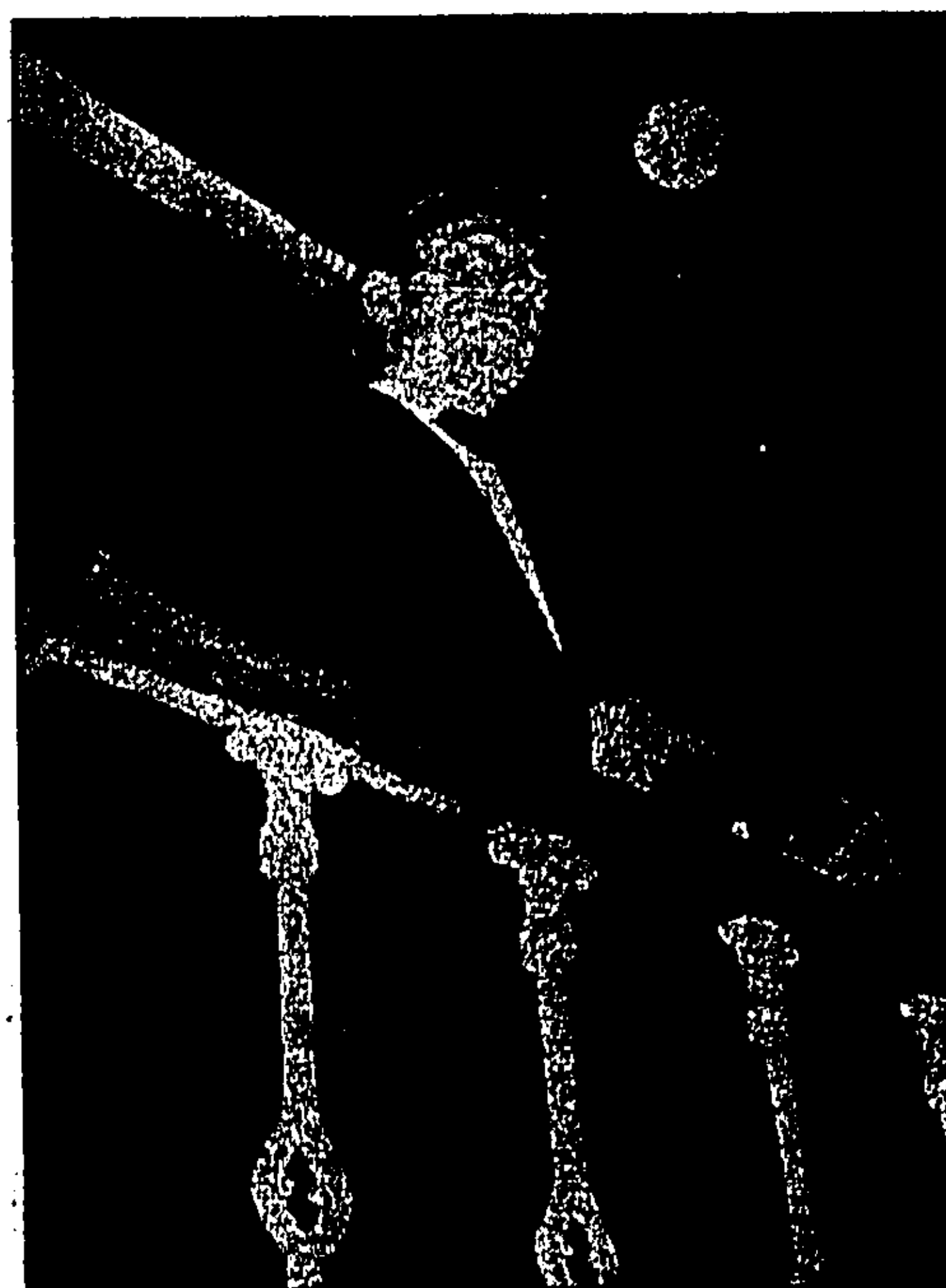


IN September last year, Pamela Sue-a-Quan became "Miss British Guiana." Last week, she became Mrs Brian Whittle of Southport, Lancashire. Her husband is a Warrant Officer in the Army, and they met when he was serving in Trinidad last year. Their wedding took place in Wool, Dorset. (Express)

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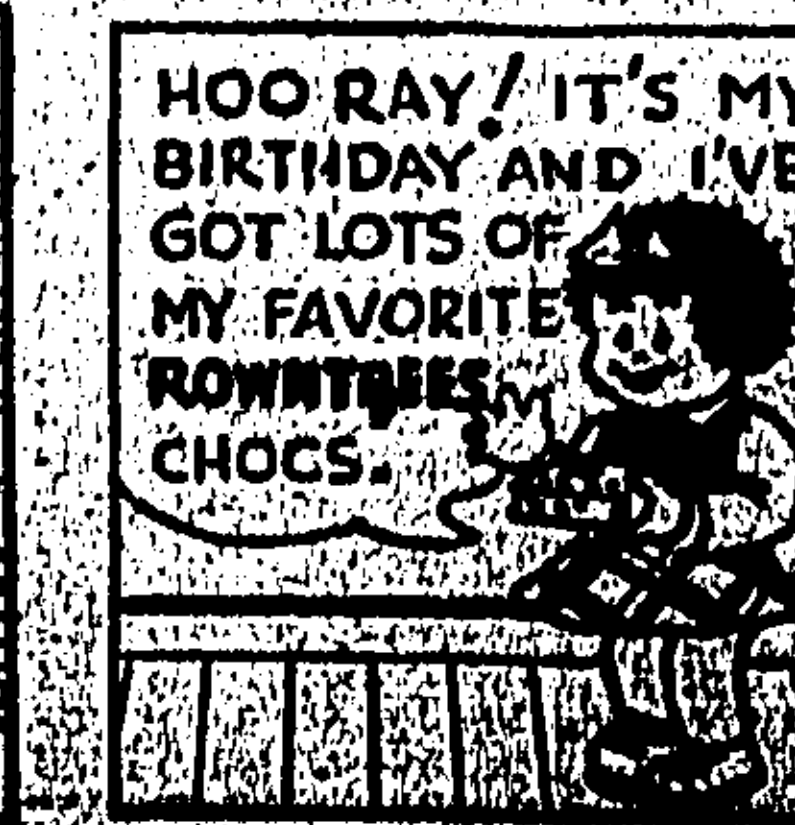
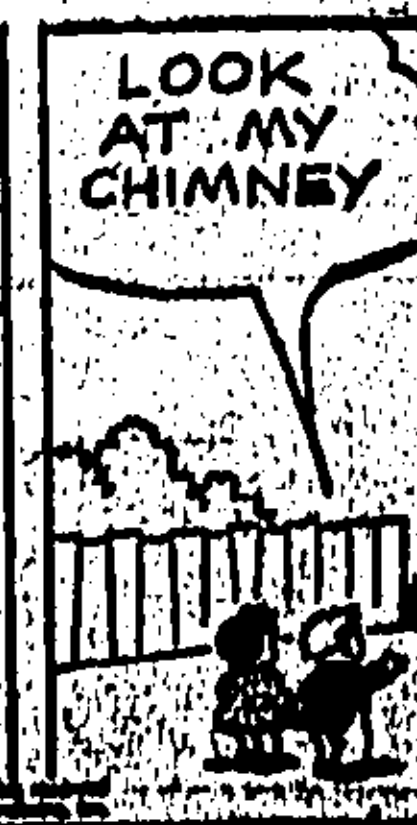


MOST unusual speaker at an evangelical rally at Deptford last week was 23-year-old Bill Prestwich, a former Teddy Boy now reformed. He told his hearers of his varied experiences, which landed him in gaol. Said he: "I may be wearing a Teddy Boy suit, but there's a new man inside." (Express)

BELOW: Neville Powley, Forces Broadcasting Service producer of a series of zoo radio programmes for children of British Servicemen overseas, watches Head Keeper Jack Shelley feeding Bill, the bull sea lion at Regent's Park Zoo in London. The Shelley family has a long record of service at the Zoo. (Army News)



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



WHAT WAS THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM?

WHAT did the Magi, the wise men of the East, really see? In St Matthew's Gospel their reported references to the star are vague. What is more, there is no hint given by St Matthew that the star was seen by anyone other than the Magi.

Fred Hoyle, one of the world's foremost astronomers, reports that there is no record of the star in any of the Roman records of the time. And Sir Harold Spencer Jones, Britain's Astronomer Royal, says there is no reference to it in the contemporary Chinese astronomical records.

Yet there seems never to have been any serious suggestion that the Magi's story was recorded wrongly or, indeed, that it was their imagination.

There is no disputing that the wise men did come to Jerusalem. Some extraordinary

force compelled them to leave their distant homes and make what, even today, is a difficult journey.

No evidence exists that they were either just merchants or wandering scholars.

They had without doubt come in search of a King.

★ ★ ★

THE question of the star, though, has intrigued men for centuries. Some ingenious theories have been advanced. The great astronomer Johann Kepler (1571-1630), who first substantiated the theory that the earth revolves around the sun, spent much time trying to find a solution. In the process he probably came closest to a satisfactory physical explanation—if, indeed, there is one.

He calculated that there must have been a "conjunction" of the planets Jupiter and Saturn in the month of May, in the year 7 B.C.

To an observer on earth the two planets would have appeared close together and both would have been relatively near the earth. They would then have drifted apart and come together again in the following September, according to his calculations.

The spectacle would have been awe-inspiring. And it would have been particularly impressive to observers in Palestine.

From these findings Kepler believed he could settle scholarly disputes which had been waging for centuries over the exact date of Christ's birth.

It was left to another German astronomer, Christian Ludwig Ideler (1760-1846), to elaborate on Kepler's theory. He checked the earlier calculations and reported that under certain conditions of visibility the two planets might well have appeared as one breathtakingly brilliant star.

Supporting this theory about the possibility of poor visibility was the Biblical report that the Magi for a while lost sight of the star and saw it again only after they had seen Herod, left Jerusalem, and were on their way to Bethlehem.

★ ★ ★

THE Magi's report that they had lost sight of the star could also be partly explained by the fact that the two planets had come together, separated and then reunited.

The Kepler-Ideler theory remained virtually untouched until a Cambridge don, who was also secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, the Reverend Charles Pritchard (1808-1893), decided to investigate it further.

He checked back through the calculations of both astronomers... and he found a mistake.

When this was rectified, the revised calculations showed that the second meeting of the two planets would have taken place not in September, but in December. His calculations were double-checked, and confirmed by the then Astronomer Royal.

To this Pritchard added the claim that any observer in Jerusalem that December—and the Magi were there speaking to Herod—would have seen the

co-joined planets apparently hovering over Bethlehem.

But, he admitted, although this would have appeared so from Jerusalem, on arrival in Bethlehem the "star" would have appeared to be on the distant horizon.

It was this that apparently made Pritchard dissatisfied with the theory, for dissatisfied he certainly was.

He conceded, however, that the co-joined planets might well have been the phenomenon reported by St Matthew, since he doubtless had the story at second hand.

Yet the combined work of Pritchard, Kepler and Ideler demonstrated one significant point: although no spectacular phenomenon was recorded by contemporary astronomers, it did not necessarily mean that there was none. For the indisputable linking of the two planets was not recorded by them.

★ ★ ★

JAMES Hope Moulton, the historian who contributed the section on the Magi to the Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics, pointed out that this oversight was probably due to the fact that at the time Palestine was in a fairly turbulent state.

If that was so, is it not possible that the phenomenon might have been even more spectacular and still passed unrecorded? Could it have been a completely new star?

"That," says Mr Fred Hoyle, "is physically possible."

"It is possible for a supernova, a new star to explode in the sky and burn for about a week or a fortnight. But there is no record of anything like this by the Romans of the period, and they were fairly thorough astronomers. Such a phenomenon was reported about 350 years later."

"If a very bright star had appeared in the skies about the time in question it would almost certainly have been noticed. Without things like street lighting to distract him, the man in the street then knew the night skies much better than the man in the street today... and yet there is no record of such a phenomenon."

Could Mr Hoyle venture an opinion about the origins of the story of the Star of Bethlehem?

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him—Matthew ii, 1 & 2

"One knows," he said, "that there is a tendency to write things up after they occurred. It is conceivable that in putting together the story of Christ it was felt that such an event should have been accompanied by some sort of celestial demonstration and that someone 'remembered' just such a phenomenon."

Is it possible that years after the event someone remembered the phenomenon, recorded by Kepler, but forgot exactly when it happened?

The Astronomer Royal, Sir Harold Spencer Jones, confirmed the apparent lack of any supernovae or "new stars" around the time of the Birth of Christ.

He said: "There is certainly no such record in the old Chinese annals of the time. Supernovae are rare. They occur about once in 300 years. There has not been one since 1804."

★ ★ ★

BUT there still remains unanswered the question: What inspired the Magi to make their journey to Bethlehem in search of a King?

Suppose, however, that the answer is not to be found in astronomy, but rather in astrology?

This suggestion was put to one of the world's best known theological scholars, Monsignor Ronald Knox who, in 1952, retranslated the New Testament from the vulgate Latin.

He made this comment: "It is a mistake to go to astronomy for our guide; we ought to think in terms of astrology."

"If the star, whether a natural or supernatural phenomenon, was a heavenly body of

exceptional brilliance, why is there no suggestion that anybody except the Magi saw it? It looks more as if the Magi—following out the implications of Numbers xxiv, 17, had been on the look-out for a star which would herald the birth of a king in Judaea; and as if a star had appeared (miraculously or providentially) in that particular quarter of the heavens where they were looking for it, at precisely the right moment."

★ ★ ★

VERSE 9 of Matthew ii is rather puzzling; how had they lost sight of the star during their journey? Perhaps only because of cloudy weather. Did the star, in fact, travel in front of them, or does the Evangelist simply report the thing in their own words?

"It is not easy to see how, in a short distance like that from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, the infinitesimal movement of a heavenly body could be observable to men who weren't using telescopes. It seems more probable that the star, when it reappeared, appeared in a new quarter of the heavens, and was now located (according to the principles of contemporary astrology) as being directly above Bethlehem; i.e. the star was leading them on in the sense that it had been travelling, apparently, along their own route, and had come to a stand (rather than 'came to a stand') over Bethlehem."

Could something like this be the true answer to the question? Could the theories of astrologers on the subject be nothing more than ingenuity? The question still stands... What was the Star of Bethlehem? (COPYRIGHT)

Make Sure Of A Happy Christmas

Says SYLVIA WARD

EVERY year, we look forward to Christmas, convinced that we are all, individually, going to have a wonderful time. But so often it happens that when Christmas has come and gone, we sit back and say, "Thank Heaven, that's over." What with Grandma sulking in the corner, Dad with a sore head, Mum feeling like a dishcloth, and the kids at each other's throats without pause, the long-anticipated festival has been something of an anticlimax.

If your Christmas is never like that, you need read no further. Mine used always to be, so I set out to discover why. First I asked myself, "Whose Christmas is it?"—and the obvious reply, was "Everybody's of course."

Having recognised these conflicting facts, one can set to

work to see that the children enjoy themselves as they have never done before, and incidentally, have a good time yourself. It is necessary to make a plan of campaign. After all, we don't go for a summer holiday without making some plans. Why expect a happy Christmas just to happen? Here's how the plan works in my house—

First of all, the children are told that Christmas Day and Boxing Day are theirs—until seven o'clock in the evening. There will be no "Hush! Daddy's sleeping off his dinner" or "Not just now, darling, Daddy's busy". All the male members of the household will put themselves entirely at the disposal of the children throughout the day.

If Johnny wants someone to play with, he will get someone who will play willingly and

wholeheartedly. If the youngest kiddy wants Johnny's new engine, it is Dad or Fred who copes and does the smoothing over—not me.

Of course, a lot of responsibility falls on Father. And it is absolutely essential that the day should start fair for him. If Dad's like a bear with a sore head most mornings, he's got to forget that sore head on Christmas morning and welcome the youngsters with open arms at 8 a.m. Once settled with the new train-set, he'll usually play quite happily.

Throughout the rest of the day, Dad's help is needed pretty constantly by Mum, so she must gain his wholehearted co-operation. Don't forget to put a bottle of moral courage somewhere handy, from which Father can help himself at intervals.

As the children have been told the day is theirs, so they will have been told that the evening

is sacred to the grown-ups. The kids are usually worn-out and feeling ready for bed by seven o'clock on Christmas Day, anyway.

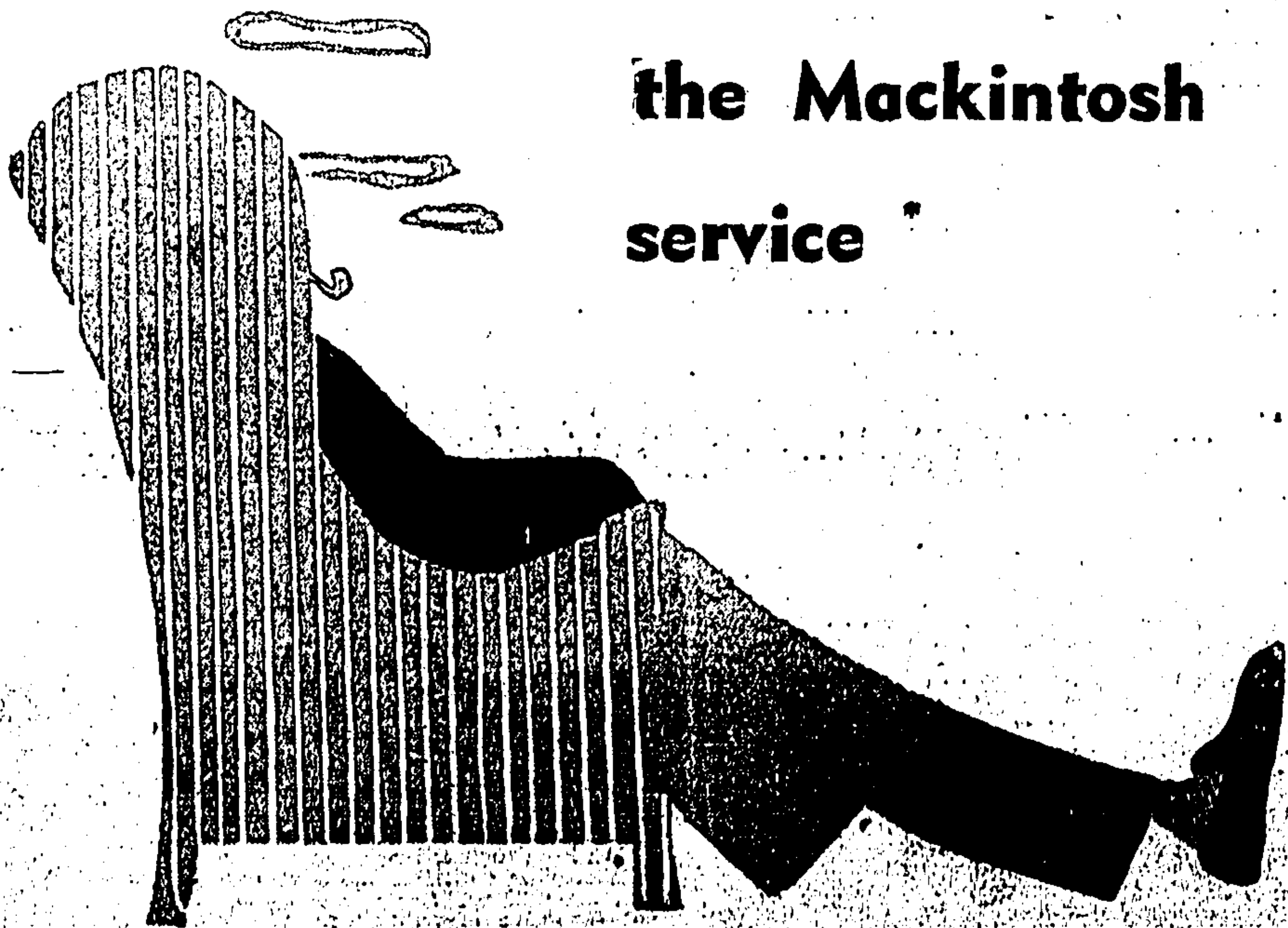
Now comes the other half of the arrangement—the post-seven-o'clock period, which is the adults' and theirs alone, if they still have a wearying day, of course.

I'm limp physically, but mentally I'm a different woman. The roaring bedlam of games and squabble which were, for once, no concern of mine; the coats that were put on backwards, the teeth that went unbrushed...

I put my feet up for five minutes. I change. I hear the last glass of water going up-stairs. It is 8 o'clock. No flopping in a chair in exhausted abandon saying, "Thank heaven, that's over" for me. The children have had a happy day. Now it's our turn to have a happy evening. (COPYRIGHT)

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DO GHOSTS PREFER CHRISTMAS?

By JOHN COTTRELL

THOUGH Christmas has become the traditional time for talking about ghosts, there is no good reason for believing that phantoms prefer the festive season to any other for making personal appearances. On the contrary, reports of ghosts being seen at Christmas are rather rare.

One case, however, was recorded by a Church of England clergyman, the Rev. Charles Tweedale. His Aunt Leah, he said, appeared at a party in 1895—five years after her death—and "walked clean through the Christmas tree."

There is also the sad, pale monk who is said to walk at Buckingham Palace at Christmas, and a beautiful masked ghost alleged to have joined in a Christmas party at Sandringham.

A survey of past cases indicates that other popular beliefs about ghosts are false. For instance, while many apparitions are reported to walk at night, plenty have been seen in broad daylight. And ghosts don't favour dark and deserted places. Most of them seem to like the company of the living.

What do we know for certain about ghosts? Unfortunately, few golden rules can be drawn from the accounts of witnesses. Some ghosts appear suddenly; others fade in and out. Some have a misty or transparent appearance; others look like normal people. Some walk through doors; others stop to open them.

There are also some anomalies in reports. Though ghosts are not supposed to have any substance, they seem able to move heavy objects and their footsteps can be heard. Some have even been said to block out the light.

PUNCTUAL HABITS

VERY often ghosts are visible to one person but not to another, and, as a rule, they don't speak. They also seem to have very punctual habits—like the ghost alleged to have haunted a Hammersmith churchyard in 1805, 1855 and 1905 at midnight on the first full moon in August.

The 50-year cycle began last August; hundreds of people turned out to see the apparition. By 12.15 a.m., nothing had happened, so the crowd gave up the ghost and went home. But one bright young man stayed on till 1 p.m., at which time he believes he saw the phantom.

He had remembered that clocks were one hour forward for British Summer Time. To the ghost, 1 a.m. was midnight.

Whether or not you are prepared to believe in ghosts, it's just as well to know all these facts about them. For every year we read of people feeling their homes "to escape some 'evil spirit'." And only a few months ago, a leading seaman in the Royal Navy was actually flown home to Plymouth on compassionate leave—to lay a ghost.

Usually responsible for these domestic upheavals are not ghosts—in the popular conception of visual figures—but poltergeists, noisy unseen spirits.

Such ghosts, it is claimed, have lifted people in the air, started fires, thrown all kinds of household objects, and sometimes caused so much damage to property that awkward court cases have arisen.

BAFFLING CASE

MANY cases of poltergeists can, of course, be traced to mischievous humans. But others have been quite baffling. Take the experience of Mr and Mrs Cecil Wilson of Ipswich who, for days, were upset by a ghost, which, they said, emptied drawers and threw toys, brushes, shoes and a candlestick.

Said Mrs Wilson: "We have never believed in this kind of thing, but tonight we are frightened out of our wits."

Similarly, at a house in Runcorn, Cheshire, visitors have been greeted by volleys of books and clocks, and have been thrown from their beds. A clergyman was hit by a flying dictionary there.

In such circumstances, people often send for the vicar and pray to exorcise the ghost—occasionally with successful results. At other times, the strange occurrences have stopped when one member of the family—often an adolescent going through some keen stress—has been sent away from the house.

There is a third and very rare kind of ghostly occurrence, where an event of long ago is re-enacted by many ghosts.

One of the best-known cases of this kind was first reported two days before Christmas, 1642, when countryfolk saw the bloody battle of Edge Hill.

A CHRISTMAS QUIZ:

What's the Name?

Here are the potted biographies of eight internationally known personalities—but the best-known facts about these famous people have been omitted. Can you still supply their names?

1. HE . . . was born in June 1921 . . . was educated in Scotland . . . is married, has two children . . . served in Royal Navy during the war . . . is less well-known as the Earl of Merioneth . . . has made his home in London . . . enjoys cricket, flying and sailing.
2. HE . . . was born November 30 . . . married daughter of Sir Henry Hoare . . . has four children . . . was educated at Sandhurst . . . served with Spanish forces in Cuba . . . has been a Liberal M.P. and was once Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies . . . won French Croix de Guerre in 1914 . . . is hon. Citizen of Jacksonville, Florida . . . wrote a novel, "Savannah" . . . paints as a pastime.
3. HE . . . was born in 1880 . . . was educated at Harrow . . . is a Barrister-at-Law . . . has been imprisoned on several occasions . . . has a sister who has been Ambassador to Moscow . . . lost his wife in 1936 . . . has written several books, including "Soviet Russia."
4. HE . . . was born in Shropshire in 1904, the son of a coal miner . . . is married, has three children . . . started his career as a clerk . . . has been knighted . . . has sporting interests including football and pigeon-racing . . . has two brothers who were in the same profession . . . has written an autobiography.
5. SHE . . . is 35 years old . . . studied at London and Oxford Universities . . . worked at Foreign Office during the war . . . has been features editor on a magazine . . . was later published for a film company . . . has a celebrated husband . . . is interested in rose-growing . . . lives at present in a world-famous street in London.
6. SHE . . . was born in Scotland, 1928 . . . was educated in Scotland and Northern Rhodesia . . . married to a writer, whose father died commanding the armed merchant cruiser Rawalpindi during the war . . . has one child . . . is not serious, though better known for her early career.
7. SHE . . . was born in America . . . is under thirty years of age . . . is married to an Olympic athlete . . . is a journalist . . . has done some of her best work in a London suburb . . . is not very tall . . . has the same initials as an award for bravery.
8. HE . . . was born in 1923 in America . . . is closely associated with a world-famous group . . . is a mathematician, though his original public work was in chess, cricket, and football . . . has done some of his best work in a London suburb . . . is not very tall . . . has the same initials as an award for bravery.

another, it is said, appeared in court to make his murderer break down and confess while on trial.

One of the tallest stories I have heard about a ghost with a purpose, concerned a woman who objected to her husband's keen interest in other ladies.

"George," she said, "if you ever make love to a woman after I'm gone, I'll come back and haunt you."

Soon after she died, so the story goes, George forgot the threat and started courting a young widow. They would meet regularly for evening walks.

One day George crept up behind the widow—as was his regular practice—and kissed her. When the figure turned round, he found it was his deceased wife.

This happened again and again. Often he went to the rendezvous and his wife would be there, dressed just like the widow. She would trick him, then vanish giving a Satanic laugh.

THE LAST LAUGH

QUITE exasperated, poor George decided to play a trick himself. He asked his friend Bert, to wear his suit and hat and go to the rendezvous in his place. At the last minute, he sent a note to the widow cancelling his date.

"How did you get on?" George asked his friend the next day.

"Smashing," says Bert. I crept up and kissed her like you said. Then she kissed me back."

The joke had misfired. The note had not reached the widow in time. She kept the date—with Bert. And eventually they married.

George's wife had the last laugh after all.

(Copyright)

Spare A Thought For Mother

By JANET GREY

THIS is a fairy story, a Christmas fairy story, and the heroine is a very ordinary housewife.

As it was only a week or two before Christmas, this very ordinary housewife was feeling somewhat harassed. She was thinking about the Christmas meals, wondering how much bread she would need, if the pudding was big enough, and whether the turkey would fit into the oven.

Over and over again she sorted out in her mind the sleeping arrangements she had so carefully worked out to accommodate her family and the relatives who were due to arrive on Christmas Eve. And when she wasn't thinking about that, she was counting cups and cutlery. Would there be enough to go round when the next-door neighbours came to tea and supper on Christmas Day? Might she be having some cups and spoons just to be sure?

Then she sat down to make out a list of Christmas presents—for other members of the family to give as well as herself. Suddenly she put down her pencil. "The rest of the family will have a good holiday over Christmas," she thought. "But I shan't. I shall have to work harder than ever. I wonder what would happen if I left them to it—I'll go on strike."

The idea grew, until eventually she made up her mind. She would strike, that's what she would do.

That evening she called the family together and announced that this year they were to cope with the Christmas arrangements.

At first there was an outcry. Then they began to like the idea. After all, there had been a lot of do's and don'ts—and in fact a good deal of unnecessary fuss about Christmas past. So they called a conference to delegate the work.

The best kind of fairy story should be a happy ending. This one hasn't.

The housewife stuck to her decision. When her friends discussed Christmas, catering, and came home laden with presents talking about the prices they had to pay, she did her best to change the subject.

She watched the preparations going on at home, and she had to retire from the kitchen hastily when her daughter began to put the precious fruit into the bowl for the pudding. She saw a lot of festive, crystallised fruits arriving in the larder, but wondered whether anyone would remember to make the pudding.

Everyone was excited and imbued with the seasonal spirit of good cheer—everyone that is but mother, whose fears grew as the shopping days sped by as apart from the fact that none of the guests had towels. Christmas Eve passed off without incident. The family kept to the sleeping plan already drawn up by mother.

But that didn't lessen the sense of forbidding with which our housewife rose on Christmas morning.

She soon realised that this time her fears were justified. Auntie Kate, who had hated putting up a large bottle in her Christmas stocking. Uncle George, who was always conservative about matters sartorial, received a gaily-coloured tie with a dancing-girl motif pointed all over it, and Cousin Ethel, whose passion was highbrow music, was presented with the latest Bobop record. It had also been forgotten that she didn't own a gramophone.

At lunch, the turkey was overcooked and no one had thought about the stuffing. Nothing was said about a pudding. A jelly that hadn't jelled appeared instead.

By bedtime the housewife decided that it was the most miserable Christmas Day she had ever spent, and she made up her mind that never again would she relinquish her hold on domestic affairs.

Well, this is just a fairy story, and like all fairy stories, it could never happen in real life. No housewife could sit back and allow anyone else to take control of that most sacred domain—her kitchen.

But it's just another way of reminding everyone that while we sympathise with the railway workers, the people at the power stations and the postmen because they have to work over Christmas, we forget that it's the housewife's busy season too, and most homes would be in a very bad way without her.

So don't let mother get to the stage where she feels like going on strike. Help her as much as possible, if it's only a matter of making the beds, laying the table and washing up. If she has to press unwilling helpers back and allow anyone else to do the job herself—and say so in no uncertain terms.

Give her as much consideration as possible, and let her know her efforts are appreciated. That's the kind of reward she will like best.

(Copyright)

"Play the game!" shouted the Germans. "If you don't shoot, we won't shoot!"

THE CHRISTMAS TRUCE OF 1914

By Crawford Snowden

EXISTENCE for the British soldier in the trench warfare of the latter part of December, 1914, was a wretched one. He was not involved in the constant artillery duels or taking part in the desperate and costly attempts from time to time to capture trenches over wire entanglements and flooded country and in hand-to-hand fighting with bayonet and grenade his lot day and night was mud and ice-cold water and lice in his clothing.

A bitter enemy let no opportunity of a *strafe* go by. Every now and then the fury of a howitzer shell announced from afar its frightful approach, or "whizz-bangs" shattered the trench parapet without warning. The labour of

There was much wonderment among the British watchers when they saw their officers disappear into the German trenches. He was not a man to take foolish risks, yet this was like asking to be taken prisoner. What possessed him that he so boldly walked into the lion's den? Perhaps he hardly knew. In the German front lines he was conducted to some German officers who were standing in a group beside a ruined farmhouse. They were astonished to see him and were at once suspicious. Was he armed, they asked.

He was not. "On the word of a gentleman!" they insisted. The British officer repressed a smile. "On the word of a gentleman?" he answered. The Germans seemed satisfied. Greetings, more or less hearty, were exchanged as between long-parted friends. The conversation that followed is not recorded, nor does

British and German company commanders on Boxing Day morning. The German, polite, immaculate, announced that his colonel had ordered renewal of hostilities at noon that day and might the Englishmen be warned to keep down, please? In response to thanks for this courtesy the German saluted, bowed from the waist and replied: "We are Saxons, you are Anglo-Saxons; the word of a gentleman is for us as for you." Noon arrived and with it a tin thrown across containing the message. "We shoot in the air!" And they did. The unofficial truce continued.

There is also the story of a game of football with the enemy, and of two occasions when British and Germans in a body chased a hare in No Man's Land, laughing and shouting like schoolboys. One chase ended with a German soldier and a British soldier falling on the hare together. Let's hope they tossed for it.

It seems to have been the Saxons and Bavarians mainly, if

not exclusively, who succumbed to the strong German traditional feeling for Christmas. In one case a party of Saxons even advised our men to warn the battalions on their right to stay in their trenches as they were faced by Prussians whom the Saxons described as surly ruffians.

Yet the late Captain Sir Edward Hulse, Bart., Scots Guards, writing to his mother of this astonishing truce, which he kept, tells of English, Scots, Irish, Saxons, Wurtembergers, and Prussians concluding an impromptu concert by singing together "Should auld acquaintance be forgot..." Sir Edward

has written that he cautioned all his company commanders against allowing any fraternisation. The Germans were to be warned if they came out of their trenches that they would be fired on. They did come out and protested loudly on being told to get back. Shots were fired over their heads to make them realise the Foresters were in earnest.

"I was glad I had given such orders," says Marshall in "Memories of Four Fronts," "because that day almost similar instructions came from Army Headquarters."

At one point in the Alsace Valley, when Germans left their trenches on Christmas Day shouting "Two days' truce!" the French troops facing them suspected a ruse and shot them all down. North of Neuport the Germans on Christmas Eve made a fierce attack on the French-Belgian positions and the Allies made a successful counter-attack. Sir Edward Hulse's letter stated that the truce in the trenches dragged on for nearly a week, but with the Worcestershire Regiment it seems to have ended at midnight on Christmas Day. "Then, after a pause," says their regimental history, "a single shot broke the silence and desultory firing was resumed all along the line."

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One of the World's Strangest Stories



This picture from the archives of the Imperial War Museum shows British and German officers fraternising in No Man's Land during the unofficial truce, 1914.

digging and draining, sapping, filling sandbags was endless.

By night there was anxious sentry duty on the fire-step, or nerve-racking patrols into No Man's Land. It was a period of inaction on the big scale, nevertheless the enemy sought unceasingly to kill and death stalked the battleground, grimly taking toll. Trench reliefs were invariably accompanied by casualties.

Then, quite suddenly and without warning, a benign influence took hold on the German trenches opposite those of the British II and III Corps. Christmas had arrived.

THE Kaiser's hate evaporated like a mist from the far side of No Man's Land, and the war came to a dramatic standstill. That phenomenon, the Unofficial Truce, had begun.

One of the most surprising experiences of its beginning was that of the officer commanding C Company of the North Staffordshire Regiment. He was having his supper in his dug-out after stand-down when his company sergeant-major put his head in.

"What am I to do, sir?" he cried. "The Germans are sitting on their parapets, lighting candles and singing hymns!" Further along the line, at about 7.30 p.m., there was a similar predicament for the Leinster Regiment. Chinese lanterns were suddenly hoisted on the German parapet. The Leinster sentries were less puzzled: they promptly shot them to pieces.

Immediately came shouted appeals from the Germans, calling on the sentries to cease fire. And officers, hurrying out from their dinner, were astonished to hear from the German trenches, in perfect English:

"Play the game? If you don't shoot, we won't shoot!" repeated again and again. Meantime the North Staffordshire officer, on going out to the trenches, learned that a German soldier in No Man's Land was asking to speak to a British soldier.

The officer climbed over the top and went to meet the German. In both trenches eyes were fixed on the two lone figures silhouetted against the night sky. Distant sounds on either hand of occasional firing accompanied the murmur of their voices.

THE candles on the German parapet burned brightly in the keen air. The German soldier spoke fluently in English. He revealed that he had been a waiter in Brighton. Asked why he wished to speak to a British soldier he explained he had some cigars he would exchange for bully beef. "Take me," said the Englishman, "to your officer."

history reveal the name of the man who suggested that Christmas Day might be observed as "a day of rest." In all instances elsewhere along the front it came from the Germans. It was agreed at this point that the infantry would not fire on one another, but neither side could answer for its artillery.

The 1st Battalion of the Worcestershire Regiment moved into the line on this Christmas Eve. They were astonished to find there was no firing by the enemy; the silence seemed unreal. "It was like a dream," said one soldier in a letter to his family.

Christmas Day dawned fine but misty. Wherever the enemy opposite were Saxons or Bavarians there was peace.

Parties of Germans, armed only with picks and shovels, came out confidently into No Man's Land to bury their dead. The British were very glad to follow their example. Burying parties met midway between the opposing trenches, whereupon there were greetings, hand shakes, exchange of cigarettes for cigars, of plum puddings for cognac, of buttons and badges.

At one point a few Uhlan officers, evidently serving in infantry battalions, came out to pose for photographs of British and German soldiers grouped together. The Uhlan officers could have come off so very showy ceremonial parade, polished and clean they were. Here and there a Saxon or a Bavarian was found to speak English fluently. One had been a shop-walker at Selfridges, another a waiter at Frascati, a third had played at London music-halls.

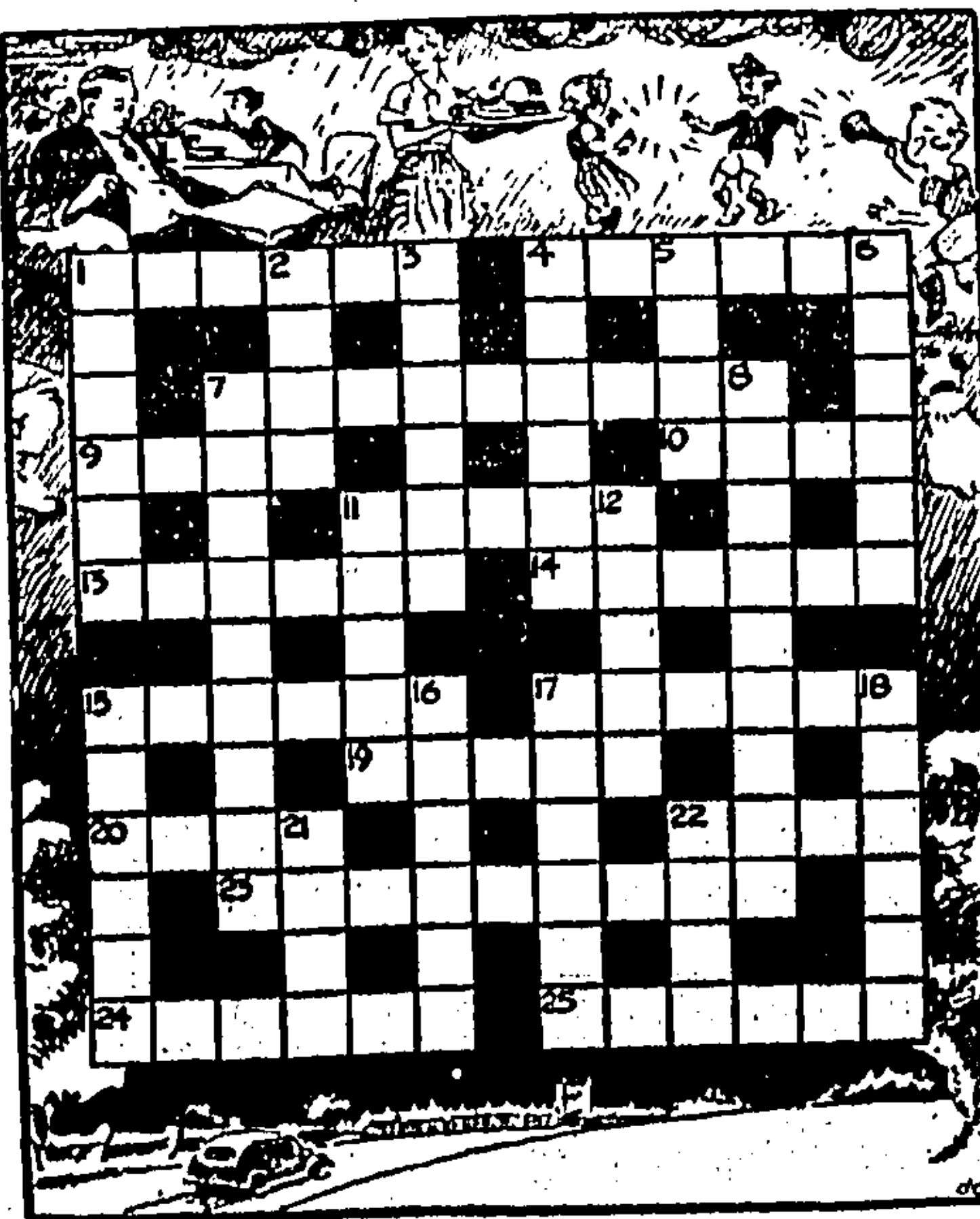
ONE German soldier told a Scots Guards officer he mistook for a corporal that he had lived just before the war in Suffolk, where he had left his best girl and a 3½-h.p. motor-bicycle.

The benign influence that brought about this unofficial truce moved the Germans to sing hymns, carols, folk-songs—often Auld Lang Syne.

An exceptionally good performer on the cornet obliged, from a German trench, with "Home, Sweet Home," followed by "God Save the King." Needless to say there were British vocal contributions by way of response, though they were sometimes soldiers' songs, not quite drawing-room. On the front of the third battalion the King's Brigade, the performance in No Man's Land of a clever German juggler drew a large crowd from both sides. About 1 p.m. both sides went to dinner in their respective trenches, and a German bugler courteously sounded the official meal call of the British regiment; he and his colleagues had been fighting.

There were other incidents, such as the rumour of a meeting in No Man's Land of

AFTER-DINNER CROSSWORD



- ACROSS
1. Responsible for a White Christmas. (6)
 2. What to call a schoolboy — or a teacher. (6)
 3. Seasonable sound made by gill or can. (4)
 4. He cooed the goose. (4)
 5. Fancy dress to boast about? (4)
 6. (4) disordered verse is out. (8)
 7. Christmas gifts for girls of discontentment? (6)
 8. A more reckless alias than usual. (6)
 9. Perhaps (6)
 10. Ninth day after Christmas. (6)
 11. Jester's white accessories. (6)
 12. A famous school? (6)
 13. Froxy and in a Soho Arcade. (6)
 14. Sing up! There's a request. (6)
 15. (6) Christmas. (6)
- DOWN
1. Suitable gifts for the builder's child. (6)
 2. Many a new one will be turned over on January 1. (6)
 3. Running knot. (6)
 4. Often dusty. (6)
 5. Used to wipe out the score in the dead-end tunnel? (6)
 6. Greedily devour a large bird. (6)
 7. Last Alice became heavenly. (6)
 8. Monotonous congregation? (6)
 9. Mother's at it every Christmas morning. (6)
 10. (6)
 11. We think more of them at New Year. (6)
 12. You might see a star in the next delivery. (6)
 13. Soldier's little baggages is accompanied with some misanthropic. (6)
 14. (6)
 15. (6)

Tops for Christmas...

Lovely Chiffon Scarves
Gay Sweater Scarves

Delightful French Stoles
Tinsel Embroidered Stoles
Doeskin Evening Gloves
Original Jacquard Squares

Tailored Style Glace Kid Gloves
Lace Trimmed Hankies in Gift Boxes
Swiss Embroidered Hankies

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"HER"
WITH GIFTS
LIKE THESE



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Ladies Make-up Cases —
Manicure Set in Variety
New Promenade Umbrellas
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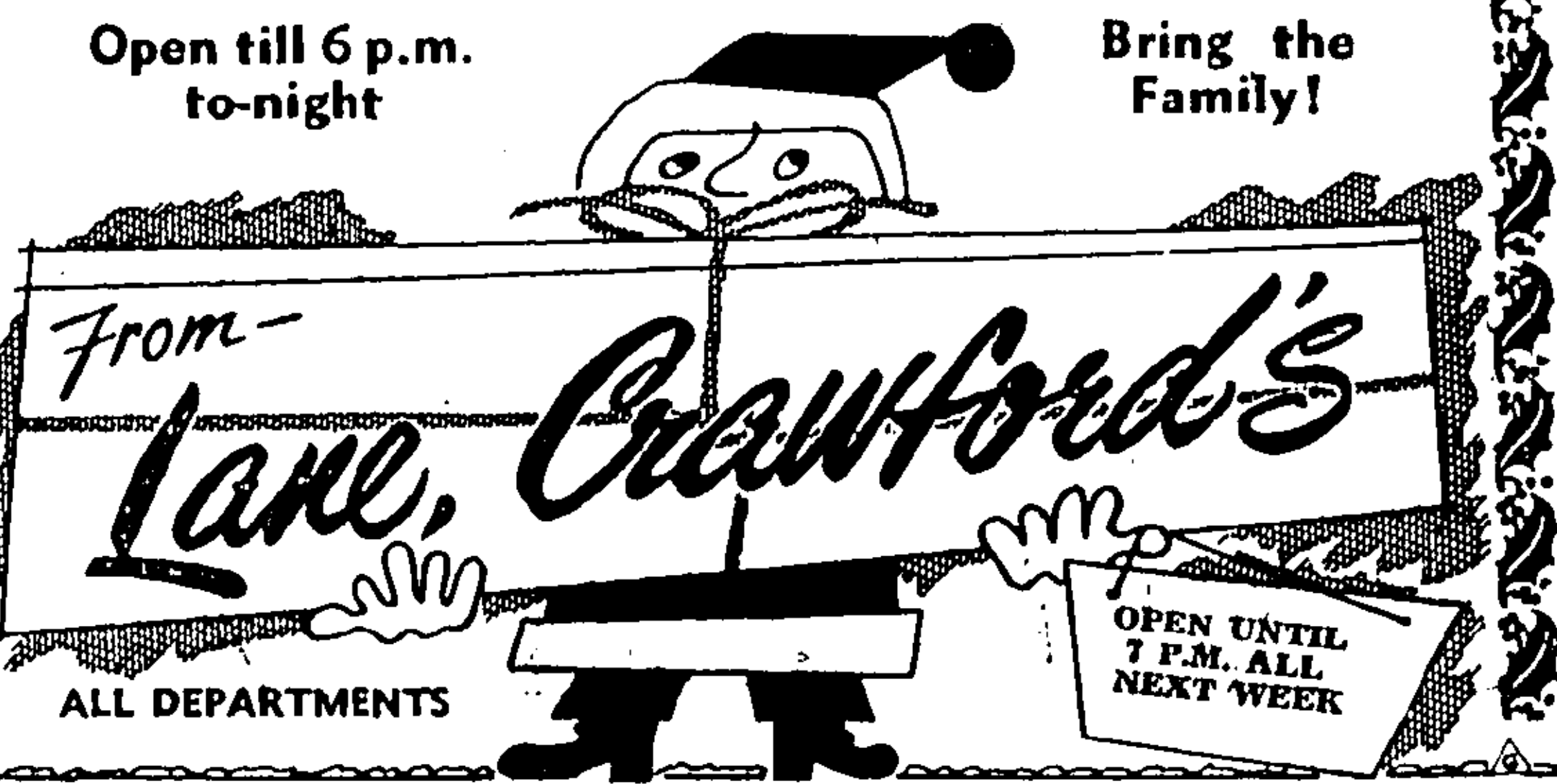
GIFTS for EVERYONE



TOYS for KIDDIES of all ages, SPORTS GOODS for athletic types
SHIRTS ★ SOCKS ★ TIES ★ PYJAMAS ★
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for the Men folk
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LINENS ★ FABRICS ★ FURNITURE ★
CHINA & CRYSTAL for Home-lovers

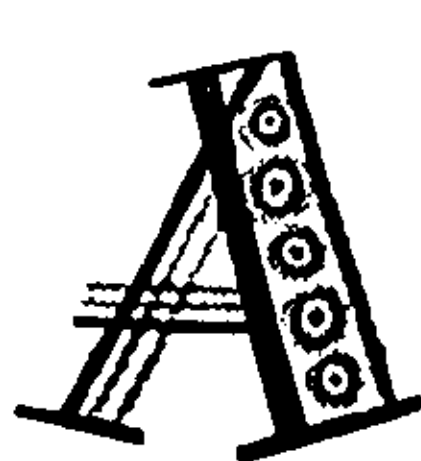
Open till 6 p.m.
to-night

Bring the
Family!



"And who ever heard of Father Christmas getting the afternoon off to go to a football match, may I ask?"

London Express Service



MAN FORGOT—THAT'S HOW CARDS STARTED

By Ronald Boxall

IT all began in the year that the finishing touches were put to Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. Christmas was coming, and the early Victorians were laboriously writing greetings to relatives and friends. All except one man.

Sir Henry Cole (then plain Mr Cole) had fallen behind with his correspondence that winter of 1843. There just wasn't time to write to all the people who ought to be written to. But the man who founded the Victoria and Albert Museum wasn't to be put out by a little thing like that.

The idea struck him that his friends might be content with a printed card. Doubtless he felt that "after all it is the thought that counts." Cards would at least be novel.

The artist Cole chose to design the world's first Christmas card was J.C. Horsley, a popular painter of his day.

The result was considered the last word in artistic fashion, and a thousand copies were printed at Summerly's Home Treasury Office in Old Bond Street. Those not needed by Mr Cole were sold at a shilling each.

Several of these original Cole-Horsley cards have survived, and one of the most interesting is reproduced here. It was sent by Horsley to "His old young friends Emma and Agnes." (The spelling—and the rather ham-fisted witicism are Horsley's own.)

Though this was the direct ancestor of the 500 million Christmas cards that were sent in Britain alone last year, it

was not an unqualified success at the time. A contemporary journal, "Notes and Queries," described it thus: "A trollop of rustic work in the Germanesque style divided the card into centre and two side panels. The sides were filled by representations of the feeding of the hungry and the clothing of the naked; in the centre compartment, a family were shown at table—an old man and woman, a maiden and her young man, and several children—and they were pictured drinking healths in wine."

Horsley was criticised not only for "trying to wed art and manufacture," but also for "encouraging drunkenness." But what his critics couldn't know was that Horsley—no matter how crudely—had started something that was to grow into a vast world-wide industry.

Yet Christmas cards did not really catch on with the public until about thirty years later. This was partly due to the crudeness of the cards themselves—many bore no relation at all to the festive season—and partly to the high cost of postage. But with the introduction of better designs, colour printing, and greetings in verse, the card gradually gained in popularity. Then, when the postal rates were reduced in 1871, they really arrived.

The dispatch of Christmas cards was still on nothing like the modern scale, of course, but the habit had grown sufficiently to cause concern among our staid Victorian ancestors. The Times of London was moved to complain about the craze of people trying to out-do each other in the number of cards they acquired, and the

subsequent hold-up in the delivery of "legitimate correspondence."

Despite this disparagement, however, the Christmas card industry—for that is what it had become—developed so quickly that in 1880 Sir Adolph Tuck launched a nation-wide competition to discover original ideas for his firm's cards. Five thousand entries competed for a big sum in those days—and Royal Academicians acted as judges.

Emboldened by success, Sir Adolph began to commission well-known artists and famous writers for designs and verses. Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, was one of those approached. Turning down an offer of 1,000 guineas for a dozen verses, the poet, then in his eightieth year, wrote to Sir Adolph:

"You cannot imagine with what regret I have forfeited this opportunity of world-wide fame; for, beyond a doubt, these verses would have found their way into many far corners of the earth where I cannot flatter myself even my name is known."

★ ★ ★

Around this time, the cards underwent a drastic change in appearance. Previously, their designs bore little, if any, relation to the season. Some even depicted summer scenes. But all that was changed with the introduction of robins, holly, mistletoe, snow scenes and other "Christmasy" motifs. The public loved them—and still do.

More and more ingenuity was now going into Christmas card production. Elaborate cut-out shapes, intricate and delicate lacework, satins and bows,

jewels and beads, gold embossing—even 3-D effects—were tried and found successful.

Animated cards began to appear. A very early one of this type depicted a Victorian maiden whose billowing skirts could be made to rise and reveal her voluminous petticoats and three or four inches of severely-stocking ankle as the card was opened.

★ ★ ★

This was thought daring at the time, but we moderns—if we have any taste at all for animated Christmas cards—demand something more exciting, like the cards which launched a rocket-ship when it is opened, or the one that plays "Silent Night" at the turn of a handle.

This did not come all at once. The search for novelty in Christmas cards was unending. One firm hit upon the idea of decorating its cards with frost that really glittered. Unfortunately, they hadn't enough crushed mica to make-as many cards as the public wanted. But production went on—with crushed Epsom salts substituted for mica.

The quest for novelty proved expensive more than amusing for a certain Herr Hollinger of Germany. He found an old painting of the Holy Family in the Bethlehem stable and sent it to a friend with a scribbled Christmas greeting. The friend showed the painting to experts, who promptly identified it as a missing Rembrandt. Hollinger finally gave up trying to get it back after spending nearly £12,000 in legal fees.

No account of novelty Christmas cards would be complete without mention of the smallest

and the largest ever sent. The smallest on record was sent to the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales. It consisted of a single grain of rice on which was inscribed in Indian ink:

"To His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, Sincere Christmas Greetings From The Joseph G. Gillot Pen Co., London, England. Season 1929."

And the largest? This is believed to be a card sent to President Coolidge in 1924. It measured 21 by 33 inches.

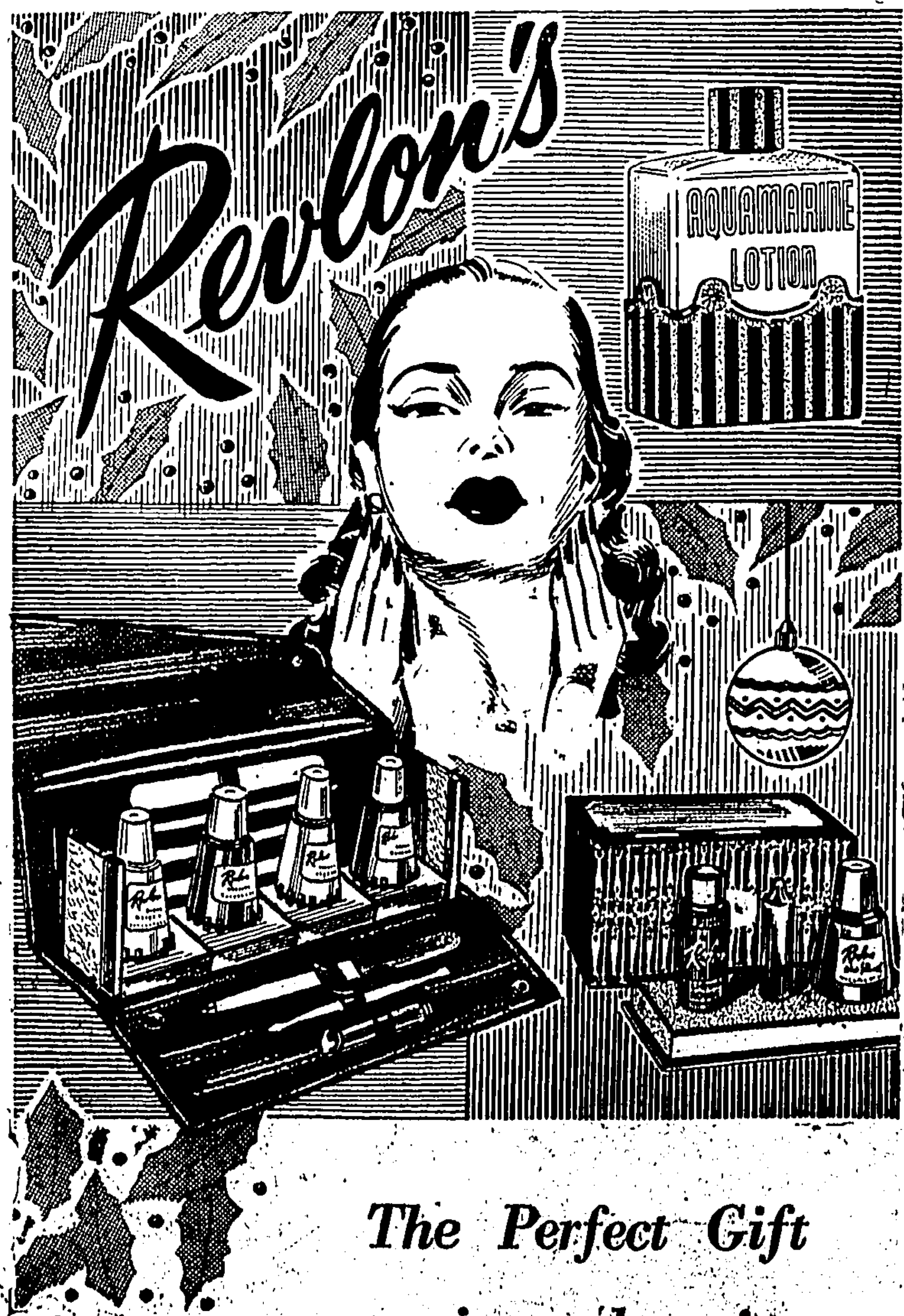
Most Christmas greetings, however, conform to the traditional pattern. And their production keeps hundreds of thousands of people in employment all through the year. This year's cards were planned two years ago, and samples were sent to suppliers overseas at least thirteen months ago.

Indeed, the humble Christmas card has become a valuable British export. Millions are shipped abroad each year, and each has been specially selected to appeal to local tastes. People who live in sunny climates prefer traditional British scenes, thatched cottages, and old-world gardens. But there is still a keen demand for nostalgic snow scenes from Britons living abroad.

★ ★ ★

This year, more Christmas cards than ever before will be sent. Once again post offices will engage extra staff and hire additional transport to get them all to their destinations before Christmas Day. It knows that the public will ignore the exhortation to "Post Early For Christmas," just as it has been ignoring it since the phrase was coined by a harassed Postmaster-General in 1880.

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The Perfect Gift
to give and receive

for Christmas GIVING

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Pillow Cases

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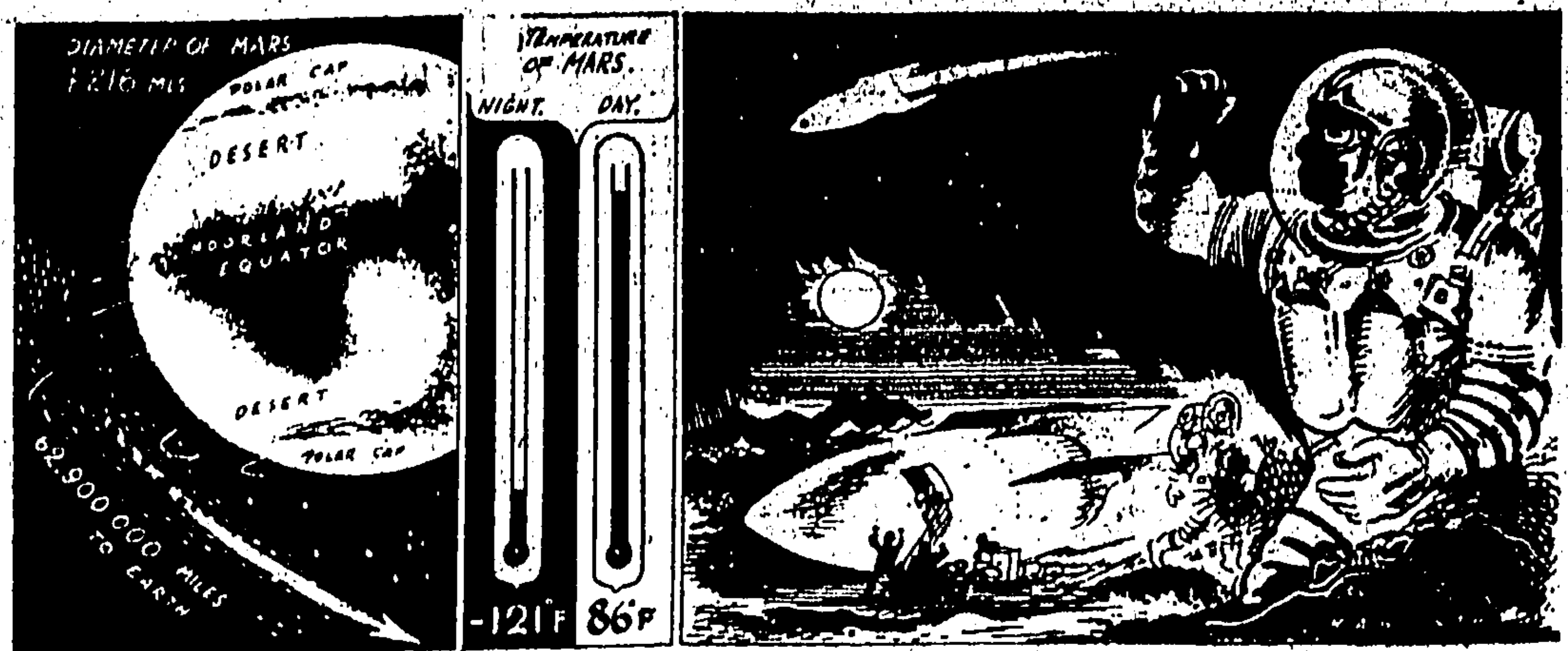
Silk Slips
Nighties
Pyjamas

Blouses
Gowns
Jackets



...and Everything Embroidered

Swatow Drawn Work Co., Ltd.



Space Christmas

By WILLIAM KING

Although this is set in the future, it is based on the latest findings of research workers who are laying the foundations of interplanetary travel.

THE following is the text of the tape-recorded diary of a member of the British expedition which landed on Mars on December 24, 1993. It is the only record of the expedition so far recovered.

0800 CHRISTMAS DAY:

I have been struggling for an hour now to convince myself that this is really Christmas. The struggle is not merely a whim of mine. It is an order. For psychology is an all-important factor in an expedition like this.

It is not easy to convince yourself that it's Christmas here on Mars. There are no decorations in a space-ship. There are no signs of the hustle and bustle to get the Christmas dinner ready. There isn't much preparation necessary for dehydrated turkey. There was just the present from my wife—a tiny square box wrapped in tissue paper.

We agreed not to open the presents until this afternoon—when we get back from our missions. But I held it in my hand and turned it over and over, trying to guess what was in it.

You must forgive me if I seem to rumble—that is part of the orders. We have been instructed to keep talking into our microphones almost continuously from the moment we leave the ship to the moment we return. Here on Mars, a man can easily lose his grip. Talking—even to a tape recorder—helps a man keep a hold on himself.

Let me tell you a little about Mars. Taking a tract of the Sahara Desert, transport it to the North Pole, and lift it to the Stratosphere and you have a sound approximation of the conditions and the terrain.

I am standing now in the middle of a vast red desert. It is thought to be composed of iron oxide—tiny shifting particles of rusty metal. Its exact composition is one of the mysteries we are here to solve. It is red because it has absorbed virtually all of the oxygen on the planet. There is now only the tiniest fraction of it left—at least here in the desert.

That partly explains why I am wandering about in this cumbersome pressurised suit, which looks rather like the things you used to see years ago in the drawings which accompanied science fiction. Of course, it is a good deal more flexible and less like a suit of armour than those. Freedom of movement is all important.

The other reasons are that the suit is heavy and that it is relatively impervious to shifts in temperature. It has to be heavy. A man on Mars weighs only a tenth as much as he does on Earth, and I should shoot high in the air with every step were it not for the weights in the suit. The temperature fluctuates from about 120 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) at night to about 80 degrees above zero in the afternoon.

But for the suit, life would be a continual shuffle from a Tyrolean bath into a refrigerator—or almost. Not quite, of course, because there is almost no water vapour here, either. Without the damp, the heat and the cold are much more tolerable.

Anyhow, here I am, as I said, in the desert—to be precise, in the desert just south of the Martian north pole.

We landed, yesterday, near the pole because our biggest job here is to track the "canals" which lead from the polar regions, where there is ice in the six-month long Martian winter, towards the equator.

The "canals" are the long, straight, criss-crossed lines which have fascinated astronomers ever since Lowell mapped them in 1890. No one has ever been sure just what they are. But they may be waterways—irrigation canals—dug by the "Martians" to preserve life on a dying planet.

It is even possible that, in them, there is oxygen. It is even possible that there is something living in or near the "canals". It is almost certain, anyway, that there are plants growing near them—tiny lichen mosses.

This morning, I hope to find out. My job is to find one of these "canals" and then report back to the ship as quickly as possible. We can spend just about three days here and then we must return.

But today, I must find a "canal" and then get back. I hope to be back for the half hour in which we will have a real "Christmas" aboard the ship.

0900:

I have been making good progress. If the astronomers' maps are right, I should reach the "canal" by noon. But a strong wind is whipping up. I have just radioed the ship, and the men who headed north have been enveloped in a sandstorm, or should I say a total storm? They have lost contact with the ship, for the moment, anyway. I couldn't get much information from the ship because they asked to cut off in order to devote all their frequencies to attempts to make contact with the lost men.

The winds and the sands are our biggest enemies.

The dawn is just breaking. The Martian night—with its stars a thousand times clearer than any stars you can see from an earthly desert—is the sort of night which might well have inspired the men who watched on the first Christmas to believe a miracle was in the offing.

But here the astral fireworks are another terrible hazard. Meteors which burn themselves out on earth as they hurtle through the atmosphere are likely to come straight through here, like howling blockbusters from hell itself.

But I must not dwell on things like that. I must try to think about Christmas. I must keep up a stout heart. But it is no good repeating the official no good repeating the official about Christmas when all you have to focus your mind on is a tiny box in red tissue paper. It is a good thing that we decided not to open the presents, though. It's surprising how a little curiosity helps to keep a man going.

1000:

The wind is growing stronger. I can hear the bits of iron oxide blowing against my suit. They sound like pebbles bouncing off a tin can. The ship is still searching for the men who went north.

And something more ominous has happened. The man who went west—we must travel alone—because we haven't enough men to travel in pairs—found a "canal". Then, suddenly, he went off the air.

If I find one, I shall throw this record outside before I enter.

I am moving as fast as I can. I must try to get back to the ship by four.

The Christmas dinner—condensed and dehydrated food—won't look much like the Christmas you'll be having back on Earth. But there will be the presents we brought from home—the presents which have stayed in their wrappers for nine long weeks while we seemed to hover motionless in space and were really hurtling through it at 70,000 miles an hour.

I wonder what my wife decided was appropriate for a man on Mars?

At least, it can't be a tie. A tie would have taken up too much room. Even a tie is bulky on a space ship.

I'm sorry my mind keeps wandering back to them... a man's reflections on a Christmas present on Mars must make curious reading. But still, I hope I get the feeling now and then that all this can't be true—that I'm just a dream in somebody's imagination.

that little box is the only reminder of reality.

1100:

There it is. I can see a faint tinge of green ahead. There seems to be a depression behind. Wait. The wind is whipping up, the green has disappeared.

I can no longer make much progress. I can't contact the ship, either. Sand in the radio gear probably. It's a little box, strapped to my chest and it's hard to get at.

No, wait, there are sounds on it now. Static. But regular static. Could someone be jamming the radio waves? Or is it just another trick of the Martian atmosphere?

The cloud of sand in front of me looks like a London fog, only it has this strange red colour. No nostalgia about that. I think the wind is dropping a bit. Yes, I can see the "greenery" again now. It looks like a bed of moss. But there is definitely a depression behind it.

Here we go.

1200:

There is a level stretch of smooth rock reaching away from one "bank" of the canal to the other and just below the tops of the banks.

It looks as though someone put it there. But this could be an old river bed and the rock could have been worn smooth.

There is no telling for sure yet.

I am making my way south along the bank now. The ship reports (the "static" has stopped) that the men who went north are definitely lost. Two men were sent to find them. They found them a good mile apart. Both were smothered in sand—and their oxygen tanks had apparently burst.

No one has seen any sign of the man who went west and found the "canal".

Nothing interesting yet. Just this stretch of rock...

I must get back soon. I wonder what will turn up in that present from my wife.

That is the only contact we seem to have with the Earth. For Mars is too far away for radio contact. Just those presents, waiting to be opened...

A space-ship is like a battleship converted into a hospital—neat, compact, hygienic, smelling a little of air conditioning and disinfectant, completely impersonal. None of us has any personal possessions with him. They would take up space urgently needed for equipment—equipment that may save our lives.

But we were each permitted to take one Christmas present with us—one minute box with a human touch about it.

Ah—There's a hole in the rock. A round, smooth hole. Like a hatch or a manhole cover. And there are rumblings there... It could be a Martian "spring"—burbling steam like those geysers in New Zealand. Or a small volcano?

What we know about the interior of Mars makes it seem doubtful. But still... No, I could swear there is something moving... Maybe I'm losing my grip. But here goes to find out...

NOTE:

The recording ends there. True to his word, the explorer dropped it beside the "canal"—or what he thought was the "canal"—before he went to investigate.

The second British expedition landed on Mars in June 1994. The first space-ship had been wrecked in a sandstorm. No survivors were found and, where the "record" was located, there was no sign of a "canal". Just more even desert. The second expedition found no "canals" and returned home after a day and a half. Some serious sandstorms were sighted.

A third expedition will leave next year—in the hope that the mystery can be cleared up. There is still no positive evidence that the explorer who recorded the above diary is dead—though the chances of survival seem slim.

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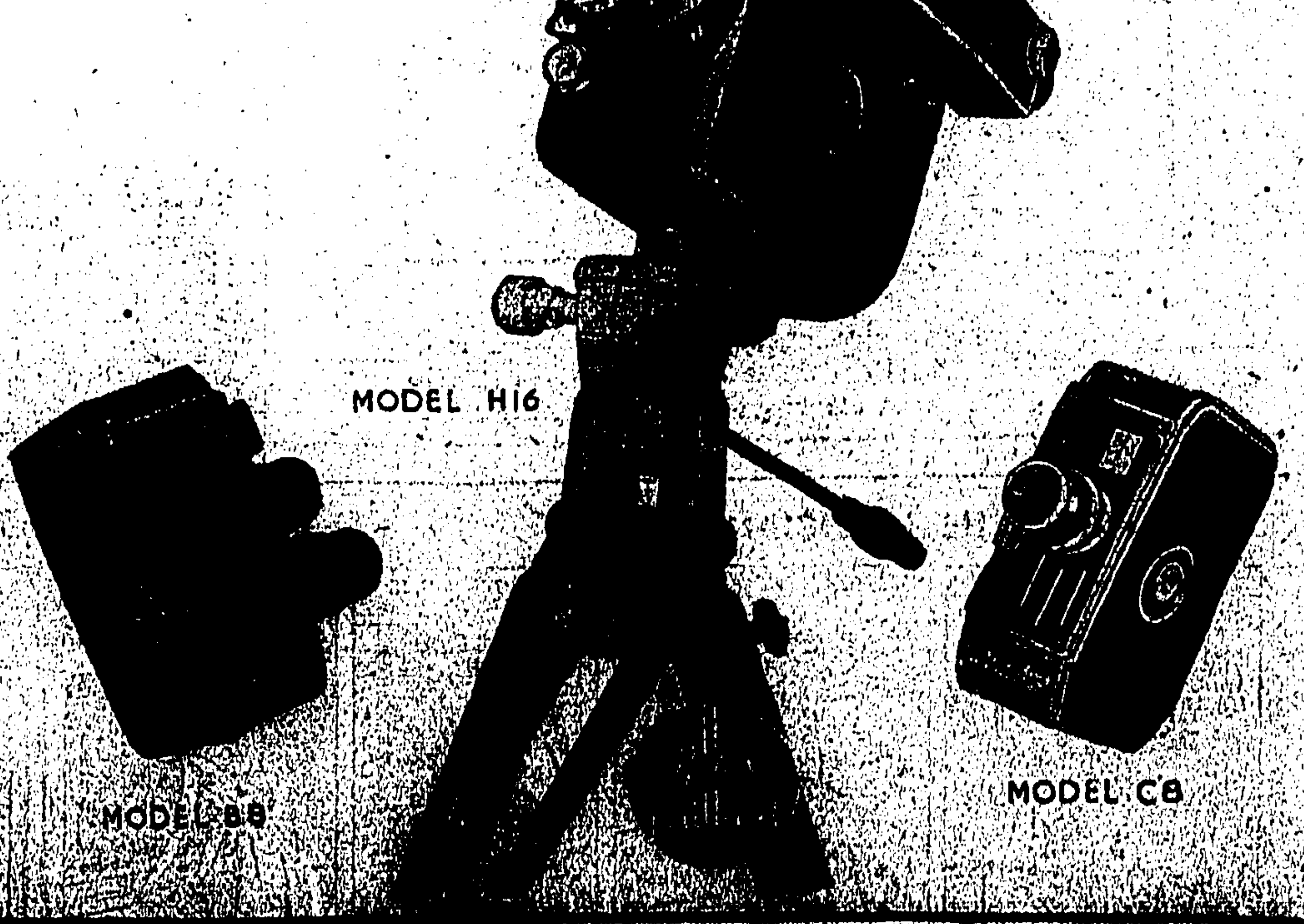
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WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

EVEN CIVILIANS CAN WIN THE VC

BRAVE deeds are done in every war, and World War II was no exception. Yet only 181 Victoria Crosses were won between 1939 and 1945, as compared with 581 between 1914 and 1918. The Korean War produced only two V.C.s. It looks as though the world's most coveted medal is getting harder to win.

Many people have the idea that the V.C. is awarded to men only. But it can be won by women. For that matter, anyone can win it—even a civilian, provided he or she is under the orders, direction or supervision of the military, naval or air forces. And the act of valour doesn't have to be in the face of the enemy, as is popularly supposed.

In 1858, two years after Queen Victoria instituted the award, the Royal Warrant was amended to cover other acts of gallantry. Private Timothy O'Hea won his V.C. on June 9, 1880, for putting out a fire in a railway ammunition car.

COLOUR BAR TILL 1911

Until 1911, only white serving men could win the red—or blue—ribbon. (It was blue for Naval V.C.s until August 1918), and the award was not open to nurses before 1920.

For more than eighty years, the medal was made from cannon captured in the Crimean War. Then the supply of cannon metal ran out and, since 1942, it has come from the Royal Mint.

Winning the V.C. brings great honour—but little else. There is an annuity of £10 a year for non-commissioned holders only, plus sixpence a day added to a pension. The annuity can be raised to £75 a year in cases of extreme poverty.

EXTRA 25 NEVER PAID

An additional £25 a year is awarded to double-V.C.s, if they are non-commissioned. But so far it has never been paid. Only three men have won a bar to the medal, so far, and they were all officers.

Although the actual value of the V.C. is but a few shillings, it attracts big money from collectors. One was sold for £140. That's why counterfeits have tried their hands at forging the medal.

Two fake V.C.s were discovered in 1954. One was supposed to have been the original medal won by a Private of the 4th Hussars in the glorious Charge of the Light Brigade.

The other was thought to be Private O'Hea's—the man who put out the fire in 1880. But that V.C. lies safely in the Irish Brigade's Museum.

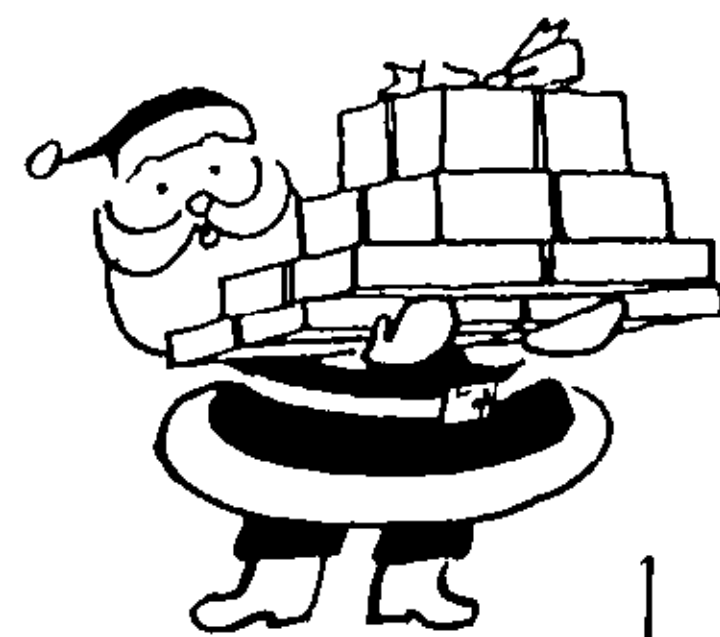


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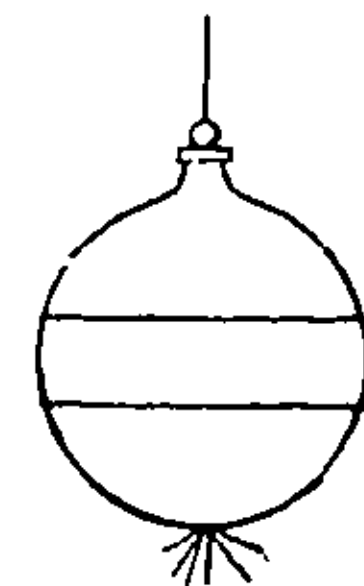
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HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR CHRISTMAS WINES

By JOHN BAKER WHITE

Well-known writer on food and wine and
author of "Dining Out in London"

THERE are many people who drink wine every day of their lives. But that is not the common practice of the great majority of the peoples of Britain and the Commonwealth and Empire. It is for this majority that I am writing, attempting to answer, from thirty years' experience of wine buying and drinking, a question put to me recently by a young married couple.

They are spending their first Christmas together. They are entertaining their parents in their new home and want to do them well, but their financial means are limited. So is their knowledge of wine. Hence their

question, "Tell us what wines we ought to have on Christmas Day."

Some people may like to start with a cocktail before the Christmas dinner to create "the party spirit" but spirits put up the cost. Unless you are an expert cocktail maker, the safest bet is three parts of gin to a dry white vermouth, ice, and a dash of lemon juice well stirred, but not too well shaken.

Personally, I would start with cherry, and there are any number of brands on the market. The classifications are Fino and Manzanilla—dry; Amontillado—medium dry; and Brown or Cream—full-flavoured.

To precede Christmas food, I would choose an Amontillado, and the South African medium and dry sherries are not to be despised. Some are very good. The rich, fuller sherries go better at the end of the meal, and can be drunk instead of port.

If you want something out of the ordinary, try a dry Madeira before the meal, or what used to be the Navy's aperitif before they took to gin—dry Marsala.

Simple rules

The wine experts will tell you that white wines should be drunk with certain foods, and

red wines with others; white wine with the fish and red wine with the meat. That rule is difficult to apply to the traditional Christmas dinner, so I am going to suggest one of two courses. Choose the colour that you think will be most acceptable to your party, or decide to have red wine with the hot meal and white with the cold.

With our Christmas dinner we shall have Burgundy, and with our cold supper in the evening, an Alsatian white wine. If you decide to "push the boat out" and buy a vintage wine, make a note of the best years. They are:

Claret: 1947, 1949, 1950, 1952, Burgundy: 1947, 1949, 1952, Rhine and Moselle wines: 1949, 1952.

Sauternes: 1947, 1952.

White Burgundy: 1947, 1952. There are, of course good, "safe" well-briced wines in the cheaper, non-vintage classes. They are:

Burgundy (red)—Beaujolais, Macon, Sancerre, Corton-Beaune, Pommard.

Burgundy (white)—Pouilly-Fuissé, Chablis, Meursault.

Claret—Margaux, White Bordeaux—Entre-deux-Mers, Barsac, Sauternes Graves.

Popular

But these do not represent the limits of your choice. A Rhone wine, Chateaufort du Pape, has become deservedly popular since the war. So have the Muscadet wines from the Loire, South African hock, and the Alsatian and Yugoslav white wines. (Consult your wine merchant about hock, which needs careful choosing.) There are some pleasant Australian burgundies, and Chilean red wine is good value for money.

If you decide on champagne, there are any number of sound non-vintage varieties. To drink with Christmas food, choose a dry but not a "very dry" champagne.

The temperature of your wines will make all the difference to their flavour. Do not boil your red wines to death under the hot tap, or freeze the white in the refrigerator. Unless you are an expert at preparing wine, it is best to keep to these simple rules.

Keep the red wine in the room in which you are going to drink it for 24 hours beforehand, ensuring the room temperature is over 60 degrees F., and do not stand it in a draught. Keep the white wine in the coolest place in the house for the same period. Two hours before you want it, stand it in a bucket of really cold water. And half an hour before you open it, add a few cubes of ice to the water. A vintage should be treated the same way, as a white wine champagne should be made slightly cooler.

Good finish

Port forms a very good finish to the Christmas dinner, especially if you have bought something special in the way of cheese. Vintage ports are often hard to come by, expensive to buy, and need very gentle treatment in decanting. On the other hand there are available at reasonable prices plenty of lighter but pleasant non-vintage ports—known as Wood Ports—and some good Empire Tawny port-type wines.

The classification of non-vintage ports is Tawny—Light, Ruby—Medium Heavy, but full-bodied wines are often sold under the name Full Tawny. Old Bual Madeira is a pleasant alternative to Port.

Many people will want to finish their Christmas dinner with brandy or a liqueur. There are some very expensive brandies of great age to be had, but unless you are a connoisseur, it would be wise to leave them out of the picture. A brandy will be quite good; one better still. Your palate will not be very critical at the end of a large, and full-flavoured meal.

As to liqueurs, there are so many on the market it is difficult to give advice about them. You cannot go far wrong with Kummel, Colmar, Benedictine, or a good brand of Cherry Brandy of English or Danish manufacture.

With our cold meal in the evening, we shall have a glass of Muscadet from the Loire, instead of sherry or a cocktail, and an Alsatian Sylvaner with our food. Later in the evening, we shall have a glass of strong Old Ale—and so to bed.

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CHRISTMAS FARE OF LONG AGO

STRANGE DISHES OUR FOREFATHERS ENJOYED

By HAROLD KENNEDY

"DO have a portion of roast peacock!" Don't worry. You are not likely to hear your host say that to you this Christmas, but in the 17th century peacock was the premier dish on the festive tables of the English gentry.

People may have had more time in those days to prepare the Christmas dinner—they certainly needed plenty of time when peacock was on the menu.

The bird had to be completely skinned without harm to its brilliant plumage, then stuffed with sweet herbs and spices. After slow roasting and constant basting with rich gravies, the peacock was sewn up again in its feathered skin, and placed on the table with its gorgeous tail spread out in all its glory.

Often, too, its gilded beak was stuffed with spirit-soaked wool and set alight. (I'm scrupulous! Imagine the preparation necessary when, so history tells us, more than one hundred peacocks were served at Royal banquets. Today, it would probably be difficult to find a hundred peacocks in the whole of Britain.)

Nor, in these days of housing estates and satellite towns, would you find wild boars roaming the English countryside. So you will not be asked this Christmas to eat a slice of boar's head. There was a time, however, before Cromwell banned the "pagan" festive season, when boar's head was a familiar dish on the Christmas table.

When it comes to red meat, most of us would agree that there is nothing to beat the good old English roast beef, which was all poorer folk could afford in the Middle Ages. Yet it is true to say that one of the oldest of all Christmas customs is "carving the bird" even if Dad (through lack of practice) cannot carve so well or with such ceremony as Granddad!

There is hardly a species of bird that has not been eaten at Christmas-time. Hares, capons (cooked in their feathers!), woodcocks, pigeons, ducks, snipe, larks have ended up as Christmas dinners. Even the partridge has decorated the festive board, though legend says that the mark on the breast of this is Satan's hoof-print, and therefore the partridge should not be eaten by true Christians.

No such idea (thank goodness!) applies to the birds that grace our twentieth-century Yuletide tables—chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. The last-named fowls, introduced into Britain about 1530, have no connection with the country of Turkey. Oh, no! They were found originally in South America.

The goose has been a favourite Christmas dinner for hundreds of years. Remember the one

over, near Oxford, carrying a book on philosophy when a giant tusked rushed at him. The lad kept his head—fortunately for him—and with great presence of mind he rammed his hefty volume into the bear's gaping jaws, choking the beast.

To celebrate his escape, his fellow students held a feast, with the bear's head as the main item on the menu, and that traditional ceremony survived for hundreds of years at Oxford's Queen's College.

You don't fancy boar's head? Then, perhaps you would prefer a slice of bear's ham? Oh, yes, even that appeared on Christmas menus in past ages. Bears were imported for bear-baiting, a popular "sport" at country fairs. When an animal was "retired" from the arena, it provided very choice meat for the rich man's table, or so we are told.

FEW people would dream of killing a badger for food these days, but the meat of this animal used to be a Christmas delicacy. Still, at Ilchester, in Somerset, a "Badger Feast" is held every Christmas Eve. Badger, cooked on a spit over an open fire after dark, is served to guests at the Cow Inn there—with full festive honours, of course. Knives and forks are barred. Tradition rules that the badger must be torn apart and eaten with the fingers.

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Scrooge bought for the Cratchits in Dickens's immortal "Christmas Carol"?

"There never was such a goose," Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family... and the youngest Cratchits were steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows...

Pies are still featured on the Christmas menu—small mince pies, not to be compared with the pie Sir Henry Gwy sent from Warwick to London in 1770, for a mammoth banquet. Weighing 168 lb., it contained four geese, four turkeys, four wild ducks, six snipe, six pigeons, six partridges, two rabbits and two ox-tongues, together with all the trimmings, of course. No wonder the dish had to be fixed with wheels before it could be transported in the banquet hall!

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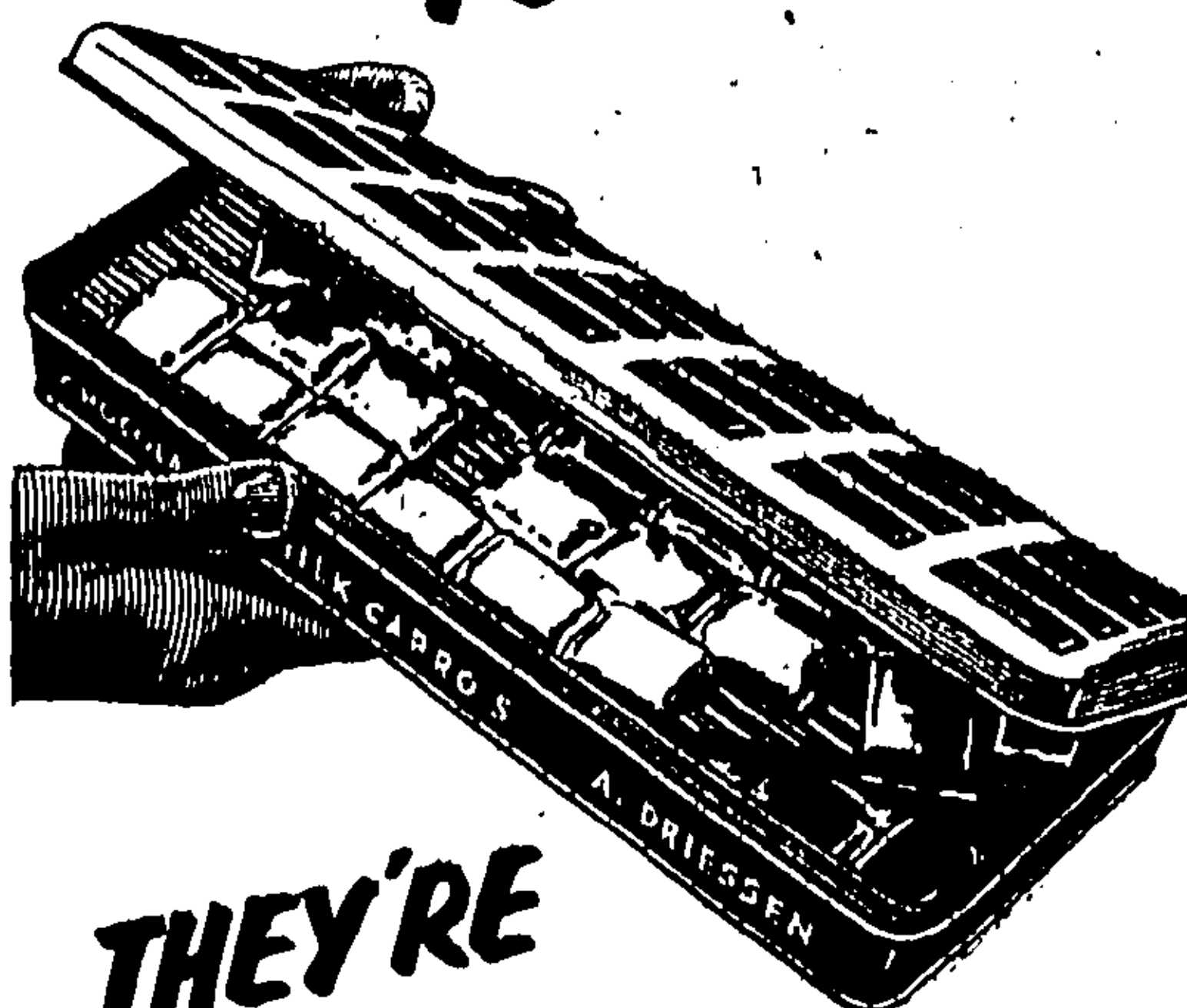
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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IT hasn't been registered at the College of Heraldry yet. But as a crest for Britain's toymakers, could it be bettered? "A hand dexter with forefinger extended, the whole surmounting the legend, 'Ma, gimme that for Christmas'."

For on that piping heart-ory and that pudgy finger stabbing at a tinsel-hung shopwindow has been built one of Britain's bigger money-spinners—the world's greatest, most thriving, toy industry.

Maybe it's good for the balance sheets. But when big business moved in on Toyland it was "goodbye" to the old magic. In these high-powered times any old hammer that tried tapping at some children's bauble would get short shrift. Before you could say "Saint Nicholas" a shop steward would be breathing heavily down the hammerer's neck and wanting to know if he was paid up with the Federated Gnomes' and Associated Fairies' Union.

POOR old Santa Claus's workshop would last about two minutes under the hard-eyed scrutiny of any self-respecting factories inspector. And that goes for Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer if he gets in the way of some airline freighter carrying export-only toys.

So, if you have old illusions that need shattering just wheel them along to any large, air-conditioned, super-efficient British toy factory one afternoon.

If the old magic has disappeared, though, the business barons—give them their due—have injected a new sort of magic into toy-making. The magic of precision engineering, laboratory experiments, scientific testing, ruthless efficiency and split-second reaction to market changes.

Christmas is coming and the public—that big fat goose—is getting ready to lay its annual golden egg. Ruddy-faced gents—how do they spend the rest of the year?—are preparing to stuff pillows under their bells, disappear behind cotton-wool whiskers and become the once-a-year legion of 25-a-week Santa Clauses. The fairy lights and tinsel are coming out of cold storage.

But don't let it kid you. It's just a front, a concession to the old magic, by the big-time toymakers who have been busy since last December 27—even

business men put their feet up on Christmas and Boxing Day—getting ready for the public's mid-winter splurge.

Toy-making is big business all the year round, with up to the minute efficiency the keynote. The chief of one of Britain's biggest manufacturers can boast that his machine-press and plastic sections can equal, if not better, anything like them in the country.

IN one plant on the outskirts of London, something like 150 designers and development research experts bend their minds, eight hours a day, to the tricky task of tickling juvenile fancy. Hundreds of machine operators work full time translating the drawing-board dreams into marketable realities.

Between the designers' office and the machine-shop the toys pass through the testing laboratories, where the latest in scientific equipment stimulates the pummelling, kicking, sitting-on, standing-on and truffy heavings to which the finished article will doubtless be subjected.

Any qualified toy-designer can tell you almost without thinking how many small girls can haul on the arms of a teddy-bear before it comes apart.

Santa Claus's sack has given way to relentless conveyor belts whirling along the smooth, shiny, super-tested toys, guaranteed to spread delight but no germs.

But all of this huge, breath-taking edifice of industry stands or falls by the whims of the world's whippersnappers.

Will the kids take to it? That's the motto haunting manufacturers and designers alike the year round.

AND what determines childish taste? Day-to-day events, say the manufacturers.

Take model aircraft, for instance. One of Britain's biggest toymakers had been turning out models of Hawker Hunter jet aircraft for several months. They rolled off the production line in all the shades likely to be affected by their real-life counterparts. But Squadron-Leader Neville Duke had to go and break the world's air speed record in a bright red Hunter.

The manufacturer didn't have to wait to be told. As news of the record-smashing attempt hit the headlines he was on the phone to the finishing department ordering: "From now on, all Hawker Hunters in red only."

The small-try are discriminating. They want pink size replicas of the real-life things they see about them.



And any manufacturer who doesn't give them what they need changing—let me say what bankruptcy court.

Economists with a psychological bent might care to speculate about how it is that Britain can so successfully satisfy the wants of international infancy. Maybe the nation that produced Peter Pan has, itself, some unwarlike kinship with that eternal spirit. Youth calls to youth, and all that.

They might care to spare a thought, too, about whether manufacturers or the kids themselves drove the magic out of toys. For the youngsters are as hard-headed and realistic as the industry itself.

FOR TOYLAND

By Yorke Henderson

If a boy wants a toy automobile, he wants it to look exactly like the real thing, and not just vaguely like it. For the girls, a baby carriage has to be a miniature reflection of the one Mum or Auntie pushes.

Nowadays the average under-teen-age miss turns up her snub little nose at the doll that just says "Mamma." To satisfy it's got to be absolutely life-like, with a complete wardrobe,

including diapers that really do change—and you see what I mean.

So exacting is the demand that toymakers have to work hand in glove with the people who make the real-life prototypes of their products. As soon as a new car comes on the market the manufacturers get requests from toy-firms for blueprints. The same goes for every other sort of real-life machine calculated to appeal to the modern boy.

At the same time a close watch is kept on the shiny fashion magazines. A doll, put onto the market with a wardrobe not just up-to-the-minute—and sales would plummet.



In one of Britain's biggest toy factories, scale model jet fighters, powered by tiny motors, and given a final test before packing.

A RELIC OF ROMAN DAYS

IN Britain, thousands of children are looking forward to their great annual treat—the Christmas pantomime—which in reality reverts to ancient Roman days when, to celebrate the feast of Saturnalia, men and women changed clothes.

Pantomimes in Britain were first produced 300 years ago, when there were always comic acts with clowns, harlequins and a ballet dancer. Gradually this representation was thrust to the end of the performance which presented some well-known fairy story.

In British pantomimes the "principal boy" (reminder of the old Roman festival) is always a girl, while the middle-aged woman or "dame" is a man whose duty it is to awaken humour and arouse laughter.

Every year, pantomimes, held in the chief provincial theatres and in some London ones, include topical jokes and allusions, and this year, no doubt, many good-natured quips will be heard and well received.

Modern pantomimes are essentially musical shows, introducing the latest popular song and dance hits. Among this year's featured numbers will be many all-British compositions.

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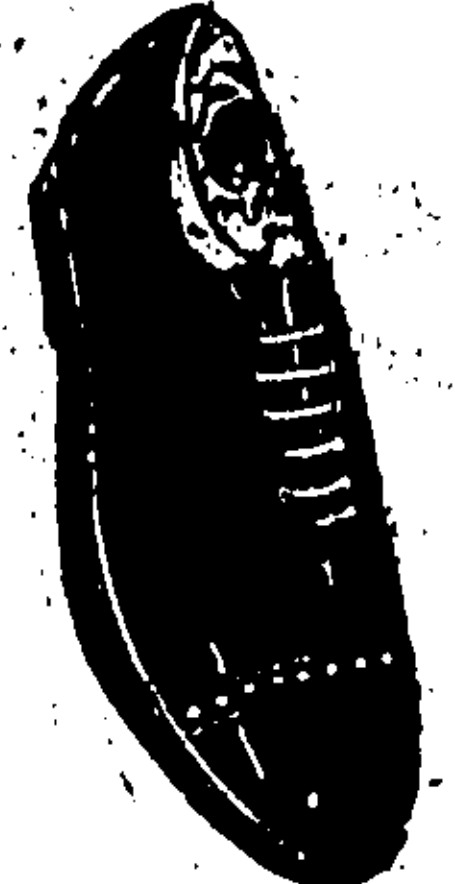
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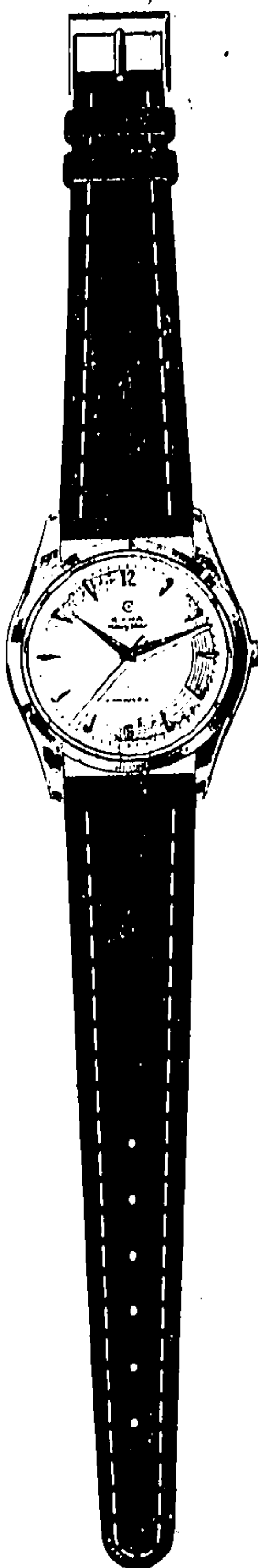
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S. CLAUS FILLS HIS EXPORT ORDERS PHONE CALL FROM BULGANUSCHEV

—By John McKenna—

Vassili Vorislov raised his eyebrows. "What?" he said.

"Christmas Eve," Georgi repeated with a wry glance at the thermometer outside the window. It read 62 degrees below zero—Fahrenheit.

Vassili snorted. "Bourgeois idiot," he said. "I suppose you'll be looking for Santa Claus next."

Georgi grinned and got up from his desk. "Light out there," he said. "Looks like a customer—pardon me, comrade, like a citizen—waiting to be served."

A GIANT sleigh had pulled up outside. The light came from one of the eight reindeer—a smug looking reindeer with a vast red nose.

Georgi opened his book and began to write. "One sleigh, eight reindeer, five elves and one..."

He left the space blank.

"Yes, comrade," he said politely. "Anything to declare?"

"One junior spaceman's suit and one gamma ray disintegrator," Georgi repeated. "That was disintegrator, you said? Never can get used to the labels on this stuff the MVD orders."

"And who's it for? Ivan Grodnodski, Rzhnev? I'm afraid I'll have to check that against the official list later, comrade."

"Meanwhile your papers, please."

"What? You haven't got any. Say you don't need any? Most irregular, comrade. Of course, I understand that with this kind of shipment unusual carriers are often employed. But I'll have to check."

"Name?"

Georgi's eyes opened with wonder. But he wrote "S. Claus" dutifully on the form.

HE thought for a moment and then he decided that the space he had been tempted to write "man" on the inventory had better be left blank.

"Just wait a moment, will you, comrade?" he asked. "I really must check all this with Comrade Vorislov."

Inside, Vassili read through the form and snorted again. Georgi sometimes thought it was the only reaction he had left.

He went to the shelf and took down the massive "S" volume of the "People's Guide to Reactionary Myths and Misleading Deviationist Fiction" (including a Full Guide to Capitalist Hyenas).

"Claus, S," he read in a low measured tone. "A deviationist myth of the capitalist system, a non-existent person used extensively by capitalist hyenas to..."

He stopped. "Non-existent," he said. "That's the point."

"Ivanovitchsky," he roared. "You know there's no provision in the constitution for the admission of non-existent persons to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

"What do they teach you young idiots at bureaucrats' school these days?"

"Come to think of it," he added in a quaking whisper, "there's no provision for NOT admitting non-existent persons to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, either."

"Give me the telephone."

IN Moscow, Stepan Serionov had gone to bed. He was trying hard to drive devolutionist images of plum puddings out of his mind.

The clattering telephone brought him wearily to his feet.

"S. Serionov, People's Commissar of Noxious Substances," he said mechanically into the telephone.

A few seconds later, he was wide awake.

"What's that? You say you have...?"

"BUT, idiot, of course you can't have. No non-existent persons have ever been ruled officially to be noxious entities. I'll have it taken up by the committee if you like. They meet in April."

"No, you can't arrest a non-existent person, and send him to Siberia. I'm quite sure there's no transport schedule for non-existent goods. That's the Transport Division (Miscellaneous Hyenas Section) you want if you're contemplating any such action, anyhow."

"Goodnight, I'll have the operator transfer you to them if you like."

AND so it went. From the Transport Division (Miscellaneous Hyenas Section) to the People's Police (Devolutionist Aliens Section) to the Ministry of Myths (Bourgeois Reactionary, Peoples Ruin for the Inciting of, Section) and so on and on.

The Transport people said that non-existent hyenas couldn't need transport. The police said that non-existent persons couldn't legally occupy space in the cells. The Ministry of Myths said they only recorded myths, they couldn't arrest them.

Wearily, Vassili stamped S. Claus's forms and let him lit another, finished that, Ho

through. He had at least got one clear decision from all the ministries. S. Claus was non-existent and everything he had with him—"All normal trappings of the myth," the Myth people assured him, must be non-existent, too.

He devoutly hoped that Ivan Ivanovitch Grodnodski was pretty high up in the MVD.

IT was barely dawn when the cheerful, bald-pated little man who was the Commissar of all Commissars just to create a little confusion among his front men—got to his desk.

Already the telegrams and the phone messages had begun to pour in as the other Commissars rejected the massive correspondence about Ivan Ivanovitch Grodnodski.

The Commissar of all Commissars read it quickly and picked up the bright red telephone on his desk. He waited until everyone was clearly out of earshot. Then he dialed a secret number.

IN the managing director's office of S. Claus International Inc., S. Claus sat and waited.

Grogg blossom came in trembling.

"A Mr Bulganushev on the telephone," he said. "He says it's urgent. Very urgent. Most urgent, sir."

S. Claus lit a cigar. "Tell him to wait. I may talk to him in an hour or so."

S. Claus finished his cigar, lit another, finished that, Ho

read "The Times and Wholesale Toy Distributors' Annual. Then he picked up the telephone."

Mr Bulganushev was waiting patiently. For, as he had suggested to Grogg blossom, the matter was very important indeed.

"You say you have a problem?" S. Claus asked amiably. "You say small boys all over the country are demanding junior spacemen's suits and gamma ray disintegrators?"

"Why don't you send them to Siberia?"

"You say there are 6,233,471 of them and it would be awkward? Quite. And besides you want a gamma ray disintegrator yourself?"

"I see. You're an accredited wholesaler? You own all of Russia? How's your credit?"

"Yes, quite. You can guarantee distribution? Ah, yes. Rather irregular of me, I admit. I don't usually deal with individuals and I think I may not need to again. But there's one more thing..."

WEARILY, Mr Bulganushev called his secretary. "Take a note for Pravda," he said. "And for the Soviet Encyclopedia. And for the People's Guide to Reactionary Myths and Deviationist Fiction (including a Full Guide to Capitalist Hyenas)."

"Claus, S. A. well-known hero of the People's Progress, has contributed extensively to peace and harmony in the Soviet and to the moral and educational welfare of countless small boys..."

"Now, bring me my gamma ray disintegrator and my junior spaceman's suit."

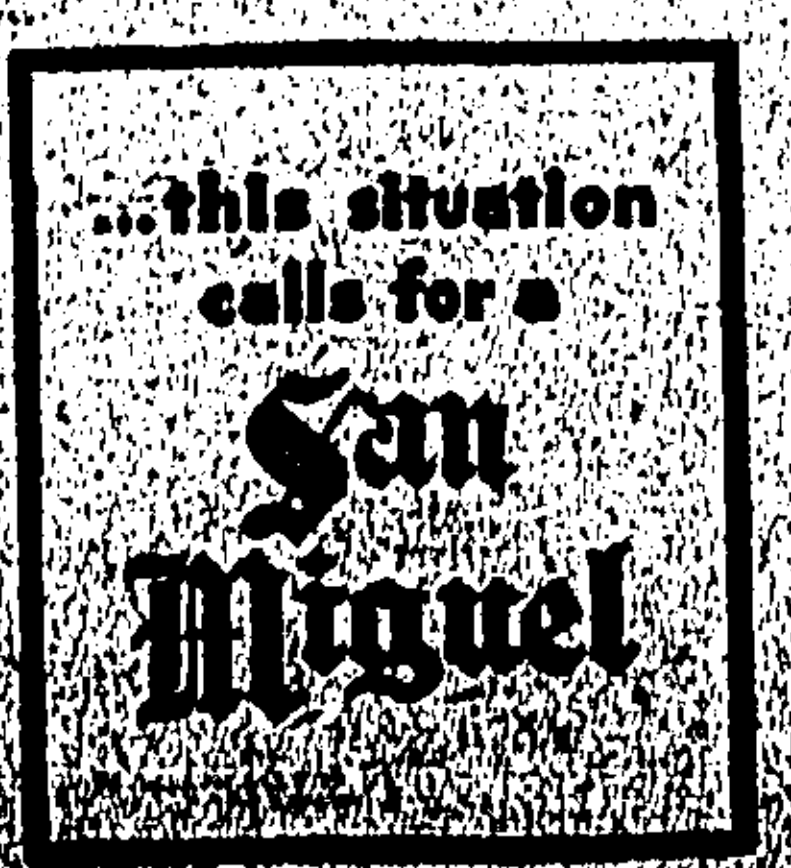
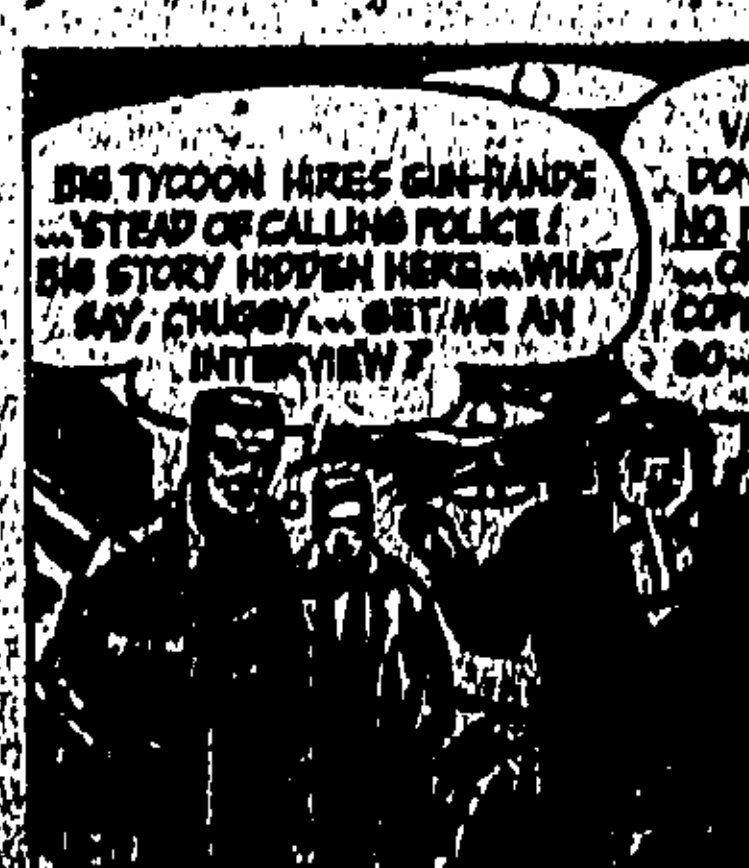
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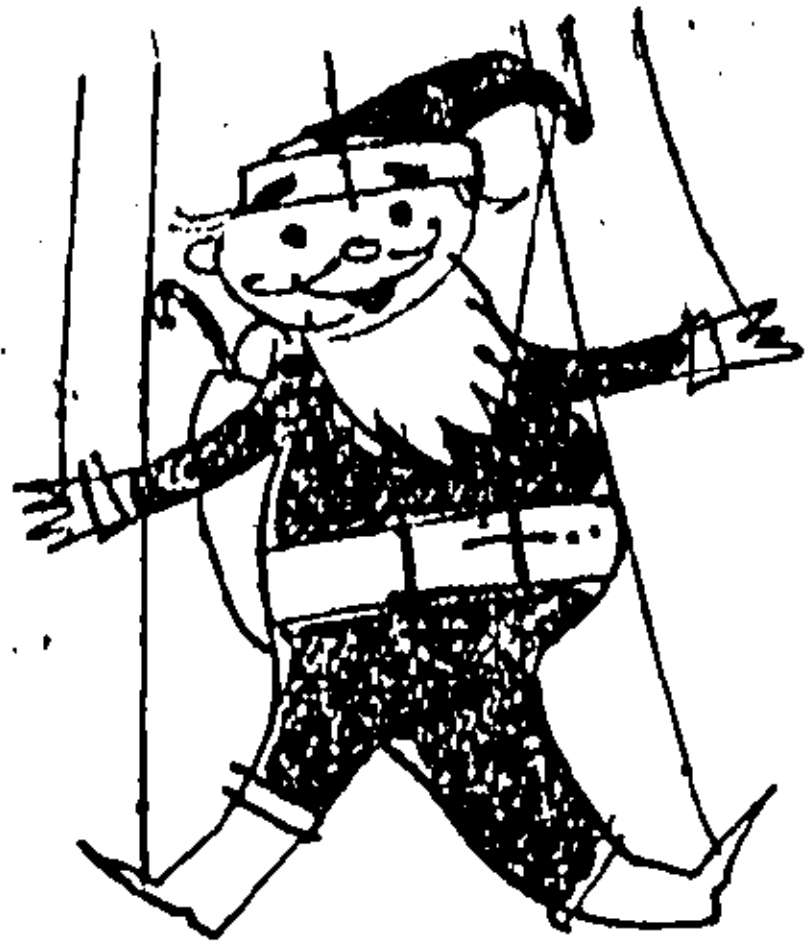
15-4

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

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Yuletide Womansense

IT'S THE SHORT DRESS FOR THIS CHRISTMAS

HOW can you fit yourself out fashionably (but not too expensively) for the Christmas party season? For the answer I went to three top London designers, Michael Sherard, Ronald Paterson and Michael.

We discussed the dress first—and agreed that the short evening style was the most practical. A woman may feel her best in a full-length dress, but the short version, in a non-dating colour and long-lasting fabric, wins hands down for versatility.

Michael suggested a short full-skirted dress in paper tulle or tulle, accompanied by a fitted bolero or waist-length jacket. "I know the sheath dress is smart, but it is limited in scope," he said. "Choose it only if you have others in your wardrobe."

On colour: "Everyone says wear black for the evening. But I say wear black only if black suits you—and it has to suit you extremely well before you can carry it off in the artificial light of the evening. Choose a colour—red, coral, pink—that looks good against a man's dinner jacket. Women never think of that and we are always terribly hurt. Women should do their bit out of compliment to us by going into colour."

On evening coats: "Five women out of ten can't afford a fur coat these days. So invest in an evening coat that will last for years. Make it as simple as possible, triangular in shape with



Elizabeth has sketched two of the new evening styles by London's top designers. Left: Ronald Paterson makes this short evening dress, with the stem-slim skirt and flowing overskirt, in brown and gold brocade. Right: A flowing ball dress from Victor Stiebel in a new material—printed satin. The bodice is swathed and mounted with a yellow sash.

a full back. An evening coat is something special; you are not just buying it for now. It should be dark in colour for practical reasons. In bronze, for instance, which lights up in the evening and goes with red, blue and green tones."

On accessories: "There is a wonderful choice of sparkling junk jewellery just now, and I like to see it piled on necklaces after necklace. Long gloves,

shoulder high, are important. They make an outfit look finished while short gloves look unbalanced."

Michael Sherard suggested a short evening dress for those buying only one style. "It should be simple, based on the princess line with interest on bust and hem and a fitting, but not belted, line in between. There are several new materials, which are a good buy. There is a new nylon velvet which does not crease and does not mark. You can screw it up and literally brush the creases off."

On colour: "Choose neutral colours, team them with bright shades, beads, scarves. One of my favourites is illex green. Though of course if you happen to have rather a nice emerald necklace or amber beads then you naturally want to build your outfit round that."

On accessories: "You can have the greatest fun with them and they needn't be expensive. You might choose a black satin dress, have a black stole lined with red, and black satin shoes with red heels. The stole is easily made and looks so much better than that tired little bit of fur—and the shoes can be cheaply dyed."

Ronald Paterson considered the short evening dress the most practical, called it the "after-dinner dress." "It suits more occasions than the long dress and you can make it gay with a few accessories. It should be simply but beautifully cut, princess or empire line, with a full skirt stiffened to stand out. In a stiff black tulle or velvet, it is a jolly good standby."

On colour: "I like to see dress, hat, handbag, gloves all in one colour, with a splash of colour in the shoes. I have a mania for coloured shoes in jade, pink or blue. They are impractical, but if you have a practical dress, you are allowed a bit of nonsense in your shoes."

On accessories: "Choose a wozzly fitted jacket to go with the dress and splash on the embroidery. Have a pale jade velvet jacket with pearl, crystal and jet embroidery. With jewellery, have everything in one place, masses of necklace or masses of bracelets. For a coat choose black velvet—black velvet is smarter than mink—and line it to match the shoes." "That's the couturier's advice. Now for the wholesale decorator. Looking round the department store, I find the same idea. The return of the evening dress is particularly noticeable; it's making a big comeback in these Christmas days."

Long gloves are not too expensive these days, and come with a variety of designs, so an ac-

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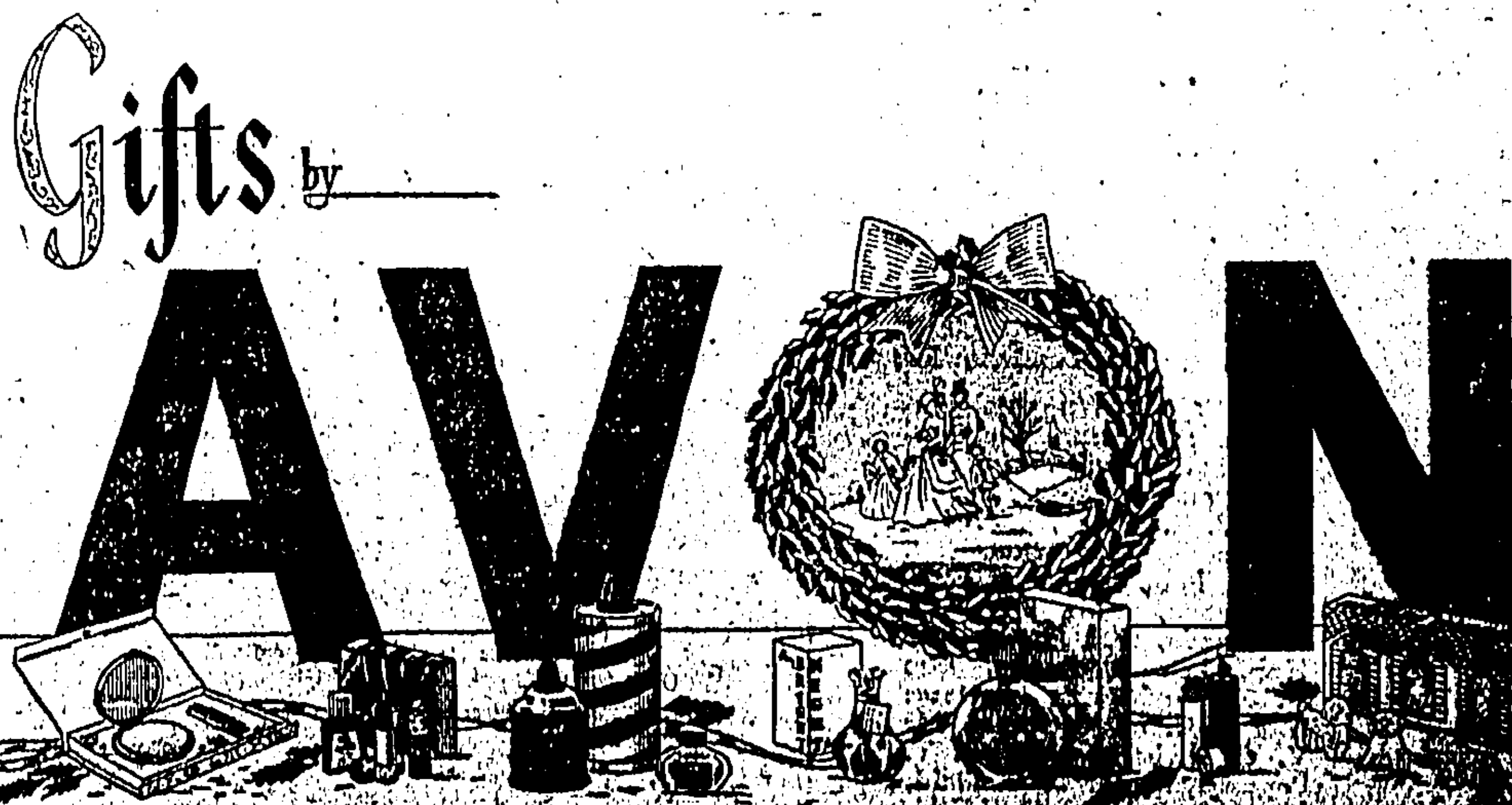
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AT the opening of the 10th Hongkong International Salon of Photography, His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, Patron of the Photographic Society of Hongkong, places the chain of office on Mr Francis Wu, the Society's President. Over 200 superb prints from 25 countries are on view. (Staff Photographer)



ABOVE and at left are some of those who attended the Jaycees' 11th anniversary party at the Miramar Hotel. From left, above: Mr J. C. O'Donnell, Mrs A. de O. Sales, Mr Francis J. Chen, President of the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce, Mrs Chen and Mr H. Brunger. (Staff Photographer)



MR Alfred Hitchcock, internationally famous film director, entertained by local theatre operators at the Princess Garden Restaurant. He is being presented with a set of ivory chopsticks and other gifts.



BELOW: Sorvicamen's Guides Volunteers' benefit held at the Ladies' Recreation Club in aid of the welcome centre at Fenwick Pier. Lady Grantham presenting first prize for bridge to Mrs Russell Neale. And on the right, Mrs F. S. Cooto receives first prize for canasta. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr F. C. Clemo, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Boy Scouts Association, inspecting Brownies at the Salvation Army youth inspection parade in Kowloon last Sunday. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides were also on parade. (Staff Photographer)



AT the annual speech day of St Mary's School, Kowloon. Certificates being distributed by Mrs Anne Crozier, wife of the Director of Education. (Staff Photographer)



AT the Kowloon Y's Men's Club installation ceremony on Wednesday. Mr L. E. Noren, the Club President, receives the gavel from Mr Lam Chik-suen, the International Director. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Magnificent, costumed distinguished the enactment by local ladies of 12 famous Chinese beauties of history at the charity ball in aid of the Juvenile Care Centre. Here is Miss Lily Tong as Hung Fat Nui, celebrated heroine of the later Sui and early Tang dynasties. (Staff Photographer)

FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs Robert Ames at the cocktail party which they gave to welcome their parents from California. The party was held at their residence at Repulse Bay. (Willie's)

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LEFT: At the Christmas cocktail party given by the Captain and Officers of HMS Tamar. The Colonial Secretary, the Hon. E. B. David, greeted by Captain and Mrs B. Pengelly. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Students of Wah Yan College, Kowloon, who took part in the production of "Trial By Jury," by Gilbert and Sullivan, at the Hong Kong Teachers' Association social evening. (Staff Photographer)

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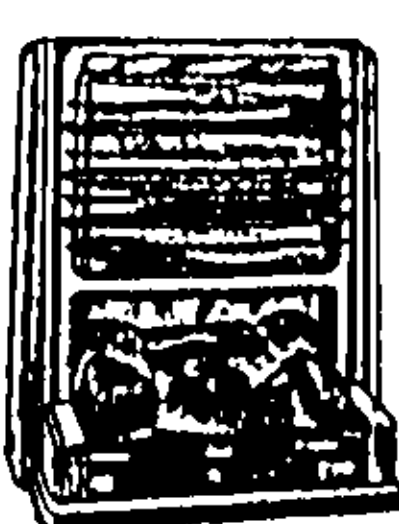
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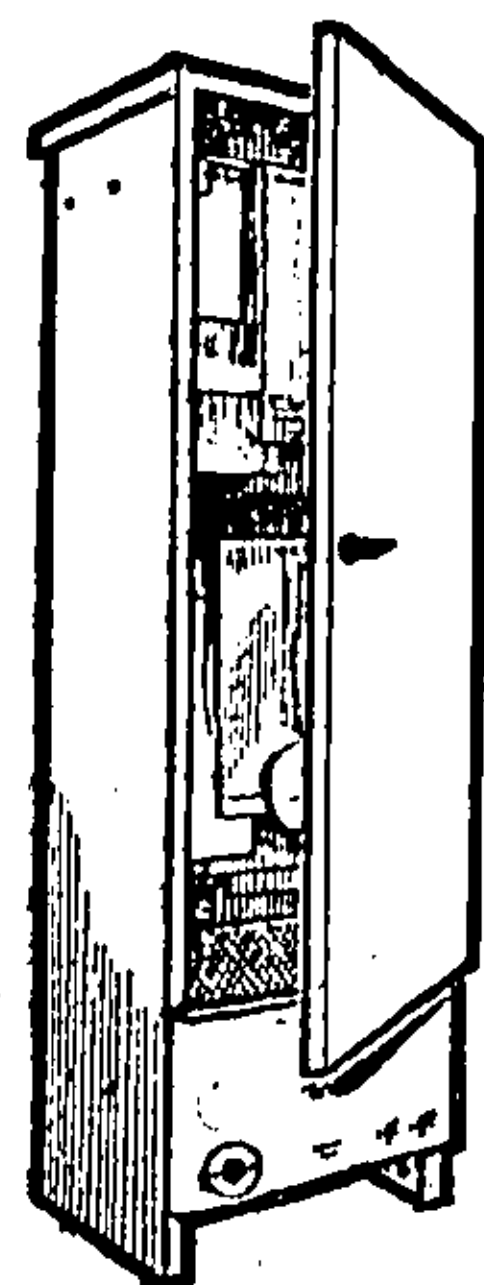
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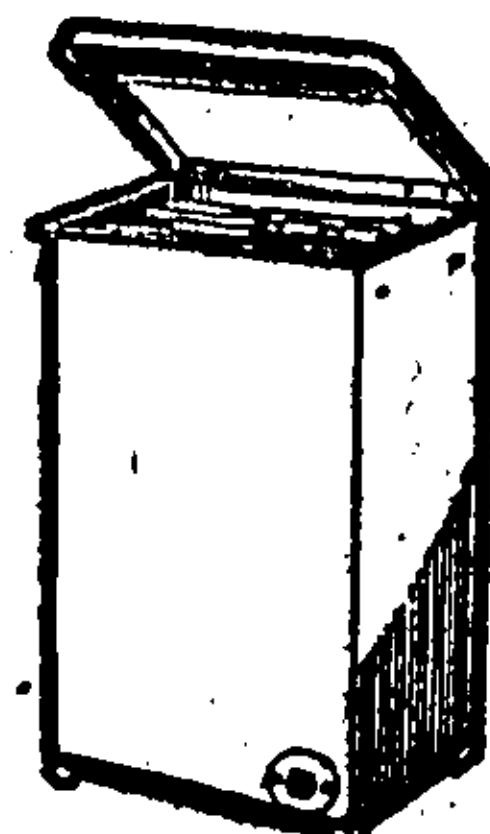
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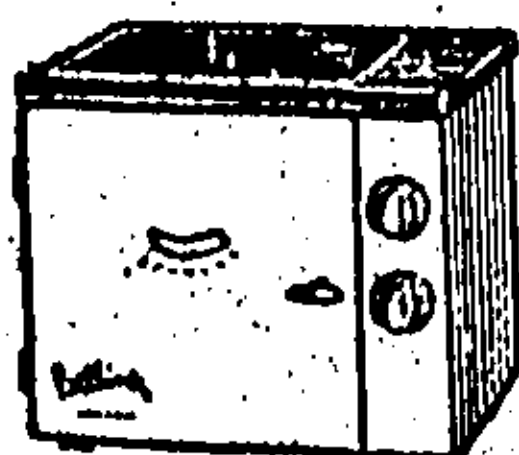
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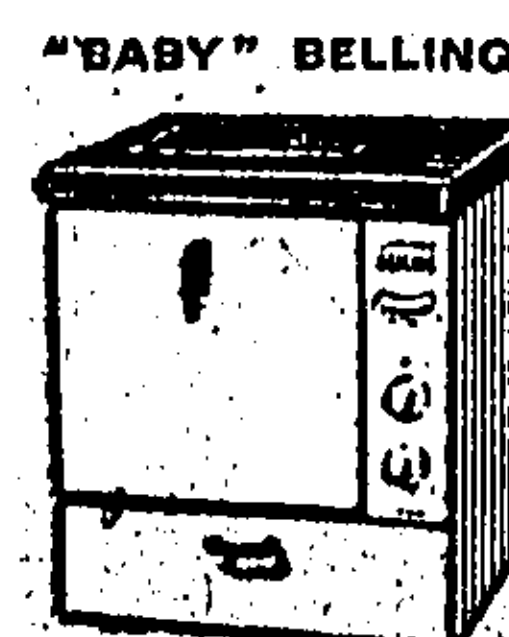
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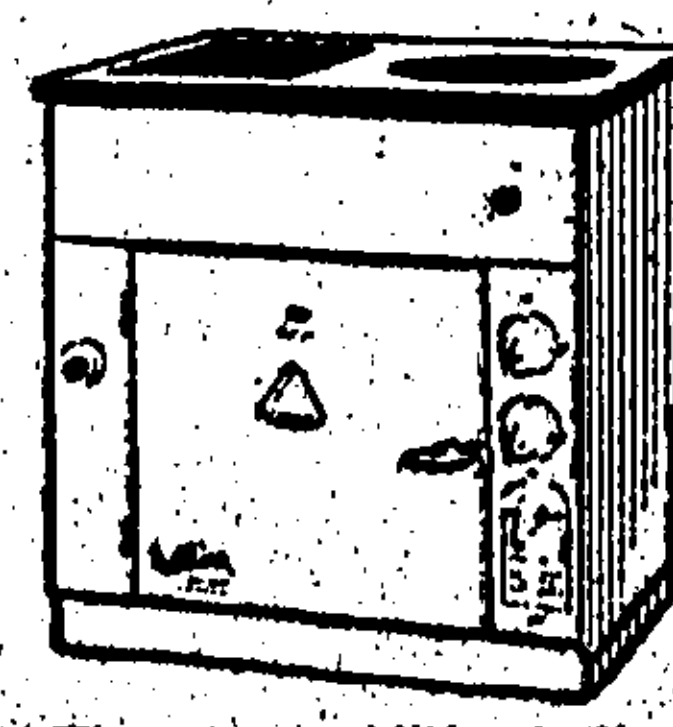


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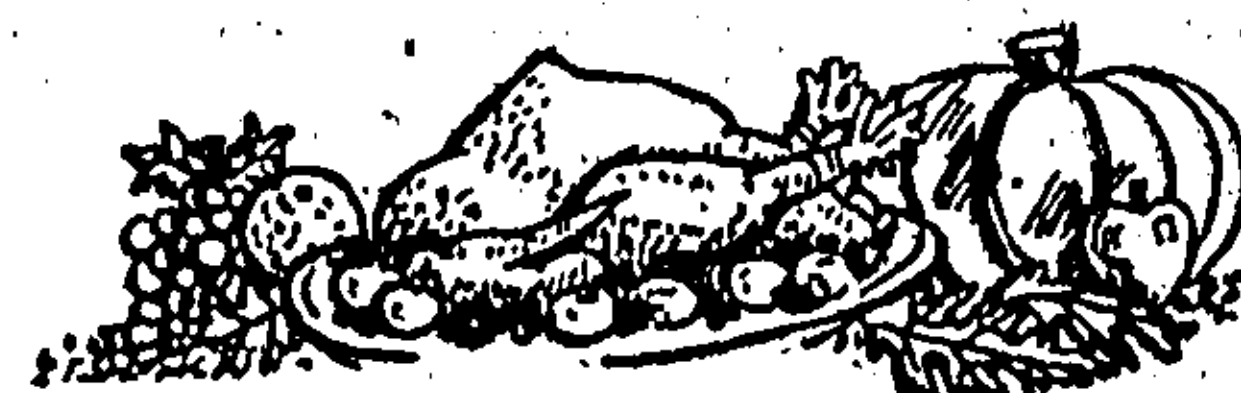
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CHRISTMAS AT HOME

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WANT a change in your Christmas fare? Then come on a dinner table tour round the Continent to see what's good.

Turkey? Most countries have it. Lots of other things, too. This is how they're made:

AUSTRIA

STUFFED PAPRIKAS WITH RICE:

6 or 8 large green or red sweet peppers, 1 cupful of rice, 1 onion, 2 or 3 tomatoes, 1/2 pint sour cream, goose dripping, stock or water, salt.
Cut the top off the paprikas and remove the seeds. Cut one or two of them into strips. Cook in hot goose dripping with the chopped onion, the peeled tomatoes and the rice, which should be moistened with a little water or stock. Cook till the rice is soft, mix in the sour cream and simmer for 5 minutes, stirring well. Stuff the paprikas with the mixture and serve with rice.

CARDINAL:

Rub about 1 lb. of lump sugar well with orange skin and put in a bowl with the juice of 2 oranges, a cupful of pineapple juice, a bottle of white wine, and half a bottle of champagne. Ice and serve cold.

GERMANY

STUFFED GOOSE'S NECK:

Remove the fat from the inside of the goose's neck without piercing the skin and stuff the neck with one finely chopped goose liver, 1/2 lb. of uncooked pork, bread crumbs, 1 egg, salt and pepper, all well mixed together. Sew each end of the neck up and fry in goose fat to a light brown colour. Serve cold, cut in slices.

HUNGARY

PORKLET CHICKEN:

1 chicken, jointed; 2 or 3 tablespoons of tomato purée, 1 or 2 large onions, 2 or 3 pimientos, 1 tablespoon of paprika, salt and a little water.
Sprinkle the joints of chicken with salt and let stand for 2 or 3 hours. Fry the chopped onion in a little lard and, when slightly browned, mixed in the tomato purée and season with salt and paprika. Put in the chicken, brown, add a little water, and simmer till the chicken is tender. Garnish with sliced and previously cooked pimientos.

WITCHES' FROTH:

2 lbs. of apples, the white of 2 or 3 eggs, 6 tablespoons of

sugar, a little lemon juice, sliced fresh fruit and whipped cream.

Bake the apples till very soft, remove peel and core, and rub the pulp through a sieve. When quite cold, add this pulp gradually to the whites of eggs, beaten to a very stiff snow with the sugar and lemon juice. Put on a glass dish and garnish with slices of fruit and whipped cream.

ITALY

FRIED CHICKEN FLORENTINE:

3 tablespoons olive oil
4 tablespoons lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
3/4 lb. frying chicken, cut into pieces
2 cups flour
1 egg lightly beaten
1/2 cups olive oil for frying

Make a marinade of oil, lemon juice, salt, pepper and parsley. Pour over chicken in a casserole and let stand for about 2 hours, turning occasionally. Then take chicken out of marinade, dry well, flour thoroughly, dip into beaten egg and fry in deep olive oil for about 15 minutes. Serves four.

SWITZERLAND

SWISS ALMOND PASTE:

1/2 pound blanched almonds, 1/2 pound fine sugar, 3 egg yolks, 1 tablespoon rose water, 1 tablespoon Kirsch.

Make sure almonds are very dry. Cut into small pieces. Grind together almonds and sugar. Gradually add rose water and Kirsch. Grind again. Place in a bowl and blend in egg yolks, one at a time. Beat until smooth. Store in airtight jar and use as needed. It makes a pleasant pastry filling, and is soft enough to decorate cakes.

NORWAY

CHRISTMAS CAKE:

A rich fruit bread — without which no table is complete at Christmas.

1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 lb. softened butter, 2 whole eggs, 2 egg yolks, 1 tablespoon ground cardamom, 2 ounces yeast, 1 cup lukewarm milk, 1 pound sifted flour, 1 cup chopped citron, 1 cup seedless raisins.

Beat sugar and butter in large bowl, until well blended. Beat eggs and cardamom and add to the sugar and butter.

Spiced Hot Drinks For Your Guests

By Alice Denhoff

SERVE spicy drinks, aromatic, steaming, for the real, hearty holiday spirit, the ideal accompaniment for fruit cake or cookies.

Hot Spiced Nectar Punch is a good choice, the recipe to serve 4 to 6.

Combine 3 2-inch sticks cinnamon, 2 tsp. whole cloves, 1 tsp. allspice, 4 pieces mace, 1 1/2 c. water and tsp. grated lemon rind in a saucepan. Boil 10 min.

Remove from fire and strain. Measure one c. of this spice infusion and add to 3 c. apricot nectar, few grains salt, tsp. lemon juice and 2 tsp. granulated sugar, mixing well.

Reheat to serve.

cinnamon and grating of nutmeg. Add to 2 qts. sweet cider and simmer for 10 min. Strain through cheesecloth and reheat. Serve at once. Serves 4 to 6.

Hot Punch Bowl next, to serve 10 to 12.

Mix in large saucepan, and let simmer for 10 min. 1 gallon sweet cider, 1 1/2 lb. brown sugar, 6-in. stick cinnamon, 1/2 tsp. salt, one blade mace, 1 tsp. whole cloves, whole allspice, 2 tsp. crystallized ginger.

Strain and add grapefruit juice from 2 10-oz. tins and also 1/4 c. orange juice. Reheat but do not boil. Punch should be served steaming hot.

Grape-Cherry Mull is easy to make, yet different and delightful.

To serve 4 to 6, heat 2 tsp. each powdered cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, 2 tsp. sugar and tsp. cherry flavoured gelatin in 2 c. water. When boiling, add one qt. grape juice.

Speed departing guests with a safe, Spicy Nightcap.

Pour 3 c. grapefruit juice into a saucepan. Break medium-sized sticks of cinnamon in small pieces, add with 5 to 8 whole cloves, 1/2 c. water, and 1/2 c. sugar. Cover and simmer for 10 min. Strain and add 1/2 c. brandy and 1/2 c. rum. Reheat and serve.

By CYNTHIA ROBB

Dissolve yeast in milk. Add to mixture alternately with sifted flour. Mix dough well. Cover and set aside in warm place until double its bulk. Then toss on floured board and add citron, raisins. Knead until smooth. Cut in half. Mould into loaves and put in two greased loaf pans. Cover with a heavy towel and set aside until double in bulk. Brush with beaten egg.

Bake in moderate oven (350) for an hour, or until it is gold brown and shrinks from the sides of the pan. Remove from the oven and cool in pans. Serve with or without butter with coffee or wine.

FRANCE

TRUFFLED TURKEY:

Maybe we should include turkey after all — but the way the French cook it.

Truffled turkey is a famous dish served at the Reveillon, the supper after Christmas Midnight Mass.

One turkey, weighing about 8 lb. after trussing, 1 1/2 lb. of pork fat, 2 lb. of truffles, 4 tablespoons of brandy, 3 of Madeira, 2 tablespoons of salad oil, a sprig of thyme, 1 small bayleaf, a pinch of mixed spices, salt and pepper.

Wash and peel the truffles, if fresh. (Tinned truffles are ready for use). Take two or three of the largest ones, cut in thin slices and slip under the skin of the breast of the bird. Cut the remaining truffles in quarters. Put them in a basin or salad bowl, with the brandy.

There are no knitting and crochet patterns on today's page, as this is a special Christmas issue. Both series, however, will resume their regular appearance on Page 12 as from next Saturday.

Make The Children's Party A Success

SO you're in for it again! Conquered by tradition, by the need to return a score of invitations, or simply by the persuasive genius of your little ones when they're out to get something you've agreed to give another children's party.

A children's party is either a wow or a flop — no halfway house. Having given in my life as a mother, one flop and five wows I claim to know the secret of the thing. You must treat it as a military operation. Dragoon your little guests.

"What shall we do now?" are the words of doom.

PERFECT YOUR PLANS many days before the day. You are Montgomery, and this is Alamein.

At 5.00 comes the main entertainment—and it had better be good. If you are rich and lazy, you will have a conjurer, puppet show or film show. If you are poor, you will have a film show for children over six.

Don't fall into the trap of forgetting that children mature. The children who were tickled pink by a conjurer when they were five will die of ennui now they are six.

At 5.45 a lot should happen. Trays should come on with the ice-cream. More trays should come on with a present for each guest. And the doorbell should start ringing as parents come to collect.

Offer the parents sherry and sherry only. I once found my husband mixing a different gin drink for each parent, which meant he was perfectly useless for getting taxis.

GET YOUR FOOD SUPPLIES ready by 2 o'clock at the latest. And keep the food simple.

Few children like elaborate food. I am not usually a purveyor of the sweet, consoling thought, but in the case of children's parties, I have a motto: "Keep it simple." I have a motto: "Keep it simple." I have a motto: "Keep it simple."

Between zero hour and tea, you need a programme of games that children can join in. As they arrive—games to make for young children, e.g. musical bumps, games where they hunt prizes and win hats, purses for older children.

It is impossible to list all the games that children can play. But here are a few suggestions: "The Game of the Seven Wonders," "The Game of the Seven Wonders," "The Game of the Seven Wonders."

For variation, replace apricot with other whole fruit nectars such as peach, plum. Add this slice of fresh lemon just before serving.

Ground cloves, mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, cardamom, allspice, and ginger. Add 1/2 c. brandy and 1/2 c. rum. Reheat and serve.

Madira, oil, a little salt, a pinch of mixed spices and let them stand in this while the pork fat is being prepared.

Cut the fat in small pieces, pound in a mortar, and warm slightly. Then run through a sieve, with the pounded peelings from the truffles. Now put in a saucepan, on a slow fire and, when it is just melted, add the truffles and sauce. Mix well and remove. When cold and set, stuff the turkey with the mixture. Roast the turkey, basting with melted butter or oil.

SPAIN

KIDNEYS SAUTES WITH SHERRY:

A few lamb's kidneys, 1 tumbler of sherry, a little lard, 1 teaspoon of chopped parsley, small triangular croquettes of fried bread, salt and pepper. Remove the fat and skin from the kidneys, slice them and cut in small pieces. Cook on a brisk fire in a little lard, seasoning with salt and pepper. In 3 to 4 minutes remove from pan and drain on a colander. Put the sherry in a frying pan and reduce by half. Cook the kidneys in this sauce for a few minutes. Put on a hot dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and garnish with the croquettes.

KNITTING AND CROCHET SERIES

There are no knitting and crochet patterns on today's page, as this is a special Christmas issue. Both series, however, will resume their regular appearance on Page 12 as from next Saturday.

Make The Children's Party A Success





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A CHRISTMAS STORY

THE SEASONABLE GIFT

By JOHN PUDNEY

FROM beneath the hoil-y-garlanded antlers of the deserted club house, Blinch gazed out at December mist. Blinch was not an active bore. He was a man lost in a world obsessed with such things as economics, social services and domestic festivity. He had never been the cause of any event. He remained passively uneventfully, pervasively a bore. A golf bore at that.

His lonely fingers drubbed the glass. His solitary mind played over the sixteenth hole, rehearsing the story he might tell about it if some blessed chance sent him an audience. The only sound in the humid void of Doverley Park Golf Club that Christmas Eve, however, was the clock acquainting Blinch with the impossibility of playing a round before the light went.

He raised his eyes wistfully towards the near-distant coquetry of the flag on the first green. Then a thousand needles of surprise pricked his being. Andrew Beltane, the Club Professional, was out there giving a lesson. A lesson on Christmas Eve?

YET it certainly was Andrew, shaggy as ever in his pelt of tweed, ignoring the mist, demoralising with a wooden club, concentrating as usual upon the left arm swing.

Blinch could imagine every word of his discourse, talking the pupil momentarily—so momentarily—into a conviction that he could play golf with the gods. But where was the pupil? Stare as he might, Blinch could only see the squat furry figure of Andrew in all the wide green invitation of the course. Blinch so far forgot himself as to come out on the verandah to wave and even to whistle.

Andrew Beltane glanced up, and even at that distance his scowl conveyed a message of awesome disapproval of the interruption. Then talking, pointing out features of the course, pausing from time to time to demonstrate a swing, he walked solitarily out of sight round a bluff.

Blinch stepped back into the club house. There were no witnesses. None but the garlanded antlers to whom he could appeal to substantiate what he had seen. Had he seen it? Blinch regarded himself as a sensible man, moderate in his tastes, temperate in his habits. His pursuit of happiness, day by day, at Doverley Park was, he believed, a healthy quest.

His imagination, he hoped, never got the better of his judgment. He exercised it reasonably in describing to fellow-members the ups and downs of games he had played. He never let it overstep the mark. He was angry because anger was the only weapon with which he could combat the inexplicable.

Either his eyes had deceived him or Andrew Beltane, that oracular dwarf, that custodian of ethics, that ultimate judge of human performance, had gone off his head.

SHOULD he call on the Secretary, or telephone the Chairman of the Committee, or perhaps warn the Steward? Skilled though he was in the well-founded complaint, the nicely-timed protest by which his name had become decreed by all these officials, Blinch was at a loss. Suppose Andrew was snug in the professional's shop, brooding his dark brown tea, conning the subtleties of a new wooden club?

Blinch had always taken a firm line on visions. He pulled himself together, thought of an excuse about a new strap for his bag, and hastened through the shrubberies. Andrew Beltane was not in his den. That settled it. Blinch gratefully put behind him all thoughts of magic, and returned, humming loudly, until he met Beltane outside the club house.

"Ah," he said, looking down upon the little figure, "you're a professional, aren't you?"

"Is it likely you'll be needing this side of Christmas, Mr. Blinch?"

"No, unfortunately not. Though I thought I saw you giving a lesson, Andrew out there in the mist?"

"That was business, not pleasure, Mr. Blinch. If a very keen gentleman insists upon having himself instructed on a day like this, and will pay the price for it..."

ANDREW shook himself with a stumpy grandeur not wholly of this world. Blinch felt that he was in the presence of an individual who from time to time took his dark brown tea with the gods. That was how he was intended to feel.

"And I might mention, Mr. Blinch, that my task is not made any easier by members hailing me from the club house."

Andrew shook moisture from his cap—that heather-coloured fantasy of tweed which befit only a deity of the Game. He turned away majestically.

"But," cried Blinch, "I couldn't for the life of me see any pupil."

The scowl of Andrew Beltane, close to, was in a strange way benign. "Then perhaps you haven't yet the gift of really seeing, Mr. Blinch. A gift of the gods, that is, for such a one as yourself..."

Blinch was left alone with this thought. Suppose his eyes had, in fact, deceived him? Suppose he was doomed to be unable to follow the enigmatic vagaries of the ball which embodied so much of his happiness?

At all costs, he must arrange a game for the morrow, even if it were Christmas Day, when so many members were preoccupied. He must prove to his own satisfaction that his eyes did not deceive him. He would play a steady game, a little less than his best perhaps. Sufficiently good to be worth discussing afterwards, to be recalled in his favourite corner of the lounge hole by hole with the corroboration of a partner within hailing distance. A partner?

HE telephoned Hatterly, Smythe and even Jones, the undertaker, who did not mind a game in the afternoons when there were no funerals. He was philosophical—because he had seen a bore for a long time—about the excuses of them all.

He returned to his vigil by the windows in the club house and for twenty minutes watched the mist, resolving that, as a last resort, he might pay the prescribed fee and hire the company of Andrew Beltane for a round. His fingers were drubbing upon the glass again when the personable stranger addressed him.

The fellow moved respectfully and spoke of the Game keenly. There was nothing wrong with this fellow, for his first words were: "I was wondering, Sir, whether you would care to play a few holes during the holiday period. I think," he added, with the optimism of the Really Keen, "the weather will hold."

"I was considering going out, certainly," Blinch said, swallowing hard, looking stern in order to conceal his eagerness.

"Can't offer you a very sprinkling game, Sir..." The fellow shifted his feet in exactly the right gesture of modesty.

"NEVER mind," Blinch said. "Game's the thing. As you say, Sir, the weather's just what we need here."

"Had a lesson with him this morning, as a matter of fact. Ran over the wooden club for me. Go on, Sir, you were saying."

"Game's the thing, I said..." Blinch paused, savouring the attentiveness of his partner's gaze. "I've a lesson, Sir, but I'm a professional, aren't I?"

Then his words began to fall patiently, like rain.

They played off together on Christmas Day. They played, both of them, steady games. They were well matched. Blinch talked and the stranger listened. Blinch found that his eyes were all right. Indeed they served him so well that he was soon able to catch up with his hap-piness. And how his putting improved! He always referred to it afterwards not as Christmas Day but as the day his putting improved.

The stranger, it seemed, would be staying in the neighbourhood for some time. Blinch felt that it would be impolite to tax him for details of his visit, and the stranger volunteered none. Blinch suggested that they might sit around later on when they came in, and have a good chat. The stranger agreed so readily that Blinch, as they sauntered through the mist, treated him to the story of his win in the 1930 Competition.

It was while he was in the middle of this that one of the members who had come in for a Christmas drink, went to borrow the Secretary's field-glasses.

"Something most odd about Blinch. Come and have a look."

THE field-glasses passed from hand to hand. There was no doubt about it. Blinch was telling one of his better-known stories. He was also facing up to his ball with a deliberation reserved for opponents he respected. Yet he was, without a shadow of a doubt, alone.

"I can tell from here that it's that story about his win in the 1930 Competition."

"Even without the glasses, I can see that Blinch is making a very keen game of it. He never plays like that unless he is happy."

Andrew Beltane, wheeling his blue across the gravel below, paused and regarded the distant figure of Blinch with satisfaction. "He's doing fine," he murmured, half to the private audience of his thoughts, half to the occupants of the verandah. "I reckon that's the perfect girl..."

But he rode off before anyone could challenge his cryptic comment.

Nobody spoke as Blinch approached, voluble with anecdote, after sinking a long putt with mastery still on the last green. They stood aside to let him through into the club house. They nodded their embarrassment to his cheery "Merry Christmas, people. A splendid round!"

They failed in their routine hilarity after that. From time to time, one of them would tip-toe towards Blinch's special corner, behind the screen where he was wont to herd his victims. Each time the report came back that Blinch was still talking.

IN the New Year, the Committee passed a resolution which, alas for the students of golf history, was considered to be too eccentric to be recorded in the minutes. The gist of it was that Blinch's new friend was elected an Honorary Member of Doverley Park Golf Club.

It was an inspired decision, applauded to this day. Nearly every afternoon, Blinch meets his friend for a game. Nearly every evening, he moves into his corner beside the empty chair. He is hidden by the screen which the Committee, for the greater comfort of the Honorary Member, "erased to be drawn more discreetly across the corner than it had been formerly."

The arrangement is the only remarkable feature of Doverley Park. To visitors, the solitary figure of Blinch is pointed out as a natural hazard. Already many of the members have almost forgotten his prodigious achievements as a bore.

And lest Blinch's gift should flag or falter, that cunning old devil Andrew Beltane occasionally gives a brief lesson in front of the club house window to the Honorary Member. The little man charges nothing. Truly never do.

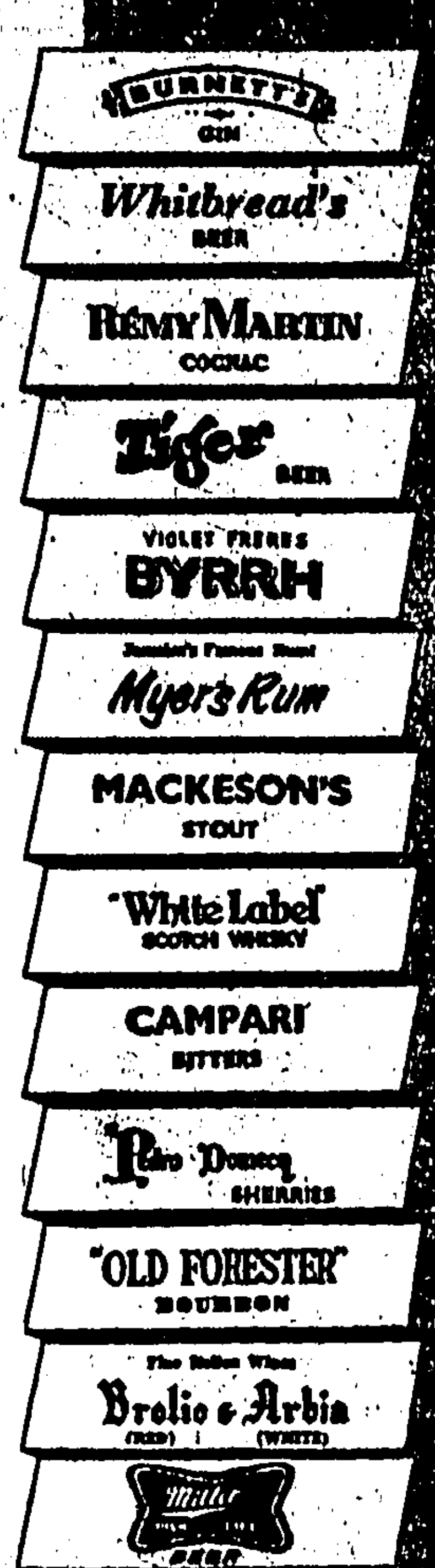
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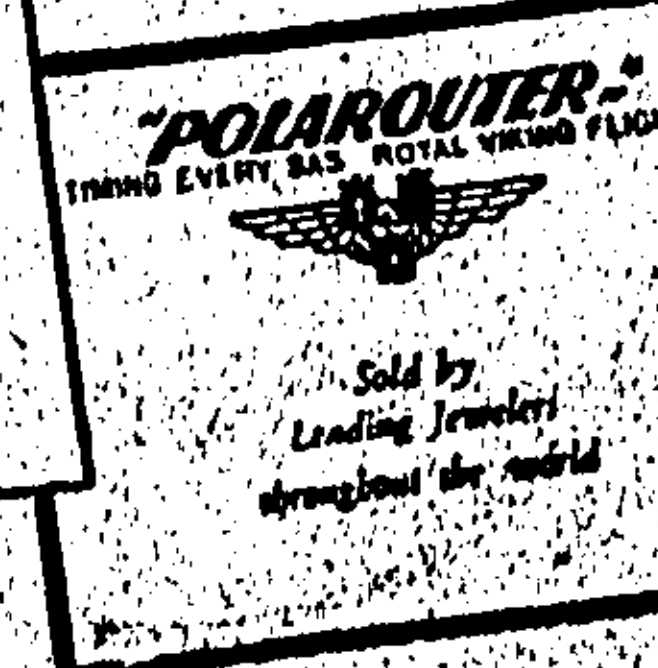
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CHRISTMAS EVE DONKEY

A Gift Your Can Make

Even very young children know the little grey donkey that was present at the manger scene on Christmas Eve. This engaging grey felt donkey, cheap, easy and quick to make yourself, is a delightful Christmas toy present.

MATERIALS:
1 piece of grey Felt, 9 in. x 12 in.
Scraps of red and black Felt.
Knapok.
1 skein Clark's "Anchor" Soft Embroidery Thread in black.
Small amount of Clark's "Anchor" Stranded Cotton in black and white.
1 reel Coats Satinised No. 40 to match each Felt.
PATTERNS:
Make these from diagram 1 sq. — 1 in.

SEWING DIRECTIONS:
1. Embroider the nostrils and eyeballs with satin stitch using black stranded cotton. Embroider the eyes with white stem stitch and mouth with black stem stitch.
2. Lay the two underbody sections together, edges even and stab stitch along the straight edge.
3. Lay the two body sections together edges even and stab stitch edges from

approximately 1/4 in. loops. Cut loops and trim neatly.

7. Make a small tuft at rounded end of each ear and sew in position.

8. Lay red saddle on to the black saddle, centres matching and slip stitch in position.

9. Place saddle over the donkey's back (as in photograph) and slip stitch in position.



BEST STORIES OF THE YEAR

QUESTION—In China Mail writers: What was the best funny story you heard this year?
ANSWERS below.

THE best 1955 Sam Goldwyn story came from Wardour Street.

Goldwyn was making a film with the working title "Woman Chases Man," and was running into difficulties with the script. He went to a top agent and said: "Who is the best writer you have available?"

The agent, flipping through a list, said: "Eddie Shotoroff is free—excellent man, Oscar winner and all that." Goldwyn brought Shotoroff from New York to Hollywood, gave him a three-hour dinner, talked about the script and at the end Shotoroff said: "No, I can't do it—the story is awful."

Goldwyn said: "Nonsense—sit down again." Three hours later Shotoroff got up and said: "Nothing can make this story any better. I won't do it at all—at any price," and returned to New York.

A year later the film was shown. It was a failure. The year after the Goldwyns began work on a new film and wanted a scriptwriter.

Eddie Shotoroff was suggested. Goldwyn hesitated, then said: "Shotoroff, Shotoroff—that name is familiar. I've heard it before." Long pause, then violently: "How dare you suggest I use Shotoroff again? He was associated with one of my worst failures."

TARGET for Franco's 1955 jokes is an imaginary nouveau-riche lovely but vain girl called Marie-Chantal and her family.

Marie-Chantal and her father, the baron and her uncle, the count, are strolling past the huge glittering showrooms of an American car firm on the Champs Elysees when Marie-Chantal, pointing and whispering, says: "I think Pa likes to take that one home this afternoon."

Her father walks in and asks: "How much, cash down?" The uncle, the count, bustles forward. "No, no, indeed," he

protests, "really, please let me do this, it is my turn. You paid for lunch."

ADVERTISING executive who has, at great expense, purchased one minute on commercial TV: "Quick, darling, my commercial is just coming on."

To which his wife replies: "Just a minute, darling."

AMERICANS are laughing at the Psychiatrist Story of 1955. A leopard went to his psychiatrist and complained: "Every time I look at the wife I see spots before my eyes." The psychiatrist gave him a quizzical look: "Well—you're a leopard, aren't you?" "Sure, sure, I know," said the leopard—"but I married a zebra."

GERMANS have started laughing about their new Wehrmacht. A sample joke which is going the rounds:—

A recruit presents himself to Defence Minister Blank and offers his services.

"How about the infantry?" says Blank. "Not on your life," says the recruit. "No jackboot marching for me."

"How about the Luftwaffe, then?" says Blank.

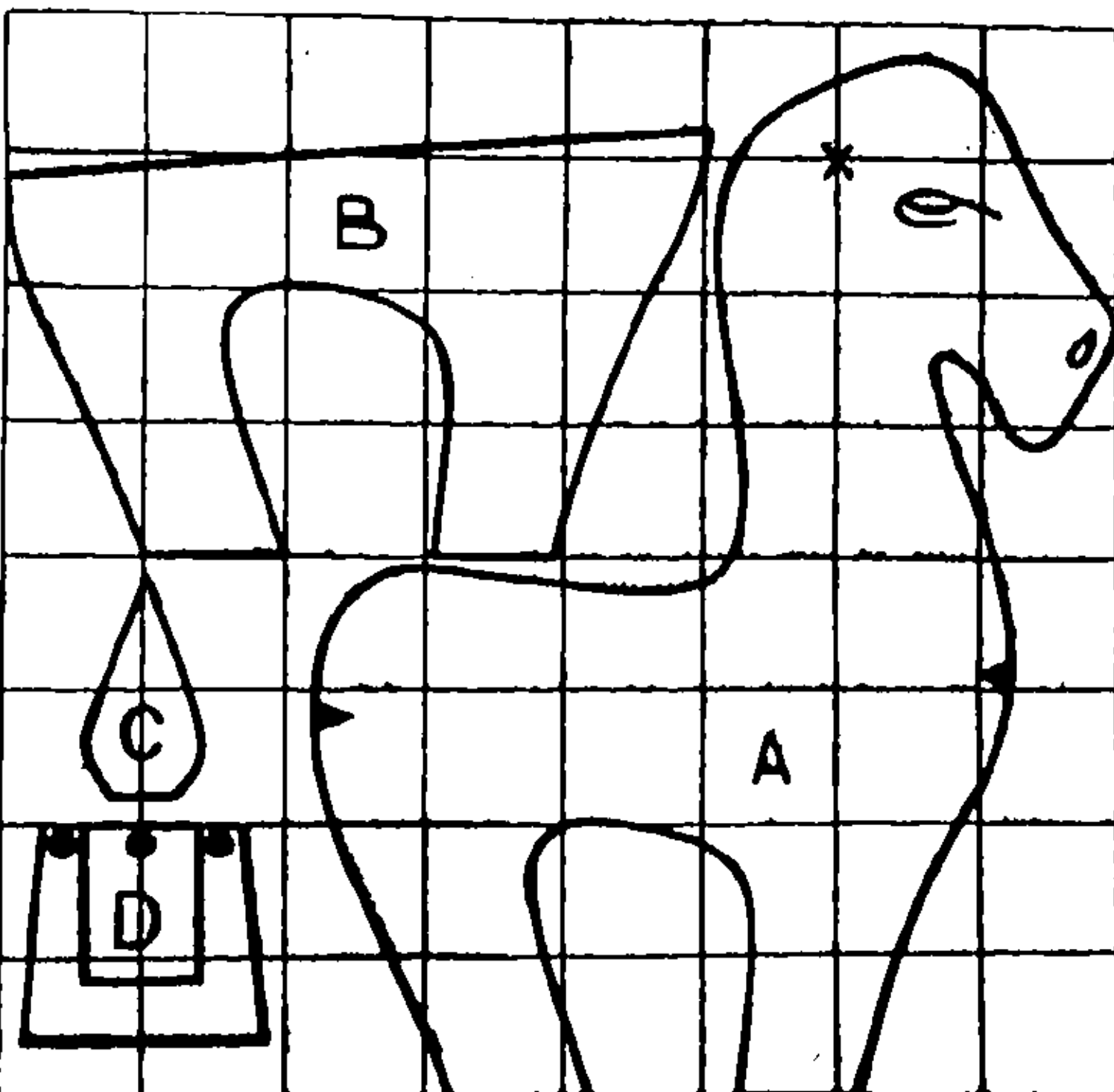
"Flying's too dangerous," says the recruit.

"Nothing left but the navy, then," says Blank. "Can you swim, young man?"

"What do you mean, swim?" says the recruit. "Aren't they going to give us any ships?"

WOMEN of 1955, by French playwright Marcel Achard: "Women have a passion for mathematics. They divide their ages by two, double the price of their dresses, trouble their husbands' salaries, and add five years to the age of their best friends."

Finally, the best 1955 advice to the after-dinner storyteller: The whale is never harpooned until it gets up to spout.



Solid spots mark edge to be placed to the fold.

X marks position of ears.

CUTTING DIRECTIONS:
Pattern A—Body—Cut 2 pieces from grey felt.

Pattern B—Under Body—Cut 2 pieces from grey felt.

Pattern C—Ear—Cut 2 pieces from grey felt.

Pattern D—Saddle—Cut 2 pieces (1 from outer shape in black felt, 1 from inner shape in red felt).

Foot pads—Cut 4 circles each 1/4 in. in diameter from grey felt.

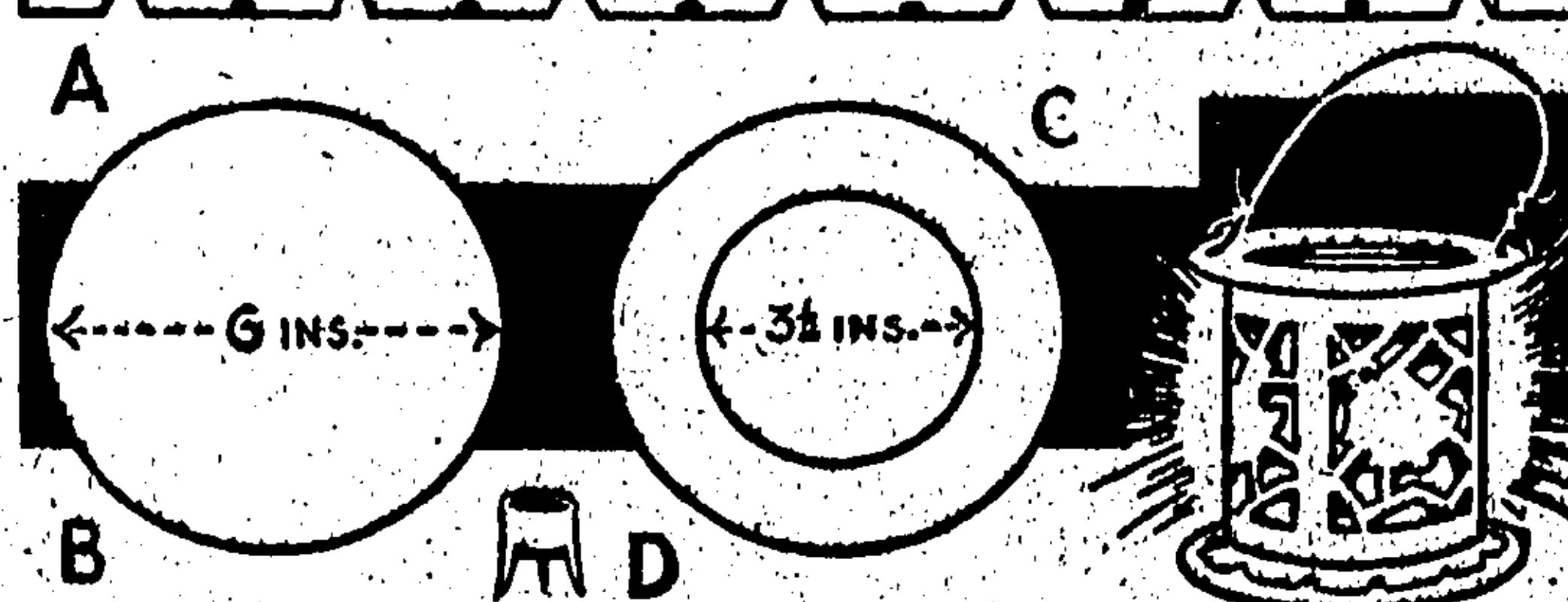
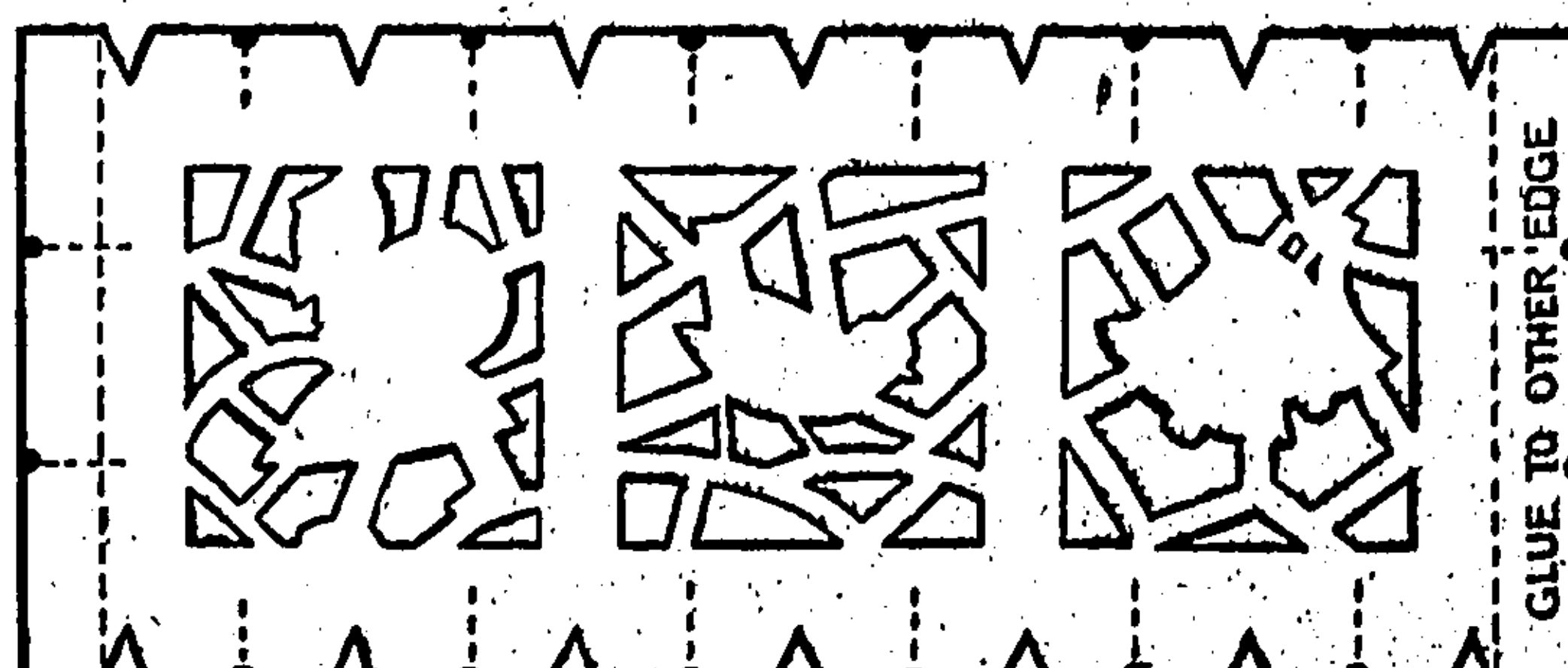
notch at back, along back, over head and down to front notch.

4. Stuff head very firmly with kapok and insert underbody section in position, with straight edge in line with notches. Stab stitch all remaining edges together except base of legs. Continue stuffing body firmly and stab stitch foot pads in position.

TAIL
5. Cut 12 lengths of black soft embroidery thread, each 6 in. long. Lay them all together and fold in half. Attach in position just above the rear notch.

MANE
6. Thread a needle with two strands of black soft embroidery thread and oversew across head and down back neck, leaving

Make Your Own Lanterns



TO make each lantern, you will need some lightweight card, gold metallic paper and glue.

Here, the lantern design is shown in miniature. You will need to draw it much larger. But it is quite easy to do that. Just follow these instructions carefully.

First of all, rule lines joining the dots on the diagram. Then, glue a piece of metallic paper, 18 1/2" by 12 1/2", to a piece of thin card the same size. Copy the design, square by square, on to the card.

Cut out the 'window' piece, leaving which the light is going to shine and cut

notches in the top and bottom margins of the card, as shown. Roll the card into a cylinder shape, with the metallic paper on the outside, and bend the notched pieces outwards. Glue the two edges of the card together.

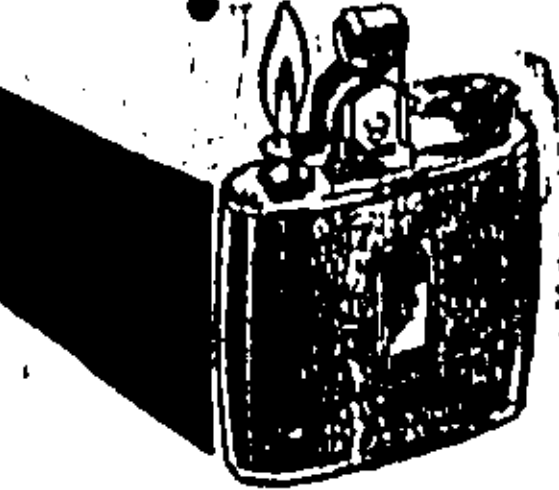
Two circles of card, each six inches in diameter, form the base and top sections of the lantern. A circle, 3 1/2" across, is cut from the top section, as shown at C, so that you are left with a ring of card. Cover these cards with metallic paper, and as a Christmas candle-holder to the centre of the base. Now, you can glue the lantern to the top and bottom sections, and when the glue has dried, the lantern is ready to use. You can make any number of lanterns from the same design.



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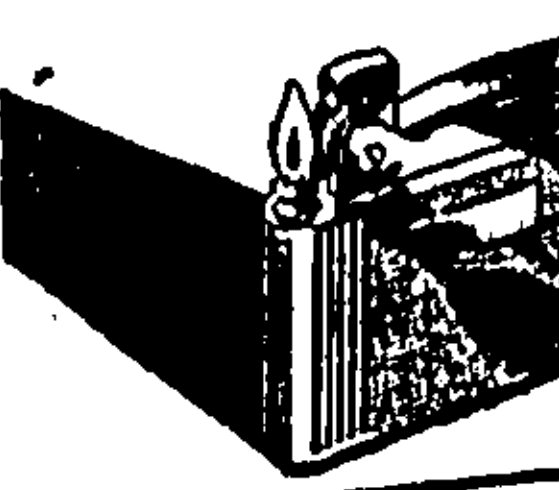
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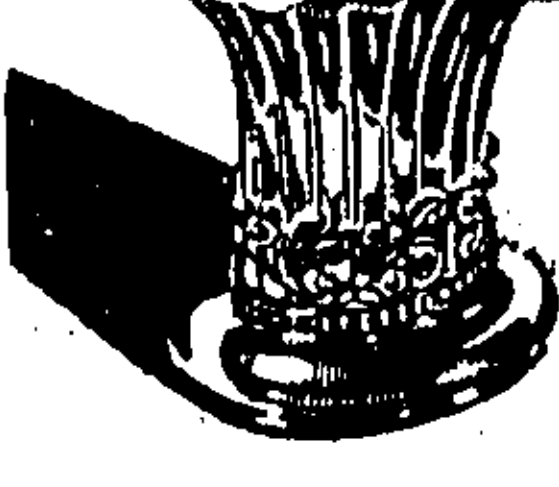
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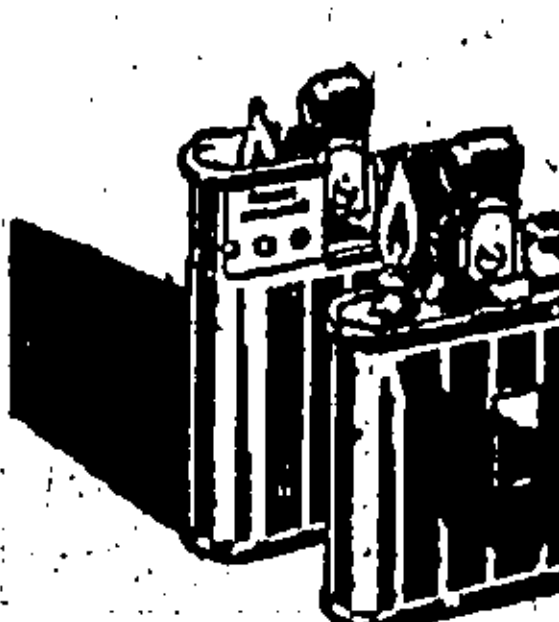
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POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTER

"The Governors would be so grateful, Padre, if this Christmas you could omit all that sensational stuff about the Massacre of the Innocents."

The Jealous Impresario Hired Six Detectives

IN SEARCH OF DIAGHILEV.
By Richard Buckle, Sidgwick and Jackson, 30s. 128 pages.

FEW years before Serge Diaghilev set out to conquer Europe he organised in St Petersburg, in the palace where Potemkin had once entertained his mistress Catherine the Great, a huge exhibition of historic Russian portraits. Three

thousand canvases, drawn from every province of the Empire, hung on the walls. At the banquet which celebrated this achievement, Diaghilev, the young dilettante, conceited and unpopular, made a speech which reached the level of prophetic utterance.

GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON
reviews the NEW BOOKS

because something about this man remains enigmatic. Many of his old associates did not seem to regret him. He had been a hypnotist, a magician; they were relieved that his spell was broken.

A SHOWMAN

Diaghilev, born in a Russian barracks, son of an officer of the Imperial Guard, was a showman, with organising genius and fanatical will-power. He became a one-man Arts Council, spending other people's money to produce works of art that pleased his own taste, which was erratic but adventurous.

He was mean with waiters, rude to hotel servants, disliked by his London tailor, aloof and suspicious towards his troupe yet capable of becoming the gayest of good comrades. He was a stupendous snob; an agnostic who, when the weather was bad during a sea voyage, insisted that his valet should fall to his prayers.

In the depths of the 1914-18 war the Diaghilev company, unable to reach Russia or to get engagements in France or Britain, toured the Spanish provincial towns—one-night stands. They were in direct poverty. The baby daughter of Lydia Sokolova, Diaghilev's first English dancer, must have an operation or she would die.

LAST RESERVE

Sokolova had no money. Diaghilev opened an old leather portmanteau and tipped out of it a heap of coins of every European country. He handed over all the silver. It was his last reserve. It was enough to pay the surgeon.

TREASURES

Some of them, including Picasso, promised to lend their treasures and then did not; others had kept nothing from the past; George Balanchine had only a few pornographic drawings done for Diaghilev, which were hardly suitable for Buckle's purpose.

But while he sought relics he also gathered memories—almost enough to make a composite portrait of Diaghilev. "Almost"

stripped and slung naked into the favourite's room." Massine was dismissed and forbidden the theatre—and Diaghilev retired to bed, where he remained for weeks.

The object of Buckle's quest, the subject of his racy if rambling book was, after all, an immensely cultivated barbarian, a boy in a ecstasies collar and a monocle. Product of a dying period of history, he was a Tsar in a ferocious tradition.

CHILDREN OF THE GAME.
By Jean Cocteau. Harwill. 12s. 6d. 179 pages.

JEAN COCTEAU, with quizzical expression, mop of well-waved silver hair, and bony, vivacious hands is, at 65, one of the French adolescent poets who writes his own books.

He was born at Maisons-Laffitte where rich French sportsmen breed racehorses. Cocteau's father was a rich French lawyer. He became known as a poet at 18; since then has revealed an innate genius for all the tried old lines of publicity, e.g., keeping a monkey and a Chinese servant, getting taken to the police station at Toulon (1938) with three friends (respectively singer, artist and film actor) accused of illicit use of drugs; fined £5. The drug was opium, on which Cocteau later wrote a book. Six Syrians were arrested at the same time; this appears to have had no connection with French culture.

In 1923, after the death of his great friend, Raymond Radiguet, Cocteau went for long walks with Maritain, the distinguished Catholic philosopher. But the walks did not lead him into the Church.

ADORED

He wrote novels and illustrated them; devised ballets—The Blue Train; Death and the Young Man, but did not dance in them; wrote plays; designed labels for Rothschild's wines; was adored by fashionable hostesses.

He was often outrageous, but always knew how far he could go too far, said:

"Poetry is indispensable, but to what I cannot say."



DIAGHILEV
with a monocle,
by
COCTEAU

"A poet who writes about poetry is as ridiculous as a plant reading a treatise on horticulture."

"I do not believe that a country (France) which produces 140 cheeses can go down."

When, at last, yielding to a childish impulse to "dress up," Cocteau became a member of the French Academy, the price of seats at his inauguration reached 15,000 francs on the black market. Twelve thousand Parisians tried to get in.

HIS SPEECH

Cocteau turned up in a uniform created for him by Lanvin the couturier, a sword designed by himself but made by Cartier. In his speech he warned the Academy not to overlook "those bad characters through whom France has astonished the world."

In his novel, Children of the Game, Cocteau invents two bad characters of his own.

Children of the Game reached Britain as a film (The Strange Ones) in 1952. With trembling scissors the censors eliminated a bathroom sequence and conferred the dubious accolade of an "X" certificate. Even so, critics were repelled by its "nauseating infatuation with death."

It tells the story of two rich juvenile delinquents, Elizabeth and Paul, who dwell together

in a private world of drugs and fantasies. When Paul wishes to impress a school chum, he invents a project for mass murder by means of a poisoned gum, affixed to postage stamps.

The feverish relations between the two young people end when Paul dies and Elizabeth shoots herself. A climax with the crazy logic of nightmare ends a tale that has the eerie fascination of something which cannot quite be understood.

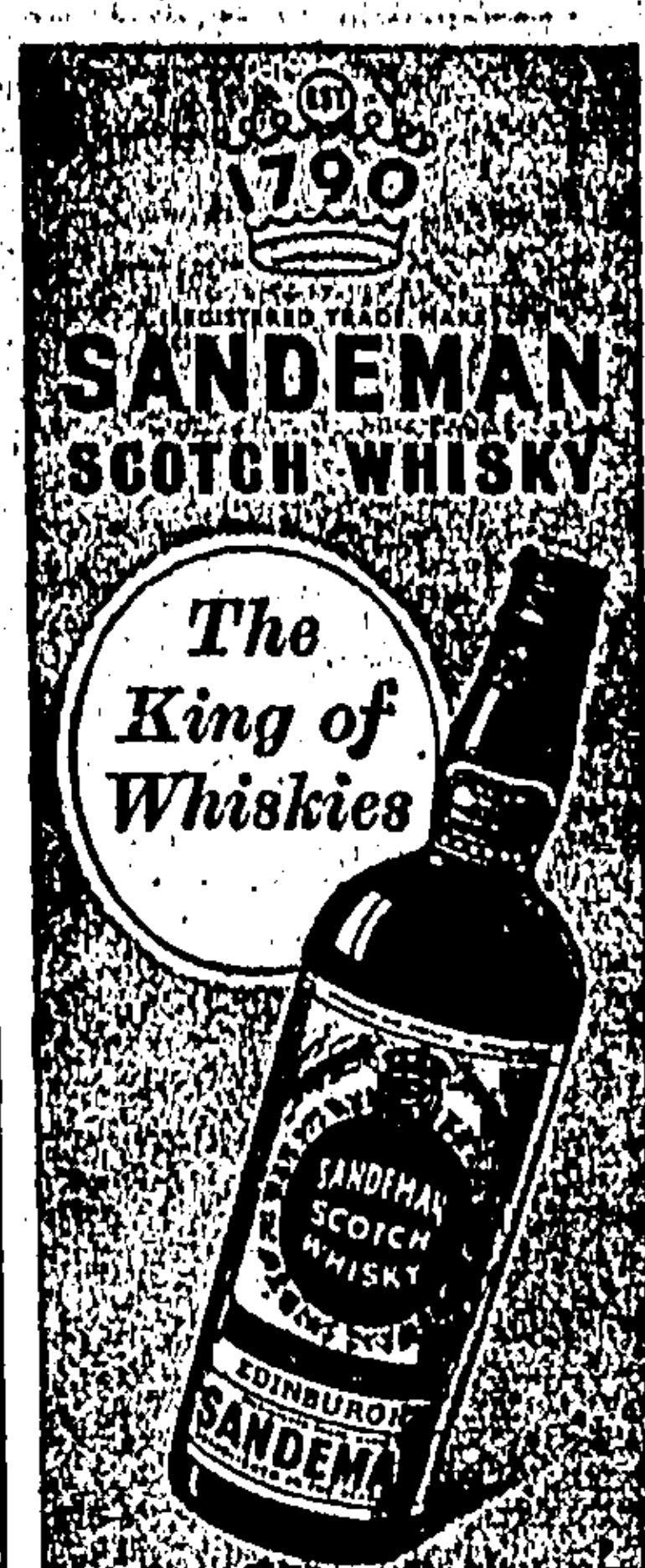
THE ENORMOUS SHADOW.
By Robert Harling. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6. 288 pages.

FAILING to model a wholly successful thriller (faults: 1, non-violence; 2, weak suspension) on the Burgess-Maclean theme, Harling nevertheless creates for his story a setting of modern Fleet Street that is diverting and plausible.

He knows the strains of a newspaper office, the half-hidden rivalries, little dignities, simmering intrigues.

He knows that journalists in fiction, as in life, should be distinguished by something more than bad manners, a partiality for spirits, and a waistcoat marked by cigarette-droppings. He can even draw an editor who might conceivably know a lead story when he saw one.

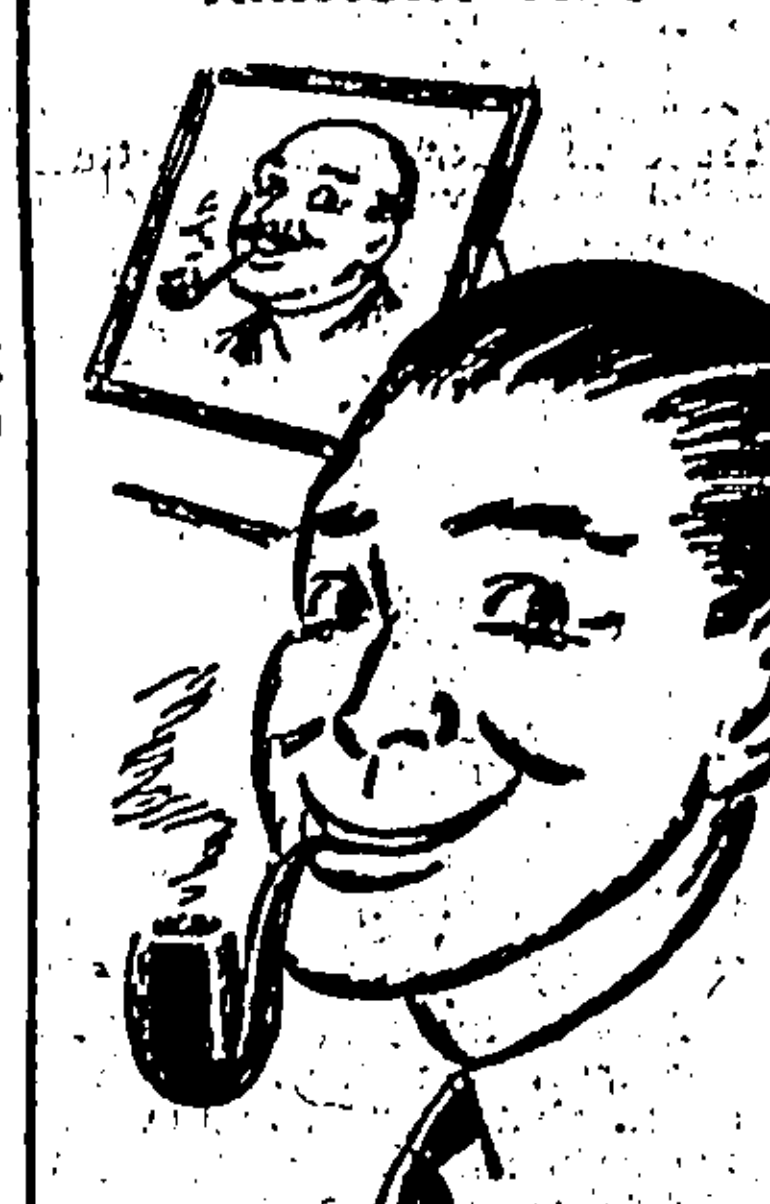
All the greater pity, then, that The Enormous Shadow, after getting off to a good start, fails to keep a grip on the track.



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YOU
FINANCIALLY.



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RIDING BREECHES
AND BOOTS."

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GIVING HER
THE HORSE?"

YE OLDE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.



"HES THE QUIET TYPE —
WHY DON'T YOU
GET HIM A BOOK?"

"THAT'S AN IDEA —
TELL ME...
HOW MUCH DO
BOOKS COST?"

IF YOU ARE CONSIDERING CIGARETTES
FOR HURRY'S SOCKS — BE NICE AND
BUY HIS BRAND



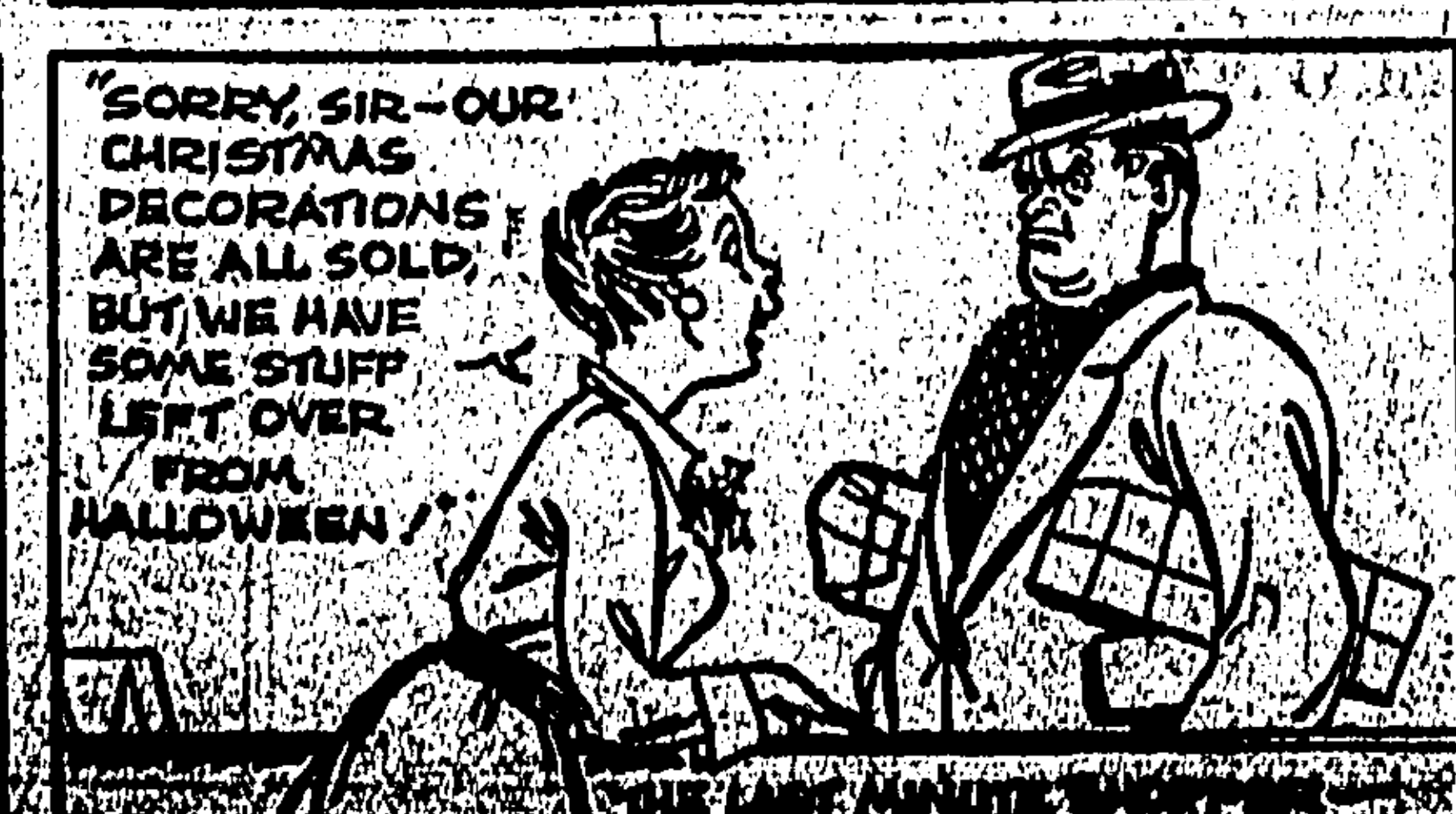
GAMES-BOOKS

THE BIG PROBLEM — IS IT TO BE SOMETHING
EDUCATIONAL OR SOMETHING HE CAN BANG
ONE AGAINST THE FURNITURE?



"MAY I
HAVE HIM
GIFT
WRAPPED
PLEASE?"

PET SHOP



"SORRY, SIR — OUR
CHRISTMAS
DECORATIONS
ARE ALL SOLD,
BUT WE HAVE
SOME STUFF
LEFT OVER
FROM
HALLOWEEN."

THE LAST MIND BLOWER

BRITISH SOCCER ACCEPTS....

FAIR SHOULDER CHARGE OF GOALKEEPER AS A FEATURE OF THE GAME

By I. M. MacTAVISH

From Indonesia to Ibrox and from Sookunpoo to South America football folk the world over have suddenly become involved in a great argument about rough play in general and charging the goalkeeper in particular.

The salient points of the matter are that British football accepts the fair shoulder charge as a feature of the game, while other countries, particularly on the continent of Europe, have shown a distaste for the practice.

There are "pro" and "con" for both points of view. One thing is absolutely definite, that is, that the British attitude is strictly in accordance with the laws of the game, and many knowledgeable folks feel that if the current efforts to ban charging of the goalkeeper are successful it will be the thin edge of a wedge that might eventually lead to a still wider prohibition of charging.

To appreciate the different attitudes between the soccer communities in the Home countries and on the continent it is necessary to look at the role of their respective goalkeepers... maybe not so much today as in the formative years before the last war.

RESPONSIBILITIES

In Britain the goalkeeper was, and still is, essentially a unit in a team. He is expected to share the team's responsibilities in exactly the same way as the other players, and as far as the average British fan is concerned, dramatic theatricals on the part of the goalkeeper cut very little ice.

This does not mean that the British spectator does not appreciate a personality. He does. Men like Frank Swift, Sam Bartram, Jimmy Cowan and Ronnie Simpson, all as spectacular and acrobatic as any continental, have enjoyed great popularity, not because of an "act", but because they never predicated goalkeeping to absolute showmanship, and because they were always ready and willing to meet the strongest attack and the stoutest physical challenge, without a show of pseudo-dramatics more befitting a flouted prima donna than a footballer.

On the continent where soccer had a later birth things were, and still are, very different.

There the goalkeeper enjoys a special place as something of a specialist entertainer. The spectacular dive, the often exaggerated acrobatic leap, the exclamations in success, and the commiserations in failure are all part of his act, and the crowd loves it. His is a hero's task and anything that interferes with him while he is performing is frowned upon in much the same way as any interference with the popular entertainer would invoke howls of disapproval.

KEEN STUDENT

On the other hand it is generally agreed that little material or direct benefit comes from studying the goalkeeper while he is in possession of the ball, and keen students of the game feel that it is an unnecessary and undignified spectacle, that can, and as has been shown in recent big international matches, does cause a great deal of misunderstanding, ill-feeling and actual trouble.

Be that as it may however, it should not be forgotten, that it is causing trouble merely because some countries are refusing deliberately to honour the accepted laws of the game. Whether the particular law is a good or a bad one is beside the point, and they are demonstrating against those who have the courage to conform to the laws as they are written at the present time.

It is understood that the matter is to be raised at the next FIFA meeting. There will, of course, be powerful backing for a revision of the law as far as charging the goalkeeper is concerned. If the rule is in fact changed the UK countries will no doubt accept and honour it in the same way as they have honoured the old reading.

And in the same way as they have honoured the introduction of the controversial and iniquitous "netball free-kick" surely the most provocative of all the babies born in the FIFA home.

If the law is changed goalkeepers will gain greater respect than ever before, but maybe the game will lose much in the long run.

The announcement that the prices of tickets for the series of games against the Austrian visitors in January are to be materially the same as for the recent matches with the East Africans, will kindle few shouts of approval among footballers in the Colony.

Earlier in the week there was clear indication that some of our legislators agreed with the suggestion that the big new stadium should be an instrument for lower prices and not for higher revenue.

The seating capacity of the Hongkong Stadium has been given officially as 25,000 and as the guarantee to the visitors—plus necessary extras—is pretty certainly in the region of \$50,000, there is, at least to the casual observer, a margin to justify some reduction.

VISITING TEAMS

It is fully appreciated that the HKFA accepts considerable

financial responsibility in bringing visiting teams to the Colony, and it is realised too, that it is easy to act as critic when the weight of responsibility rests elsewhere, but surely the blatant lessons of the last series cannot be ignored.

Put plainly, the money simply is not available for fancy priced seats. True it is that the series goes on around Chinese New Year but it is not a good fern policy to cash in on that.

The Chinese fans have shown quite clearly that they will pack the new stadium for top class attractions at fair prices. I believe, that they are ready and willing, to pay something more than the normal local prices to see visiting sides in action but the increased prices must be of a realistic nature. A friend wrote it like this for me the other day... HKFC Stadium is to New Government Stadium, as \$10 is to \$7777... Maybe some of my readers would like to make a suggestion of a fair price to that somewhat unmathematical presentation of the problem.

WEEK-END GAMES

There is a most interesting schedule of games this week-end and the most demanding soccer fans should find something to interest them both today and tomorrow.

The programme is as follows:—

Today: RAF v. Sing Tao at Club Stadium; Navy v. Club at Causeway Bay; Army v. Police at Boundary Street.

Tomorrow: Kwong Wah v. CAA at Caroline Hill; Eastern v. South China at Hongkong Stadium.

All games will start at 3.30 p.m.

It will be noted that the Army-Police game, which was originally due to be played at the Club Stadium tomorrow, will go on at Boundary Street this afternoon.

The island crowd this afternoon will be at the Club to watch the Tigers tackle the Royal Air Force, and with the light blues in their current good form a close game should be seen. Their earlier meeting ended in a hard fought draw and once again there may be very little between them at the finish, with Sing Tao starting narrow favourites.

VITAL BREAKS

Tomorrow the New Government Stadium will hold another big crowd for the top-of-the-table clash between Eastern and South China. The fans are very much divided on the outcome of this game but the general feeling seems to be that Eastern—apart from being a competent enough side—are getting the vital breaks that makes them a hard side to beat.

South China have had a disappointing season so far but they are still potentially a grand side and with forwards like Ho Cheung-yau, Yiu Cheuk-yin and Mok Chun-wah they can never be underestimated. It looks like a close affair. Eastern will start favourites but an early goal to South China could well see two valuable points crossing the road to Caroline Hill.

In the other week-end games CAA should edge out Kwong Wah; Navy should not lose to the Club; and the Army will do well to share the dues at Boundary Street against their old rivals, the Police.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Jack Bloomfield
By ARCHIE QUICK

So Jack Bloomfield is coming back to the West End. The immaculate figure of this big, handsome Jew was one of the sights of London in those pre-war days beyond recall. His hostility in Leicester Square was the meeting place of sportsmen in every walk of life—the crossroads where you met everyone who was anyone in boxing, football, cricket, golf, the stage, the Press.

Through the swinging glass doors would pass celebrities of the calibre of Patsy Hendren, Len Braund, Len Harvey, Alex James, Alex Jackson, Bombardier Billy Wells. The names are legion and household words everyone of them. And there to meet them was Jack, perfectly groomed, a red carnation, well-kept dark curly hair, six foot and more of him. The former Champion was the Metropolitan champion of New York's Jack Dempsey.

Alas, the tavern received a direct hit during the London blitz with the loss of life of some of the staff. Now it is to be rebuilt and Jack goes back as mine host.

GENERAL OPINION

It is the general opinion that Bloomfield would have had a good chance of winning the World's Heavyweight Championship but for an unfortunate accident. After knocking out Billy Wells he picked up the tall Bombardier and carried him to his corner. Bloomfield sustained serious internal injury as a result, and never fought again. It was a tragedy for British boxing as much as it was personally to Jack.

He was the best of a number of 12st 7lb men and looked like making a good Heavyweight. His contemporaries were such as Dick Smith, Harry Reeve, Pat O'Keefe, Tom Berry, and he proved himself the master of them all.

His defeat of Wells was to be the prelude to stepping up into the heavier class with Frank Goddard, Joe Beckett and their like. But a gesture of sportsmanship was to set at naught all the plans that had been laid for the East Londoner's future.

Instead Jack became the best known of the capital's hoteliers in much the same way as Freddie Mills is today. The inn is to be rebuilt on the same site and will doubtless become once again the Mecca of the sporting world in Town.

Bloomfield has been living at Eastbourne, and it is his opinion that Jack Gardner will regain the heavyweight title from Don Cockell.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Cricket
IRC v. Malayan Indians at Sookunpoo at 3.30 p.m.; 2nd Division: Army "South" v. KCC "B"; DBS v. KGV; KCC "A" v. IRC; Navy v. Dockyard; RAF v. University "B.V."; 4 p.m.; Army "N"; University "A" v. Police.

Rugby
RAF Mainland v. RAF Island (Kat Tak) 3 p.m.; 48 Bds v. Police (Kat Tak) at 4.15 p.m.; Gunners v. 27 Bds (B.S.) 2.50 p.m.; HK and Shin Garrison v. Navy (B.S.) 3.45 p.m.; Club "A" v. Club "B" (H.V.) 4.30 p.m.

Hockey
Ladies' League: KGV "B" v. Dorians (B.S.) 2.15 p.m.; Greenin Kings v. Boarale (B.S.) 4 p.m.; Victorians v. Services (H.V.) 2.30 p.m.; KGV "A" v. Craigflower (B.V.) 4 p.m.; Friendly match: Combined services v. Combined Civilians (King's Park) 4 p.m.

Tennis
Annual Interport: Hongkong v. Macao at CRC courts at 2.30 p.m.

Badminton
Inter-School matches at DBS.

Racing
Third Race Meeting (Second Day) at Happy Valley at 2 p.m.

LEARN YOUR CRICKET Get Down To Fielding

ALL close-in fielders should watch the bat except first slip and leg slip—who should watch the ball. For sighting the ball quickly and for quick movement in any direction the close-in fielders' "position of readiness" should be as follows:

(1) Legs comfortably apart with weight evenly distributed between the balls of both feet.
(2) Both knees and hips well bent; it is always easier to rise than to stoop.
(3) Hands relaxed in front of and between the knees, with fingers pointing more or less down. The forearms should be free and not resting on the thighs.
(4) Head still and mind concentrated on each ball.

To sustain this concentration throughout an innings means a constant effort of will, but remember how often it is just when this concentration has failed that the vital chance comes.

More catches are missed by failure to get into the proper position for catching than by failure of the hands to close on the ball.

The catcher's aim should be to:
(1) Once he has sighted the ball, move as quickly as possible to get his head on to the line.
(2) Once there, keep balanced and still and really watch the ball.
(3) So far as possible, catch the ball level with his face.

This is especially important with high catches.

(4) Spread, but never tense, the fingers and receive the ball in the "web" at the base of them. They will then automatically close.

(5) Let the hands "give" with the ball.

Here are one or two final points for all fielders:

Always watch your captain and the bowler in case either of them wants you to alter your position. They should be able to get this done without "advertising" it to the batsman.

In order to save overthrows always "back up," and in doing so try, if you are fielding near the wicket, to get well back from it, for unless you do, you cannot see or cover the ball if it is deflected.

(Taken from "Cricket—How to Play," produced for the M.C.C. and published by Educational Productions Ltd.)

HE LEARNED THE LINCO

Two years ago an Italian walked into Hereford United's offices and asked for a game. He was told to go away and learn the language as he could speak no English. Filippo Aliello was back again recently having learned his English quickly because he wanted to play senior football. He is getting a trial. While studying he has been averaging two goals a week for a junior club. He is a baker and used to play Soccer in his native Salerno.



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AND NOW THE POOLS INVADE NEW ZEALAND

By J. C. GRAHAM

Auckland.

Football pools, long familiar to people in a number of other countries, have just been introduced to New Zealanders as a new form of gambling with the chance of winning huge sums as the magnet.

During the past few weeks, thousands of New Zealanders have received circulars from Pools promoters urging them to join in and win a fortune. Airmail envelopes and forms are enclosed for the matches a fortnight ahead, to enable New Zealanders to submit their entries in time.

With the forms come glowing accounts of how to win £75,000. "We are extending our service to New Zealand following requests from many residents," say the promoters.

"Nothing is too much trouble where overseas clients are concerned. Special arrangements have been made for coupons to be sent regularly by first class air mail, well in advance of matches."

MONEY ORDER

Guarantees are given to pay all winnings without any need for a claim, and means are described by which stakes can be sent by money order, cash or cheque, either with the entries or in advance.

Although the New Zealanders are not yet out as the next man to win £75,000, the Government is upset at this latest example of enterprise. So much so that the Minister of Internal Affairs, Mr S. W. Smith, has ordered his department to make a full report on the legality of the venture. Meanwhile he comments: "If we are going to use sport for the purpose of gambling I think it is a poor lookout. I can see no sign of skill in the picture. If it depends on forecasting the results of matches between different football clubs of which most New Zealanders have heard nothing, it must be regarded as an outright gamble."

But legal opinion doubts whether anything can be done to stop the Pools from operating here. Experts think that even if the Pools are ruled to be not games of skill in New Zealand, they still cannot be banned as the law stands.

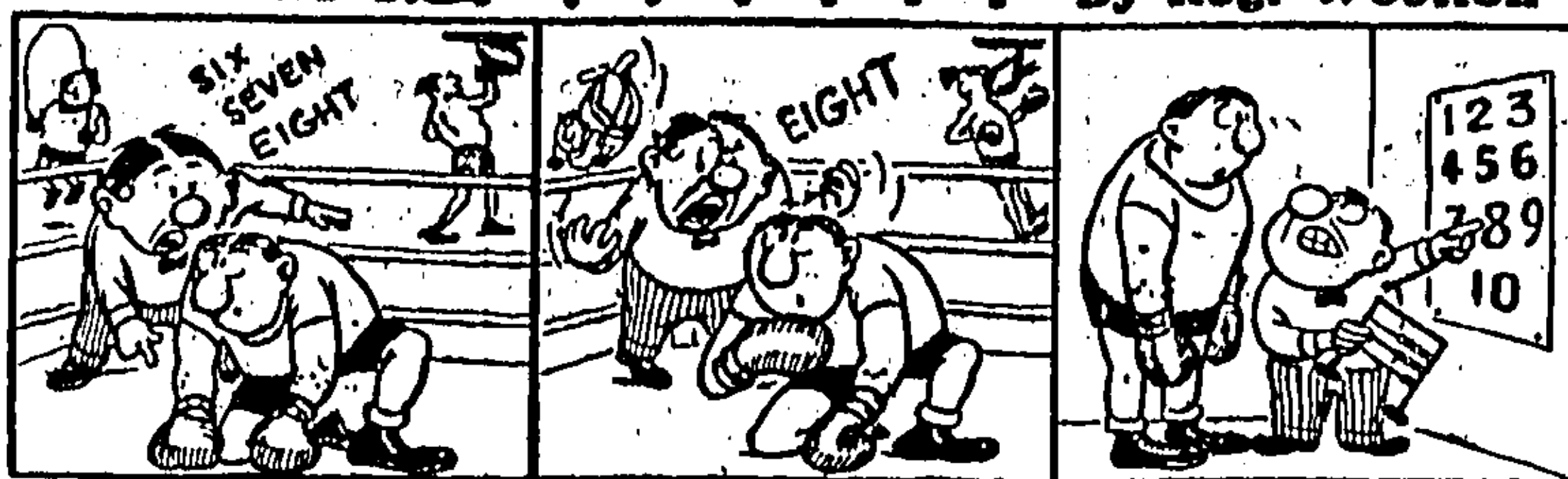
It is illegal to operate a game of chance within New Zealand. But there is very great doubt whether any action can be taken against firms operating abroad, or against New Zealanders for taking part through the mails.

AN AGREEMENT
As it is, many New Zealanders regularly buy tickets in overseas lotteries. One big Australian lottery has had thousands of clients in New Zealand for many years, and the New Zealand Government has condoned the practice by reaching an agreement with the firm. Under this it receives a tax of sixpence for every ticket sold in New Zealand.

The Pools are certainly not more of a game of chance than this outright lottery, and the New Zealand Post Office unofficially welcomes the new business. Said a postal official: "I understand that in Britain football pools have greatly helped Post Office revenue. I don't think we would benefit so greatly but I doubt if we would be actively against it."

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



OLD ARCH RIVALS—BRÁVES AND ST JOSEPH'S TO CLASH TOMORROW MORNING

By TIME OUT

Softball enthusiasts trooping out to the park this week-end will have more than their money's worth, as the long-awaited clash between the League-leading Braves and the mighty St Joseph's has finally been slated for decision at 11.00 a.m. tomorrow.

These old arch rivals have always been battling for the Senior "A" crown in the past years with the Saints coming off with the last two Championships.

This year, however, the tide is changed as the Braves head the League with no losses while their on-eighth rivals have two chalked up against them. Another loss tomorrow will mean "farwell" to 1953-54 pennant hopes.

Overshadowed by the key match in the morning, the afternoon fracas between Eddie Marques' Warriors and the Chinese Athletics in the only other Senior "A" Division tussle scheduled, should provide little interest as both teams are known as "unpredictable" and a brilliant record of ball one week and im-

TOP BILLING

The Senior "B" sector of the men's side come up with a full programme this week as all four teams are featured in tomorrow's afternoon card. Taking top billing will be the up-and-coming Hurricanes line, who improved considerably since the start of the season, bettering the Comets and Delawares in their steady climb up the pennant ladder.

In tomorrow's scuffle, they cross bats with the second-placed Comets for the third time this year. The other game should see young Charlie Remond's Delawares having a "hard day" at the expense of the cellarites—HK University.

The game worth watching in the Ladies' Division is the Capanda-Colleen duel at 9.00 a.m. tomorrow as the young lasses from these squads are a keen bunch and can be counted on to put up a good show from start to finish. While this match is going on at the "A" diamond, the rookie Tai Tung girls, still itching for their first victory, will be having an embarrassing time in the far off ground as their rivals tomorrow are none other than the League-leading Wahoes and once again a lopsided score will be in the offing.

The Junior circuit as usual will dominate this afternoon's card with the spotlight falling sharply on the yet unbeaten PI Dodgers when they take on the hard-fighting Overseas contingent. Later on in the afternoon, the youthful Seminoles, under the able hands of Jindo Hussain, will be keeping up with Dodgers when they meet the lowly Tai Tung outfit.

FULL STRENGTH

Tomorrow's feature attraction between the League-leading Braves and the hard-hitting Saint Joseph's sure promises to be a "battering" tooth and nail, hammer and tongs affair as both teams will be out in full strength to renew their age-old feud that have lasted for the past six years. Fans can be assured that not a dull moment will be shown in this exciting tussle as thrill after thrill will keep them glued to their seats throughout the contest.

With no losses against them yet, Ed Carvalho's Braves will enter the field as favourites in this "Giant" battle. Considering the reputation of their opponents, mentor Carvalho of the Braves will probably start his strongest nine, with the main load resting on the speedy hurling arm of fastballer Vic Pedruco on the slab.

Rifearm Reggie Mattos will be calling the plays behind the

They Gave Him The "Gate"

Albert Warburton hung up his football boots last season after long service in the South East Lancashire League with Bury St John's. He became a committee-man and studied to become an EA coach. Recently St John's Reserves were a man short, Albert turned out and badly injured the ligaments of one knee. In appreciation the club gave him the whole of the "gate" money.

About Time We Had A Labour Exchange For Footballers

Says DON REVIE

I think it is about time we had a Labour Exchange for Footballers on the transfer list. This may seem a revolutionary step, and yet if we are to stop these long drawn out tedious transfer stories, it seems the only answer.

The football public is, I am sure, tired of reading that Trevor Ford of Cardiff City is for transfer; that Bill Holden of Burnley is on the list; and that Don Revie of Manchester City is also available at the right offer.

Speaking as a player anxious to get away, I am also of the opinion that transfer deals should go through some central authority like the Football League or the Football Association.

At the moment a player asks for a transfer. He is put on the list. If he is well-known, the newspapers are full for days of possible places he may go.

Yet very often the player concerned is completely in the dark as to which clubs are bidding for him until he is informed by his own club.

PRICE RING

It is quite a simple matter for his club to put such a prohibitive price on one of their players that as soon as another club makes an inquiry it soon loses interest when the figure is mentioned.

You can't blame a club for trying to get the highest possible price for one of their players. Yet at the same time, a neutral body would be more likely to come to a proper transfer fee.

That's why I think there should be an unemployment exchange for footballers. As soon as a player went on the transfer list, his name would be submitted to this body. They would fix the fee, bearing in mind his ability, and also how many more years of football there would be left in him.

Having fixed the fee, the player would be informed which clubs were interested in his services, then—as is indeed the case now—he could make his choice.

Under the present system, he doesn't know anything until his club chooses to release the information.

I think in this way we would come a little nearer to the ideal of having transfers centralised, with a certain portion of the fee being ploughed back into the game, instead of going to the club who "owns" the player.

You'll notice I use the word "owns", because that is how most professional footballers look on the present set-up.

I can recall the case of a famous international footballer a few years ago who went on the list. A nearby club wanted him. He wanted to go. Yet he was not told their representatives were in town until—after hours of negotiation—he was persuaded to join another club many miles away.

He told me later he would never have signed for this club if he had known others wanted

BATTLING BURNLEY

However, enough of transfer news. I'm sure the public doesn't like these deals any more than the players who only want a quick change of clubs so that they can settle down.

Turn now to the League, and let's congratulate Burnley for their magnificent run of 11 matches without defeat. Two months ago they looked as though they were going to have a fight to stay in Division One. Now look at the table: they are lying third.

Alan Brown, the Burnley manager, is one of those quiet chaps who doesn't like saying a great deal. But my Manchester City colleagues will agree with me that Burnley are a fine fighting team.

Manager Brown admits: "I'm keeping my fingers crossed that we don't suffer many more injuries. With Jimmy McIlroy, our Irish international inside-forward, still on crutches, Jimmy Adamson unfit for the past seven weeks and Burke also out, we cannot afford any more lads to get hurt."

Burnley haven't the playing staff to keep up their challenge for First Division honours. If they are to grab goals without doing the heavy donkey work in midfield. Shown a photograph of his team, the wide boy, not noticing himself in the opposing goalmouth, wisecracked: "Where am I? Must have been off my game grafting in midfield!"

UNBEATEN RECORD

It is good for football when these small fellows make a show.

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB THIRD RACE MEETING

Saturday, 10th & Saturday, 17th December, 1953.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race

run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra Hot will close at 11.45

a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, each member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable

at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the

requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the

RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Enclosure.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each for the second day may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Secretary to refuse any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 19th December, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguiar Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 4th February 1954, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards, A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

RUGGER QUIZ ANSWERS

(1) Joe has every right to be indignant. Until the ball has passed, his right foot in the scrum. Had it passed, Joe's right foot and he had then swung out and brought it in he would have been penalised under Law 15 (A).

(2) The referee was right. Law 27 (ii) states, the ball is in touch when, being in the possession of a player, it or the player carrying it touches a touch line or the ground beyond it.

(3) Joe is on-side. At one point he was off-side, but under Law 18 (a) he is on-side since "an opponent carrying the ball has run five yards."

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

4th Race Meeting 1953/54

Ponies entered in their Class on 18th December and re-classified on 17th December, will have their entries transferred to their new classification. Where races are provided for more than one distance in any one Class, Owners of re-classified ponies will be required to declare their acceptance for one race only by Noon on Monday, 19th December and have the option of withdrawing the entry in the new Class.

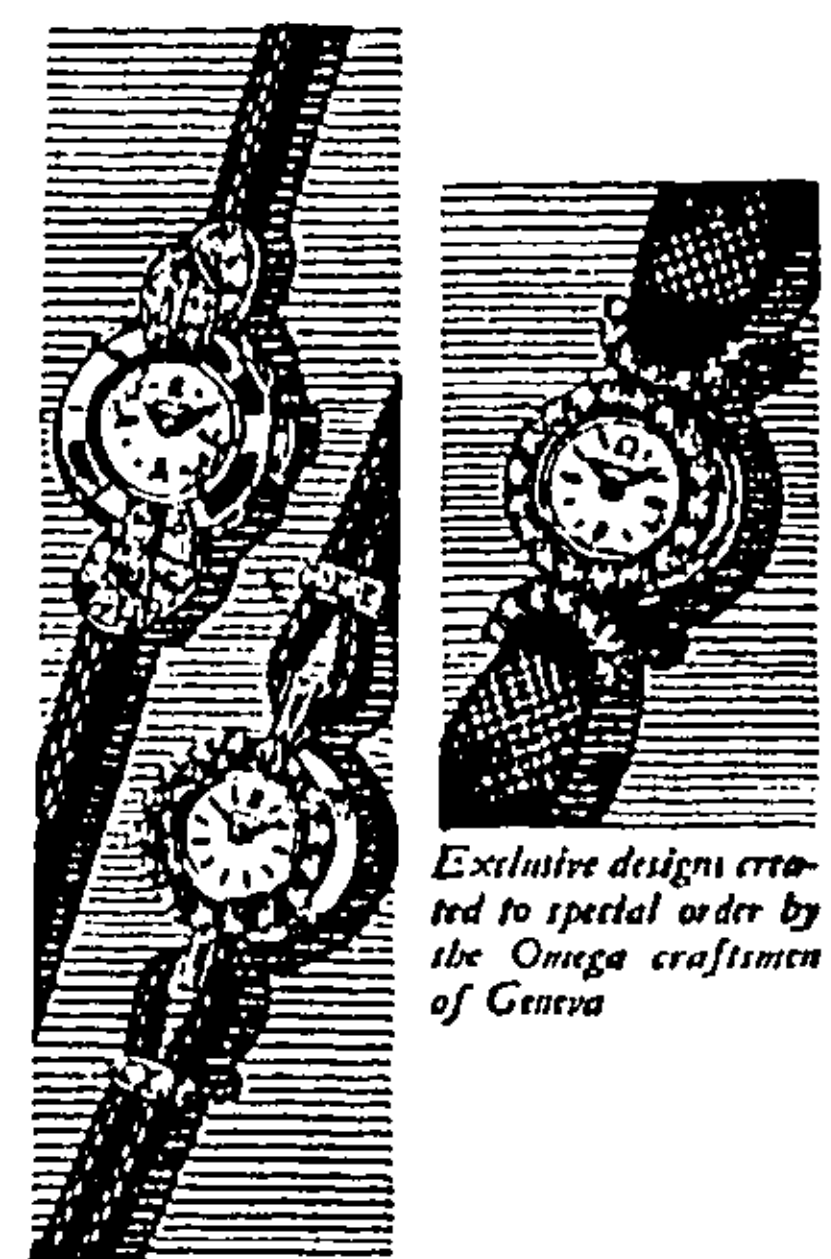
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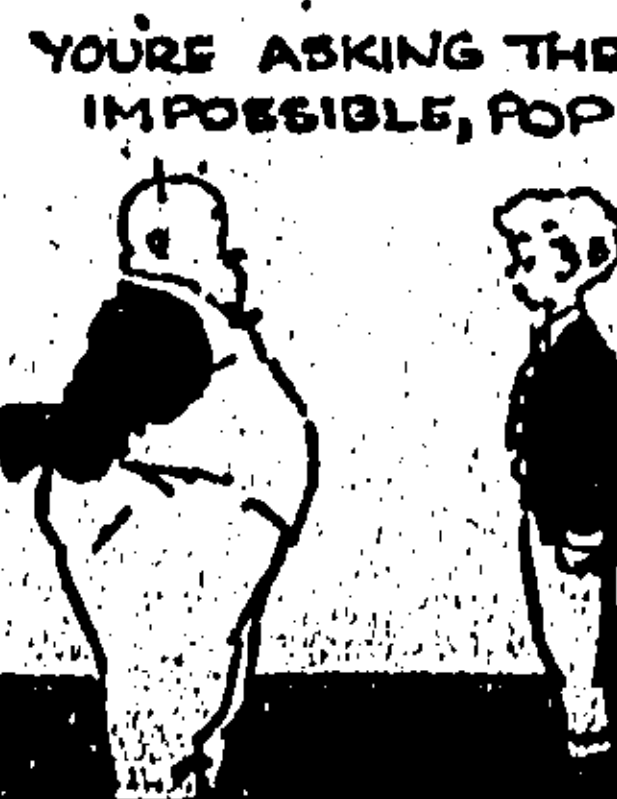
Sole Agents: OMTIS LTD.

OMEGA * Tissot

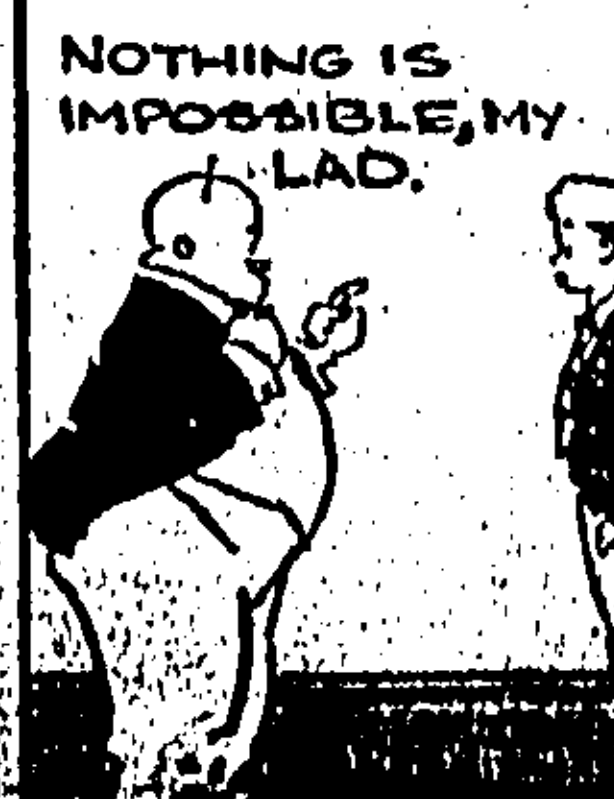
310 Gloucester Building

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YOU'RE ASKING THE IMPOSSIBLE, POP



NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE, MY LAD.



UNLESS YOU'RE ASKED TO DO IT YOURSELF!



Impossible situation

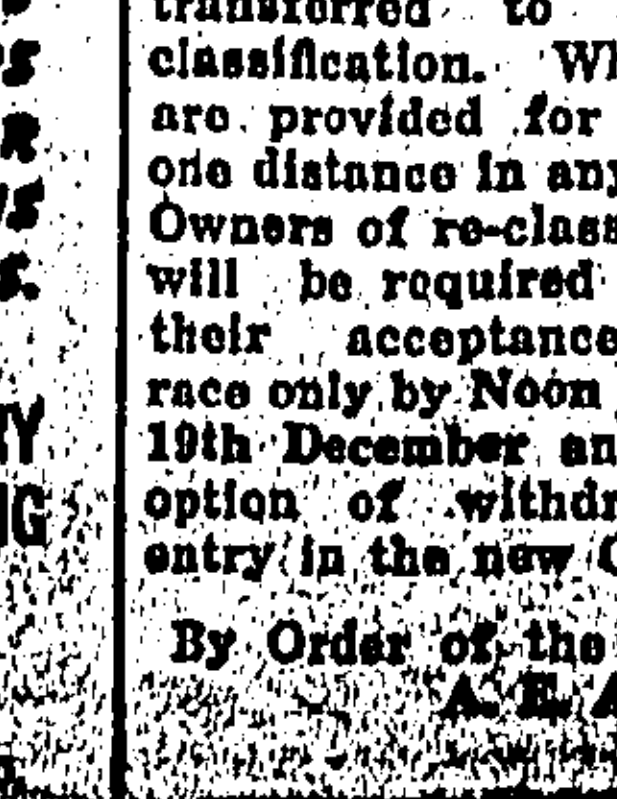
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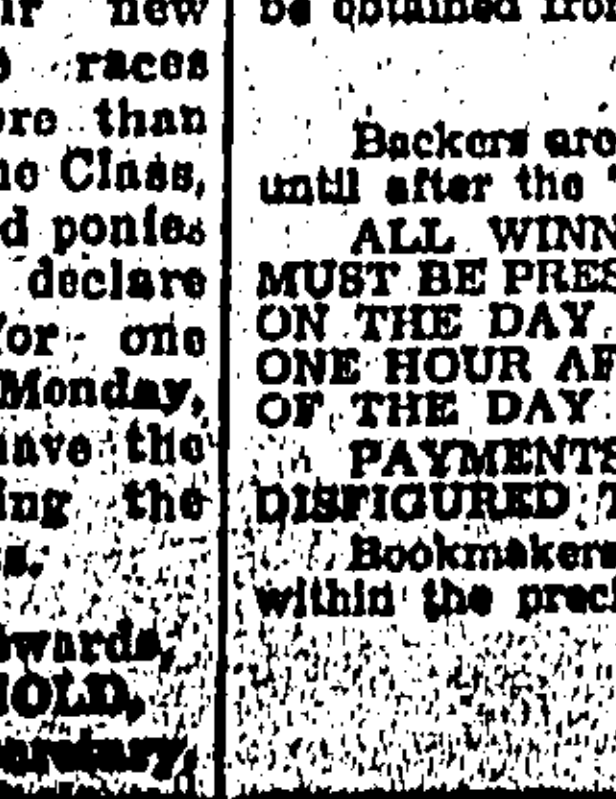
NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE, MY LAD.



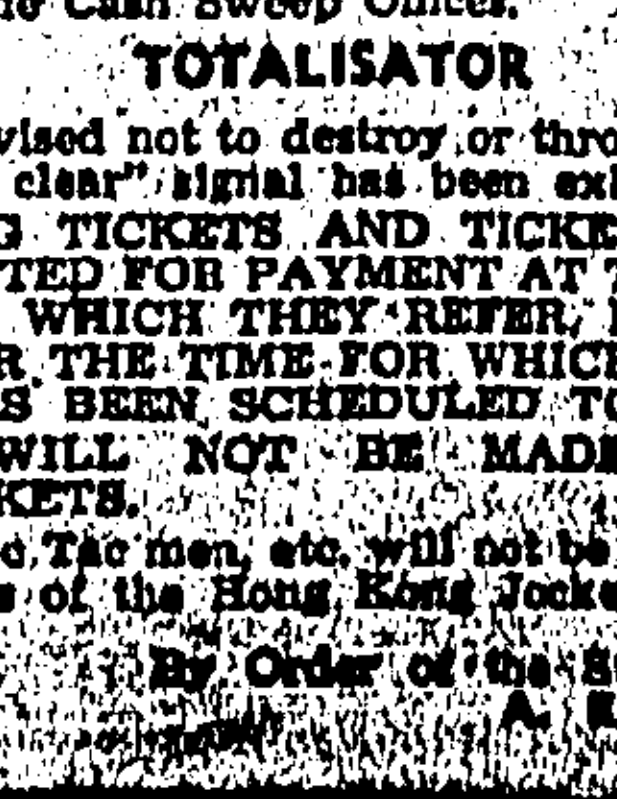
UNLESS YOU'RE ASKED TO DO IT YOURSELF!



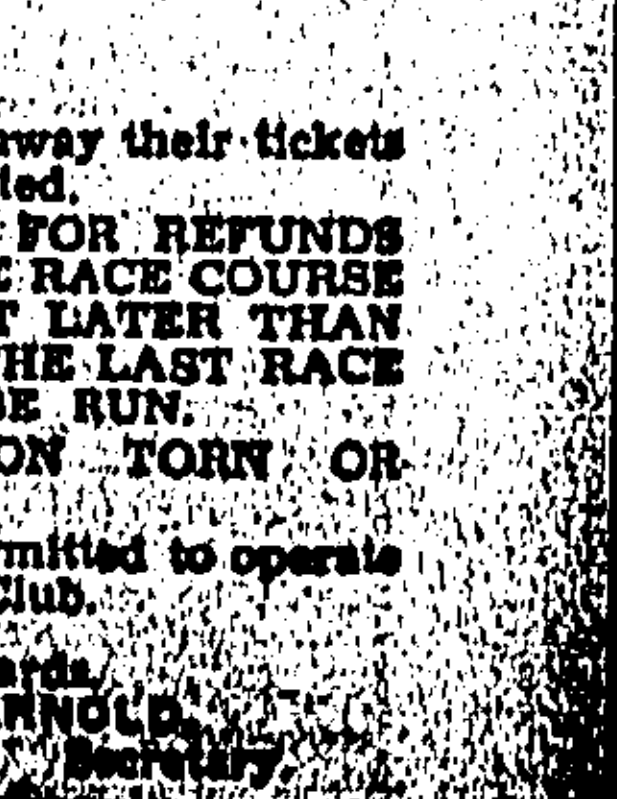
YOU'RE ASKING THE IMPOSSIBLE, POP



NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE, MY LAD.



UNLESS YOU'RE ASKED TO DO IT YOURSELF!



THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

GUNNERS v. 48 BRIGADE

WILL BE THE BATTLE OF THE DAY

Says "PAK LO"

This afternoon there have once again been a few changes in the fixtures. The major change concerns the Gunners' side. When the present system of games was drawn up it was found that each team would play every other team once and one of the teams twice.

The Gunners drew 27 Brigade as their double, but as they beat them comfortably last time they played, the 48 Brigade, who have already played and beaten their scheduled opponents, the Police, by a comfortable margin have arranged to swap places with the 27 Brigade.

Thus the Gunners will face the 48 Brigade at 4.15 p.m. on the Kai Tak ground and the 27 Brigade will face the Police on the Army ground in Boundary Street at 3.30 p.m.

The other game on the latter ground will be the clash of the Garrison side with the Navy at 3.45 p.m. while the first game at Kai Tak at 3.00 p.m. will bring together the two R.A.F. sides.

The other game between the Club "A" and Club "B" has regrettably had to be cancelled as the Club has about 12 players on the unit list and, while they still have sufficient men to play one fifteen, cannot make up two sides today.

Without question the battle of the day will be at Kai Tak between the unbeaten Gunners and 48 Brigade. The latter have only bowed their heads to defeat once and that to their opponents of today.

The Gunners have made only one change in their line-up with Anderson replacing Maund at wing three-quarter. These two players over the last weeks seem to have been taking turns and turn about to appear, but if anything Anderson is a more forceful wing three and against the strong 48 Brigade a forceful wing is very definitely needed.

Since the last time they played the Gunners, the 48 Brigade have become much stronger, and their three line is almost as good as that of the Gunners, if not better.

Forward, of course, the Gunners have the advantage, and should get plenty of the ball from the lineouts as they did before, but in the loose the 48 Brigade are quicker on the ball and make more use of their chances.

He Had The Last Laugh

Bogmor were returning from a Sussex County League match with Crawley and stopped on the way for a meal. Treasurer Phil Proudley was paying the bill when the motor coach moved off and left him stranded.

He had the last laugh though. He had the money. While the team had to make the rest of the journey without the usual free drinks Mr Proudley travelled home in train comfort and had all the refreshment he wanted. Even the club is better off than usually on Saturday night!

New Ground

Arthur Ellis is recognised World No. 1 Referee. He has officiated in every European country, Asia and South America. He has done the Cup Final and International games. But the Cup Final between Brighton and Norwich on December 10 was his first visit to the South Coast of England to officiate.

KEENAN OUTPOINTED



Peter Keenan, the British and Empire Bantamweight Champion, was outpointed by France's Emilio Chemama in a 10-round fight on December 12 at Marseilles.—Central Press Photo.

SPORT SURVEY

Ambulance Not Required— Injured Player Scores A Fine Goal

By ALL-ROUNDER

The telephone rang in Leamington Hospital asking for an ambulance to go to the Warwick Working Men's Club versus St Mary's match. The Working Club's centre-forward, Cliff Mancini, was seriously hurt—or so it was thought. The ambulance arrived on the ground just in time to see Cliff score a fine goal.

Thirty-four years ago Mr Tommy Knight refereed his last League match—between Aston Villa and Huddersfield. Now he is 76, but still goes to football. He went along to watch Boldmere St Michael's and Quarry Bank in a Birmingham League match the other day, and when the referee did not turn up he took control of the game despite his great age.

The Cartwright brothers are well-known amateur boxers in the Birmingham area. Brian received an injury to his hand while at work. It necessitated thirty stitches. The next day his brother Alan, serving with the Army in Scotland, broke his arm. The boxing careers of the pair are in the balance.

Queen's Park goalkeeper Willie Pinkerton is a lance corporal in the Army stationed at Bulford, Salisbury, Plain. Playing in a unit match the ball was passed back to him and he took a hefty kick from the 18 yards line. The opposing goalkeeper was deceived by the bounce and Pinkerton had scored the most curious of goals, from his own position in the Highland Light Infantry goal 110 yards away! Pinkerton flies from the South of England most week-ends to play for the Glasgow club, Aldricomans, by the way, have nine professionals in the Army.

Three times has George Henderson signed for Stirling Albion. He started his professional career with them, then had spells with Dunfermline and St Mirren before returning to the Albion. Last season he played for Albion Rovers and Alloa.

Faithful Charles

Charles Elliott is best known as opening batsman for Derbyshire. Behind the scenes, however, he has long been the right hand man of football manager Harry Storer. Mr Storer, also a former Derbyshire batsman, had Elliott as his chief scout with Birmingham City and Coventry City. Now that he has taken over Derby County Elliott has promptly resigned at Coventry and followed him there.

Graham Turner is only six, but he is a keen footballer. While playing on Norfolk Broads he hooked a 20lbs pike, but

RUGBY SOCIAL

The Rugby Social arranged by the Army for Monday, December 18 will take place at the time arranged but there has been a change of venue.

The beer drinking contest will now be held in the Sergeant's Mess instead of the NAAFI in Chatham Road, at 6.30 p.m.

The route from the Star Ferry will be signposted but no arrangements have been made for rugby players wishing to return home at an early hour.

This is an event which should not be missed by any rugby player, whether good, bad or indifferent, for an offer of free drinks from the Army does not come very often.

BLOGGERS' PROBLEMS

Now once more to our friend Joe Bloggs. Again his errors or other-wise have been selected from last week's games. The answers to the problems are on page 22.

(1) Joe is playing as right prop, and in a set return the ball comes through the tunnel and goes past Joe's left leg. Joe swings his right foot in an arc and catches the ball with it and swings it back into the scrum. The referee whistles and penalises Joe for "returning the ball into the scrum". Joe of course is highly indignant, but has he any right to be?

(2) Joe is for a change on the side of law and order and is running the line. Down the wing comes one of the three, and as he swerves to avoid a tackle puts his foot on the line, but the ball is still in the field of play. Joe does nothing, and is annoyed when the referee blows his whistle, and indicates that the ball was in touch. Joe knows enough not to argue with the referee, but his opinion of the referee drops. Was the referee right?

(3) Joe has stopped to tie up his lace and his opponents race down the field, and the ball goes into touch. The ball comes into the hands of three just as Joe is racing down the field to join his own side. Joe is in a bit of a hurry and takes a pass and Joe grounds him with a nice tackle. The referee whistles and penalises Joe for offside. Was Joe offside?

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Harry, Yolande, Carl.
2. Dick and Randolph Turpin.
3. Motor Racing, Boxing, Motor Cycling, Speedway.
4. Jamaica, who won two.
5. Neil Harvey, he is the only left-hander.
6. Jersey Joe Walcott and Sugar Ray Robinson.
7. Kurt Nielsen.
8. James J. Corbett won the world heavyweight boxing title from John L. Sullivan.
9. Primo Carnera.
10. (a) No, (b) No, (c) Yes.

NAVY v. GARRISON

In the final game the Navy have made two changes in their team. This time, for a change, it is a ship returning to harbour and Gale and Turner of the Newfoundland will take their old places in the forwards.

The rest of the side remains intact. The Navy three are fast and should do well again this week, with Spels once more in front of the whole. The pack is heavy and should do fairly well in the light scrums, and loose, but the more likely to win where Philps and Dowling are the outstanding players.

POLICE v. 27 BDE

On the Army ground the Police versus 27 Brigade should be another evenly matched game. Last week both teams were off with the Police the worse of the two. With the change of the 27 Brigade, it is unlikely that they could ever play so badly again, and given the chance their attack are fully capable of scoring.

The 27 Brigade have made two changes in their forwards due to injuries, where Shepherd and Kendall move into the back row. This game should be a grand forward battle, but the 27 Brigade are faster in the loose than the Police, and in the lineouts should get, if not the major share, at least an equal share of the ball.

Both packs have plenty of weight, but again the 27 Brigade have the more assured back line. Certainly the larger share of the ball should come back to the 27th back division, but although they have two strong wings in Blackburn and Bouman, the centre and the halves do not combine too well.

The Police, on the other hand, given a good service from the base of the scrum, are much stronger and are fully capable of scoring.

Along the Police have the better full-back, and it is his tackling which may upset the attack. On the whole, however, with a plentiful supply of the ball the 27th should win, but it will be close thing, and the lineouts could easily turn the tables.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



GOLDEN CHURN

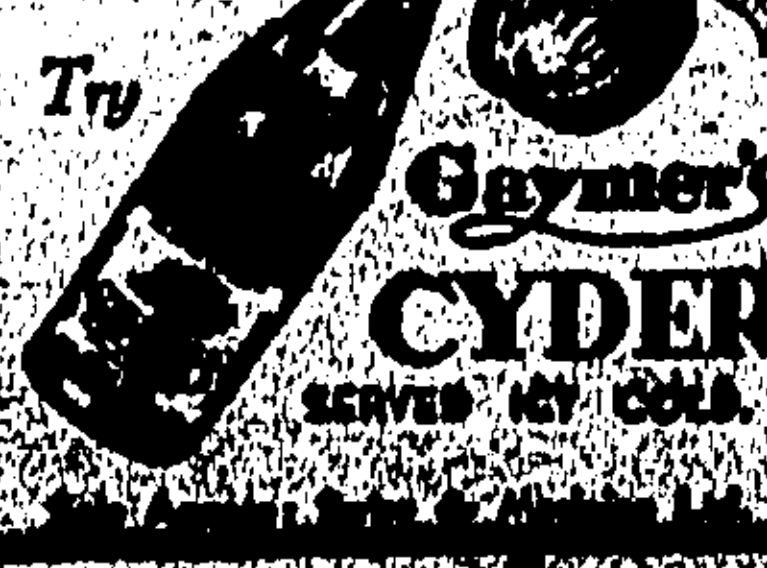


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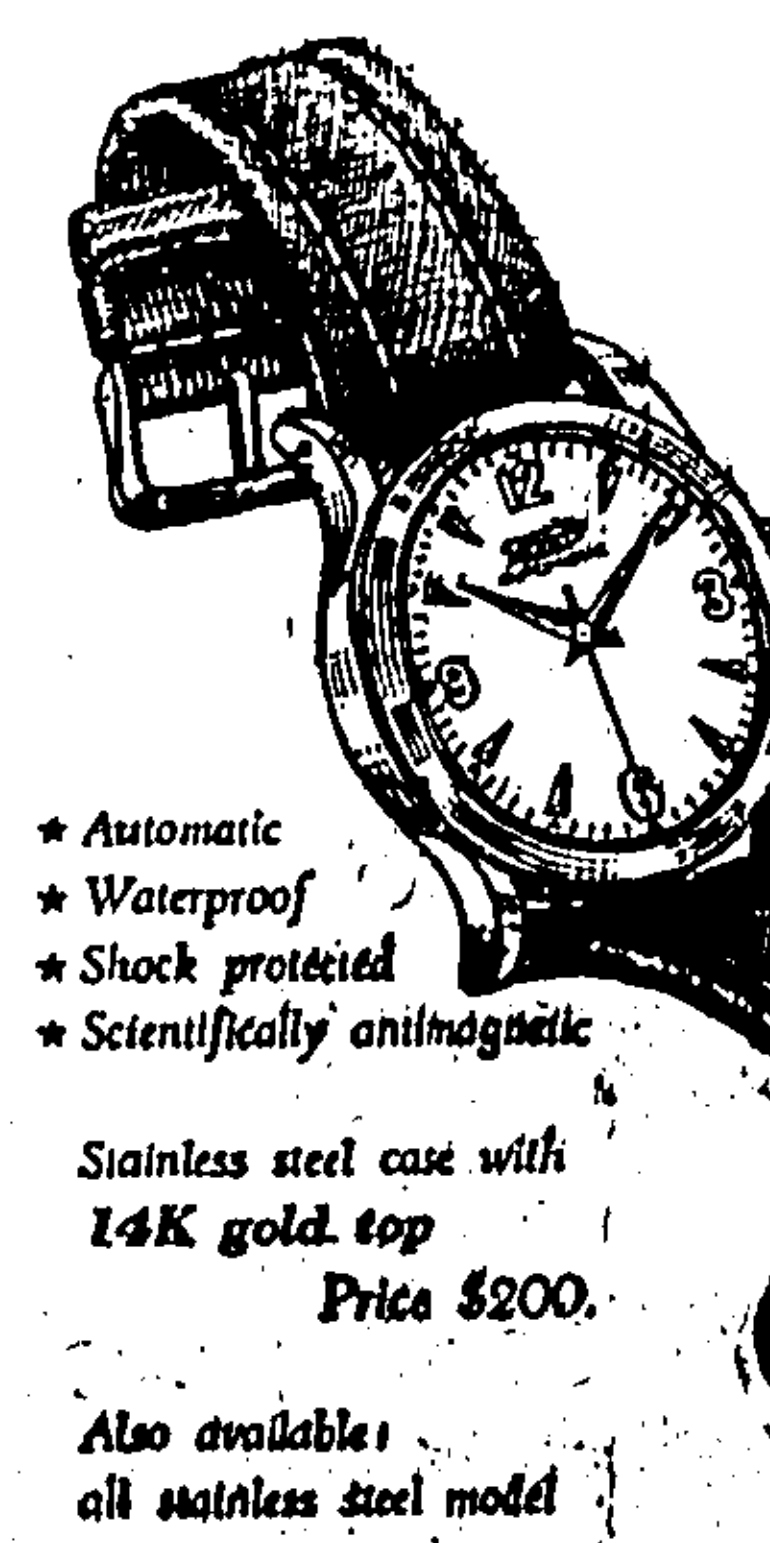
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Boys' And Girls' Christmas Pages

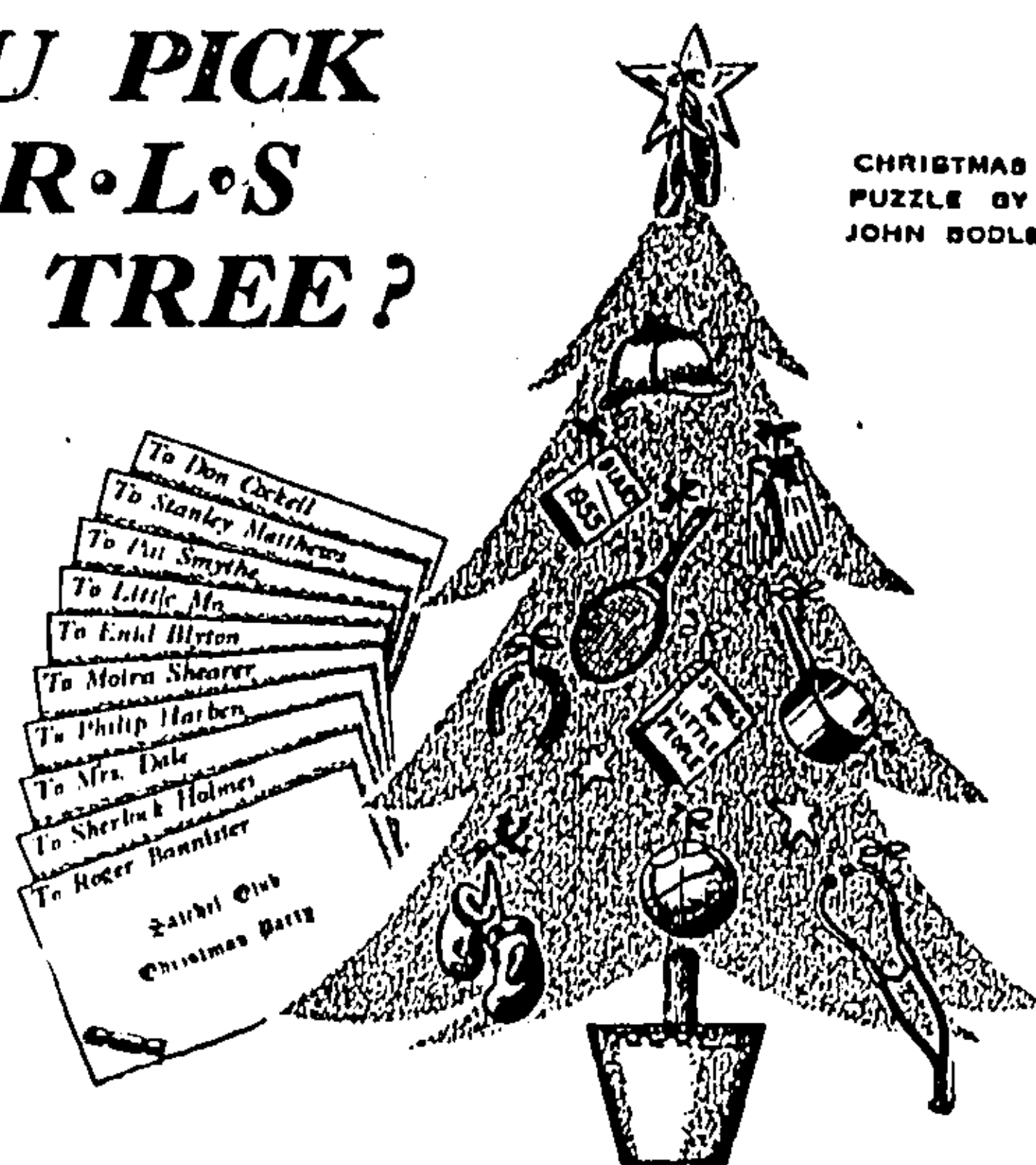
CAN YOU PICK P.E.A.R.L.S FROM A TREE?

"MY pearls!" The famous guests at the Christmas party gathered round a woman clapping at her neck. "My pearls—where are they?"

"Elementary," said another guest. (You know who). "Someone has hidden them as a practical joke."

He was right. The joker had hidden the pearls somewhere on the Christmas tree.

Where? That's for you to find out. But here is a tip: FIRST give each of the ten guests named on the invitation cards (right) his or her gift from the Christmas tree (you'll see that each gift has some special link with a guest).



CHRISTMAS
PUZZLE BY
JOHN BOOLE

When each guest has a gift... THEN you'll find where the pearls are hidden — in the one gift left over. (Answers on Page 28)

Special Games For Holidays

WANT a game that is just especially made for a jolly Christmas party? Here it is.

Before your guests arrive draw a picture of a house with a big chimney. You can use a sheet of brown wrapping paper for your picture or a piece of white cardboard if you have it. You will need a box of Santa Claus seals too.

When you are ready to play the game, fasten your picture to a door or wall with scotch tape. Make a little mark on the centre top of the chimney.

Now take each guest in turn, blindfold him, turn him around two times, point him toward the picture and put a moistened Santa Claus seal in his hand.

The idea is to have each guest walk over to the picture and paste his Santa Claus seal on the chimney. The one coming nearest to the centre mark wins the game.

When the game is finished you will find that you have Santas everywhere, climbing in the windows and sliding down the roof! Everyone will get lots of laughs.

Here are some more:

PLACE A "mail box" (empty shoe box is fine) on the floor. Place a broom or yardstick about six feet away. Players take turns "mailing" six old greet-



ing cards from behind the line. Cards landing in the box are "mailed" and count one point. The player mailing the most cards wins the game.

YOU CAN PROBABLY start to sing all the familiar Christmas carols. But can you recognise them from their last lines? Try your luck at naming the following carols from these last phrases:

1. The little Lord Jesus asleep in the hay
2. Of peace on earth, good will to men
3. Are met in Three tonight
4. And heaven, and heaven and nature sing
5. Oh come let us adore him, Christ the Lord
6. Guide us to Thy perfect light
7. To hear the angels sing

8. Glory to the new-born King

9. Your gay green dress delights us

10. Born is the King of Israel

11. Oh, tidings of comfort and joy

12. Christ the Saviour is born

Answers on Page 28.

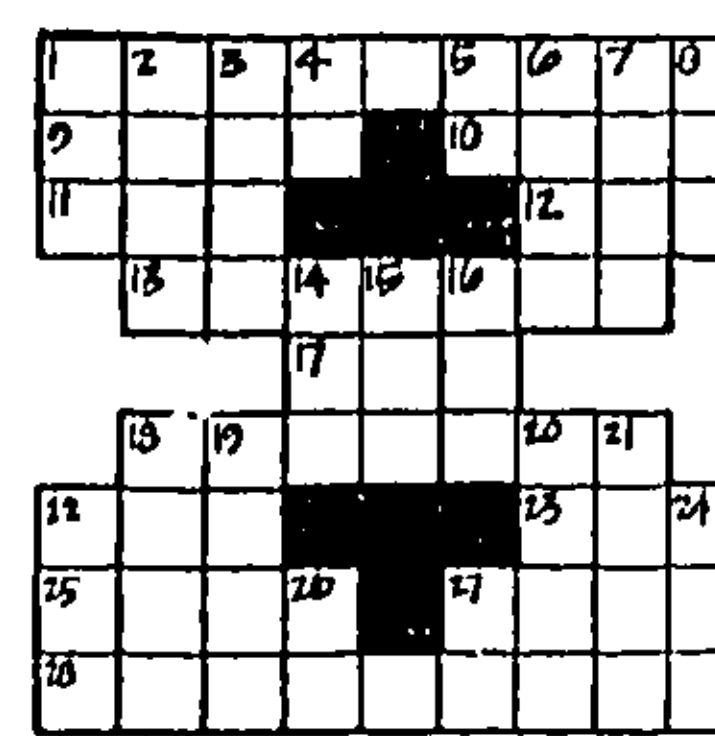
CHOOSE a familiar Christmas carol for this group game. Silent Night is a good choice.

Players sit or stand in a circle. One player starts by saying "silent." Player No. 2 says "night," player No. 3 says "holy," and player No. 4 says "and so on around the circle, with each player giving the next word to the verse.

CHRISTMAS PUZZLES



CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Joyous holiday
- 2 Tumult
- 3 Lease
- 4 Still
- 5 Consumed
- 6 Continued stories
- 7 Sea eagle
- 8 Hush
- 9 Dance step
- 10 Feminine name
- 11 Lubricants
- 12 Otherwise
- 13 Gift for winter use

DOWN

- 1 Weep
- 2 Hastens
- 3 Fixed course
- 4 That thing
- 5 Transpose (ab.)
- 6 Repeat
- 7 Social insects
- 8 Female saint (ab.)
- 9 Unit of reluctance
- 10 Anger
- 11 Girl's name
- 12 Levantine ketch
- 13 Small island
- 14 Young horse
- 15 Essential being
- 16 Hawaiian food
- 17 Roman bronze
- 18 Steamship (ab.)
- 19 Babylonian deity

SPORTS SCRAMBLEGRAM

Rearrange the letters in each of the following strange lines to form the names of three winter sports:

SOD GLIB BEND
LOBO FLAT
SIGH LINE GRID

DIAMOND

Something nice to give and nice to receive forms the centre of this diamond, a PRESENT. The second word is "a constellation"; third "to appoint"; fifth "vigilant"; and sixth an abbreviation for "entomology."

P
R
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HIDDEN TOYS

Each of the following sentences has a toy hidden in it. Can you uncover them?

The humorous skit elated the audience.

The paid five dollars for the gift.

He became quite a topper.

WINTRY REBUS

Use the words and pictures to find the four items pertaining to this season of year concealed in this rebus.

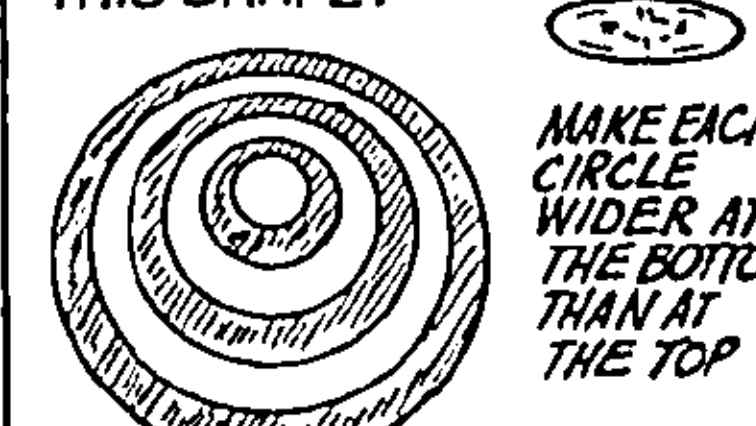


(Solutions on Page 28)

Christmas MOBILE

1. Cut off the rim of a 9 inch ALUMINUM PLATE ... then cut off the edge.

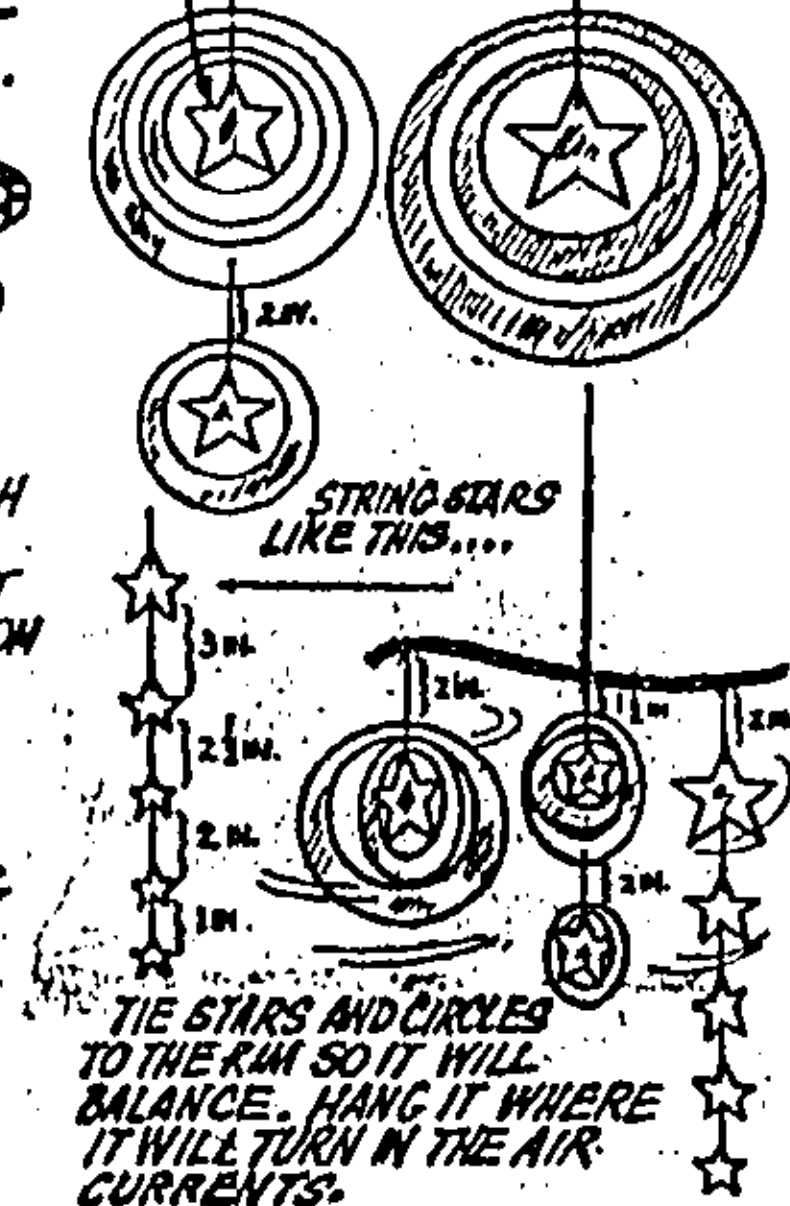
2. CUT 5 RINGS FROM THE BOTTOM IN THIS SHAPE.



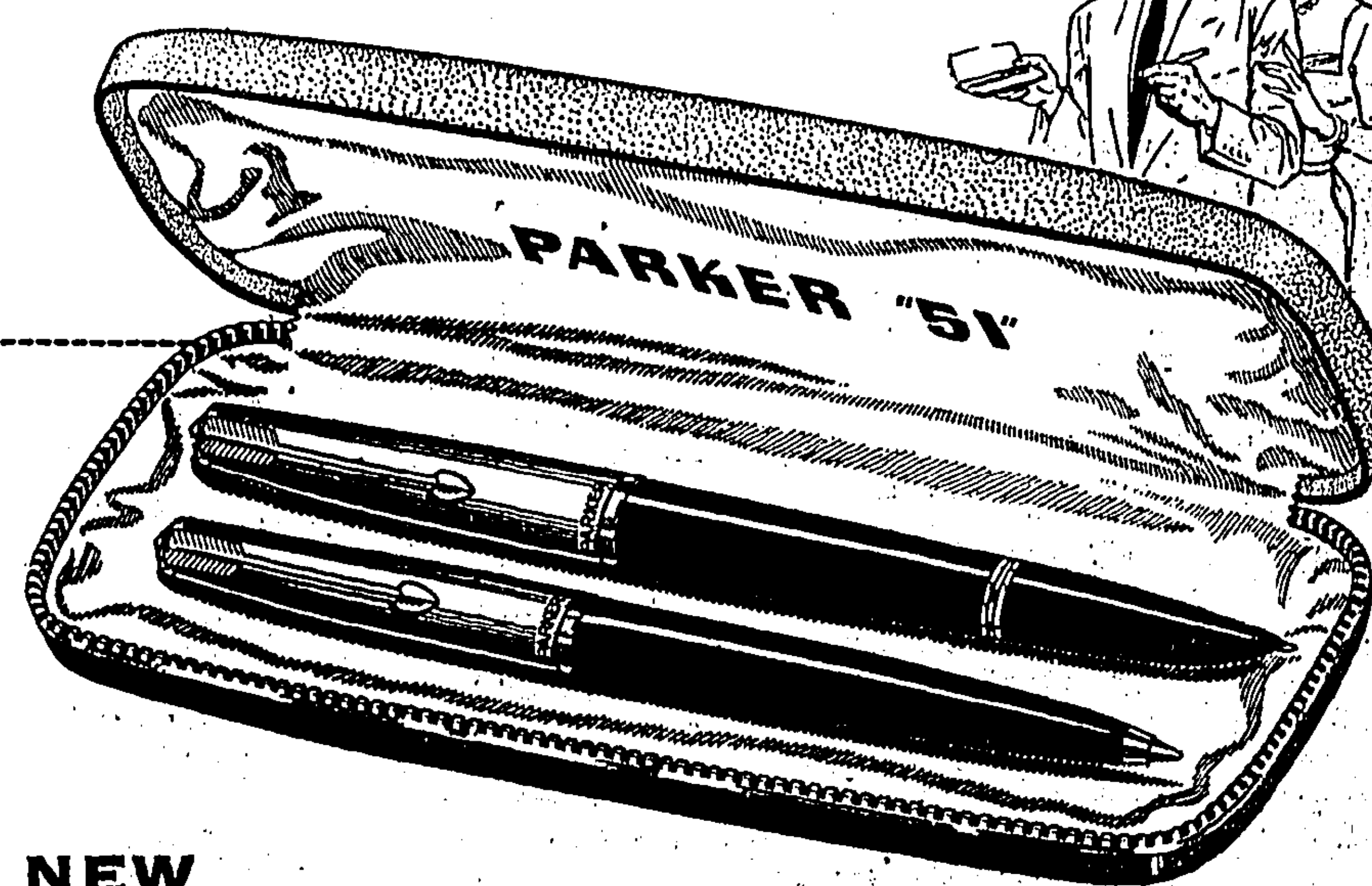
3. Cut 9 stars from the bottom of another plate.

MAKE THEM FROM 3 HOLES TO 1/2 INCH ACROSS.

4. String the stars and the rings together like this with a NEEDLE and BLACK THREAD.



NEWEST IDEA IN WRITING!



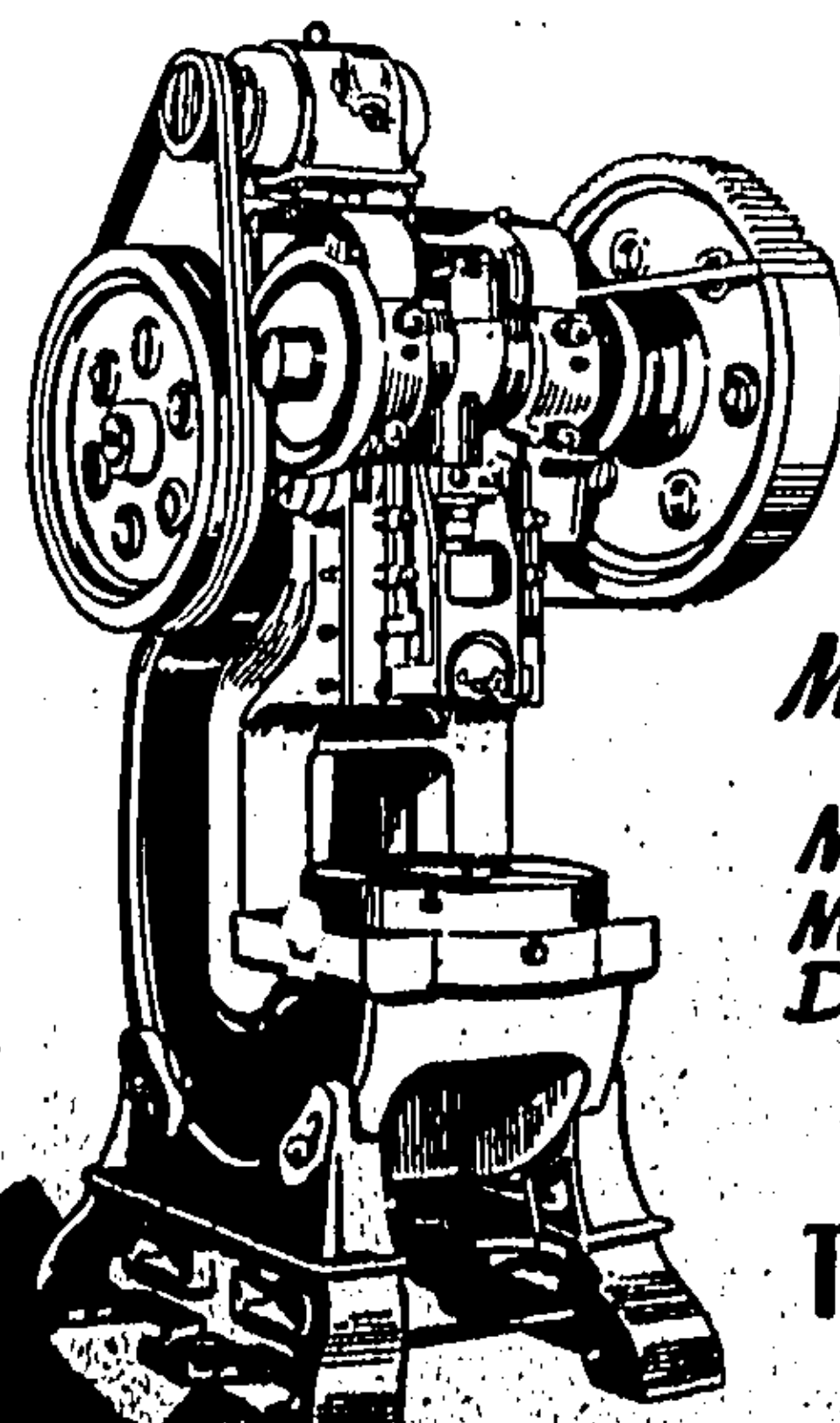
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A STORY FOR YOUNG READERS

The White Golliwog

By WINIFRED NORLING



"WHAT is that noise?"

asked Rocker the handsome rocking-horse, who had only just come to Mrs Mason's toy shop.

"It's only Golly crying," the French doll told him.

"Who's Golly, and why is he crying, Ffette?"

"Because he fell into a pair of dimper which some boy put down on his way upstairs. When he came back and found Golly had fallen in, he tossed him up on the top shelf out of sight. Poor Golly's afraid he will be left there until for-gotten, and he was hoping to be chosen as a Christmas present for some child. I can't think why. I shall be quite happy to stay here doing nothing but decorate the window."

"Not much fear of your staying here," put in Grey Elephant slowly. "You know all the children are mad to have you. None of us will get a look-in till you are gone."

"So you want me to go, do you?" laughed Ffette. "I'm afraid I'm too expensive for most little girls, but one day someone will come in a big car and take me away."

"Boo-hoo!" sobbed a weak little voice from far above them. "Boo-hoo-hoo!"

"Poor Golly!" sighed Teddy Bear. "Can't we help him? Perhaps if we brushed him the while would come off."

"Of course it won't, silly," cried Bones the white terrier. "Can't think why he minds being white. I don't."

"You wouldn't like to be black, Bones, would you?" put in Sailor Boy. "Black golli-wogs don't like being white any more than white dogs would like to be black."

"True, true," agreed the rocking-horse. "Couldn't we drop Golly into something black and made him his right colour again?"

"How? What?" roared Leo the Lion.

"I think Golly looks very nice white," murmured the last of the Christmas Fairies gently. "He's such a dear. Any child would love him, white or black."

"Clever Fairy!" laughed Sailor Boy. "The crying's stopped. Come down, Golly, and let's see what we can do for you."

A very white face framed in very white hair peeped over the edge of the shelf at the toys down below.

"I don't want to come down," Golly gulped. "You'll all laugh at me. I'm white all over, and whoever heard of a white golli-wog?"

"You'll be what's called a novelty," pointed out Bouncey the big coloured ball. "You might even start a fashion. This isn't a big shop, and old Mrs Mason is very kind though she

hasn't much money. You might make her fortune."

"D-do you really think so," stammered Golly, feeling all hot and excited. "I like making people happy. That's why I wanted to be some-body's Christmas present."

"You won't be if you stay up there crying," said Plush the ginger cat. "You'll just grow dusty and patchy, and then no one will want you."

"I—I can't get down. It's too far to jump," cried Golly.

"Can't you jump on to my back?" asked Rocker. "I'm strong, and I should break your fall."

"It's too far even to your back," sobbed Golly.

"You've a long neck, Raff. Can't you get him down?" asked Grey Elephant.

The giraffe held up his neck towards the shelf. But Golly was still far above his head.

"I know," cried the Fairy, clapping her hands. "Bouncey must fetch him. You're the biggest ball in the shop, Bouncey, so bounce your very hardest. Golly can jump on to you when you're as high as his shelf, and you can come down together."

Bouncey began to bounce, but soon it was growing light, and he had not bounced nearly high enough to reach Golly.

"Never mind, Golly," said the gentle Fairy. "We'll try again tonight."

That day many of the toys were sold. The Fairy was chosen quite early in the morning, and both Plush and Bones left Mrs Mason's shop during the afternoon. Just before the shop was shut, a young man came hurrying in. He bought Leo the Lion and Rocker the rocking-horse. He took Leo with him, but Rocker was to be sent the next morning.

When all was dark and quiet, the toys thought of poor lonely Golly, and they urged Bouncey to try harder than ever to reach him.

"I've been thinking," said Rocker slowly. "Why don't you bounce from the counter instead of from the floor, Bouncey? You'd have a good start and should easily reach the shelf."

All the toys thought this a good idea, and when Mr and Mrs Brick and all their big family had made a stairway for him, Bouncey climbed up on to the counter and began to bounce.

"Are you ready, Golly?" cried Sailor Boy. "Bouncey nearly did it that time."

Golly nodded. He was too much excited to speak, but his bright eyes followed Bouncey as he rose and fell. Then he saw his chance, and took it. A moment later a hot Bouncey and a strange white Golly reached the counter together.

"Now let us look at you, Golly," said Rocker. "Can't say you look like an ordinary golli-wog, but you're original and that's what most people want to be. Straighten your coat, and then you snail sit on that shelf with all the best toys. I have to go away in the morning, but I don't think you'll stay here very long after I'm gone."

Golly beamed.

"I do hope you're right. I want to really belong to someone who loves me."

"You will," said Grey Elephant. "Now come and sit by me and don't forget."

It was just before lunch the next day that a lady came into the shop with her little girl. Mrs Mason went forward to serve them.

"We want a fairy doll, please, for our Christmas tree. Susan is having a Christmas party, and we quite forgot the fairy for the top of the tree."

Mrs Mason looked worried. "I'm very sorry," she said, "but I haven't a fairy doll left. I sold the last one yesterday, and it's too near Christmas now to order more. I suppose you wouldn't like a silver star, or that pretty frosted bell?"

The lady looked at her little girl, but Susan was staring hard at Golly.

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Get Out Your Colours!



Why not make your own Christmas card? Simply colour this picture with paints or crayons, paste it on to a piece of card about 5 inches wide and 6 inches deep, and sign your name at the bottom.

You Can Make These Christmas Lollipops

HERE'S a recipe for Christmas lollipops that you can make. You can wrap them in cellophane and tuck them in little brother's stocking, or tie them on the Christmas tree for extra trimming.

And of course you can eat them!

To make them, do this: Put six cups of puffed rice in a shallow pan. Set the oven for 350 degrees and ask mother to light it for you. Leave the cereal in the oven for ten minutes.

Now grease a large mixing bowl and put the cereal in it.

Next put half a cup of margarine and thirty marshmallows in the top of a double boiler over boiling water. Now add a little red or green food colouring to the melted marshmallows and margarine.

Four the contents of the double boiler over the cereal. Stir it all together well.

Now with clean, greased hands divide the mixture into ten small balls, leaving one handful in the bowl.

Flatten each ball into a flat, round lollipop. Press a wooden skewer into each lollipop.

Use some of the left-over mixture to press on the skewer and hold it firmly in place.

Chill for a little while in the refrigerator. Then wrap in white wax paper or red or green cellophane. Tie a bright bow on each handle.

Now your Christmas lollipops are ready for the tree or someone's stocking. Be sure and keep some to eat yourself, for they are a real treat. Try them and see!

Flatten each ball into a flat, round lollipop. Press a wooden skewer into each lollipop.

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— He Wants Many Pots Ready For Christmas Gifts —

By MAX TRELL

JUST as Knarf, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, entered the Playroom, the telephone began ringing. It wasn't a regular telephone. It was a telephone that belonged to Mr Punch and Judy.

Knarf saw Mr Punch going behind the bookcase to answer it.

Mysterious Conversation

"Just pardon me a moment," Mr Punch said to Knarf. "I'll see who it is."

Then Knarf heard Mr Punch speaking to someone over the phone.

"Oh, hello there, S.C.," Knarf heard Mr Punch say. "How things going with you? Pretty busy eh? Well, you always ARE pretty busy this time of the year. Why, yes?"

Mr Punch said after a pause during which he listened to the other party speaking. "I'll be glad to get them for you, S.C. I'll get right on it. Good-bye."

With that Mr Punch hung up. He turned to Knarf, who was waiting for him in the chair by the window.



Mr Punch takes a timely phone order from St Nicholas.

Mr Punch looked at Knarf's face and smiled.

"I suppose you'd like to know who S.C. is, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Knarf. He hadn't wanted to ask. He didn't think it was polite.

"I don't mind telling you," said Mr Punch. "That S.C. is Santa Claus; S for Santa and C for Claus."

"Oh," said Knarf in surprise.

Rupert's Deep Sea Adventure—54



When he has got over the first shock Mrs. Bear hugs Rupert and holds him close. "This settles it," she breathes shakily. "That must positively be your last adventure. Never will I let you go with that terrible old man again!"

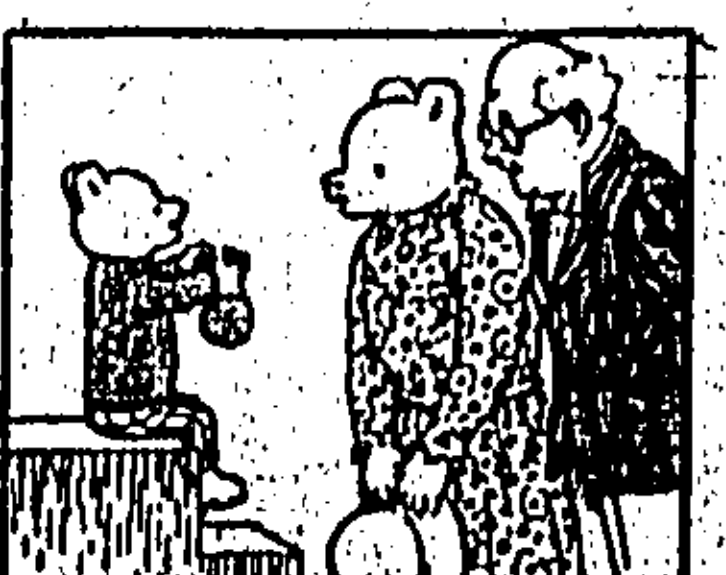
"Oh please, Mommy," Rupert begs. "It was all my fault. He told me not to put that diving suit on and I disobeyed him. And look, I've brought a wonderful present for Father. Please let me go with you back to our rooms and see what's in it."

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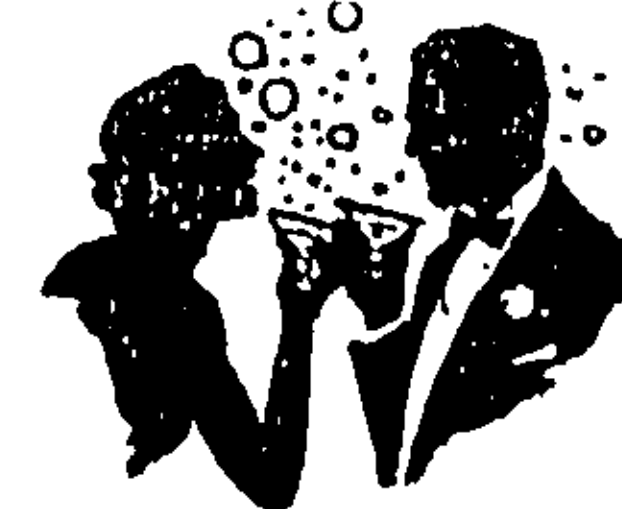
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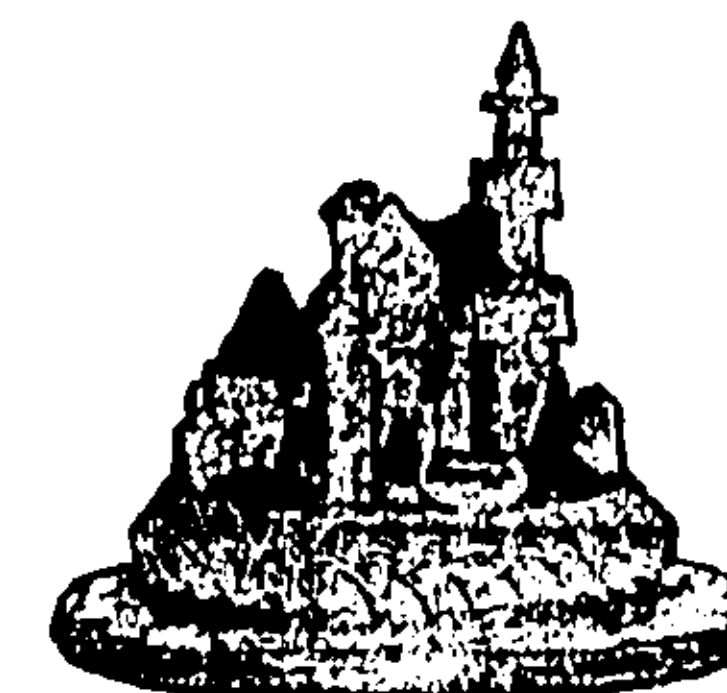
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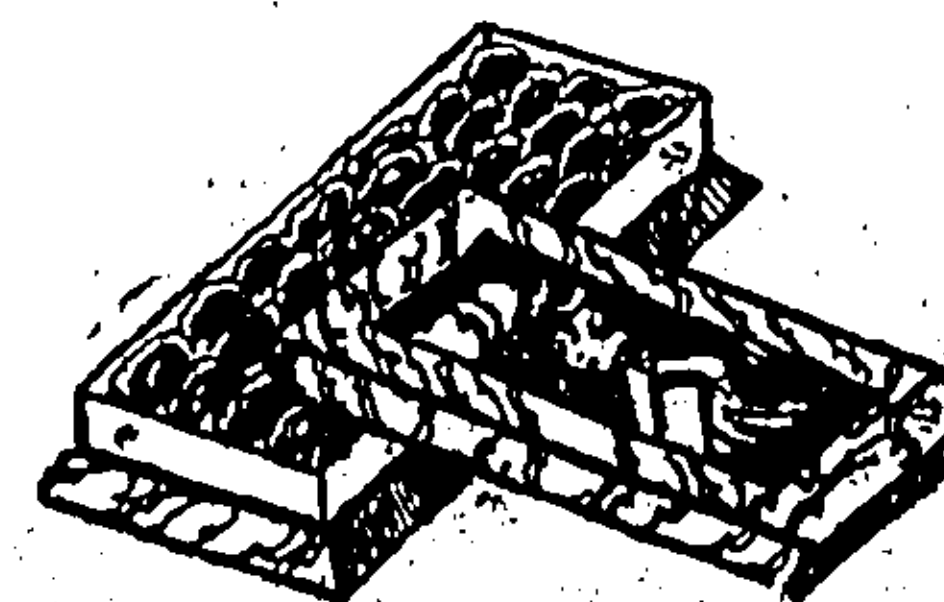
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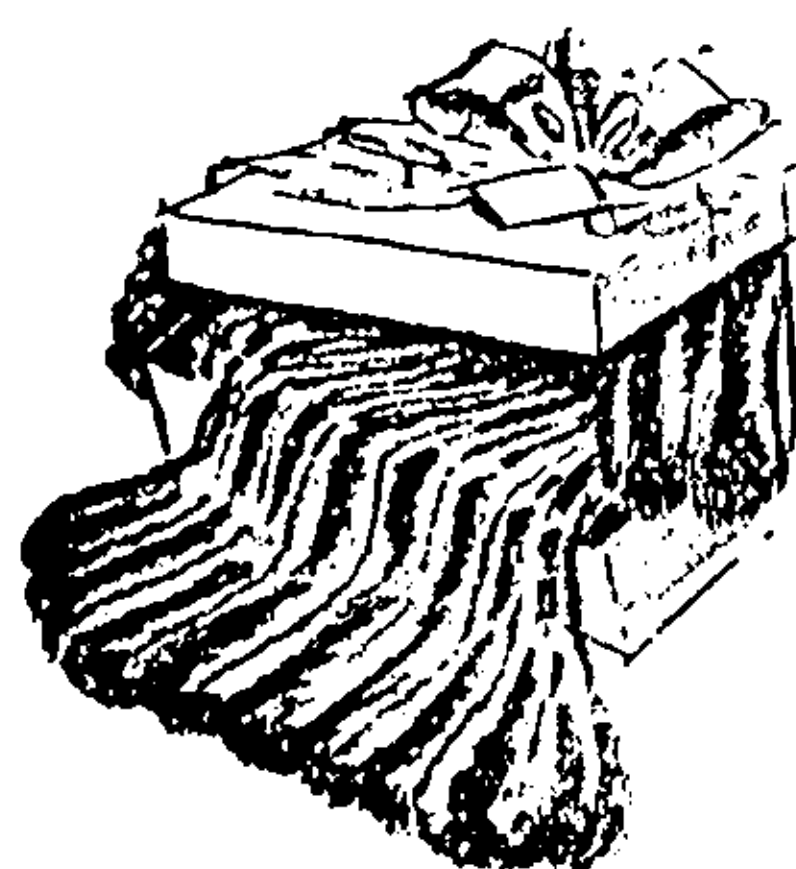
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